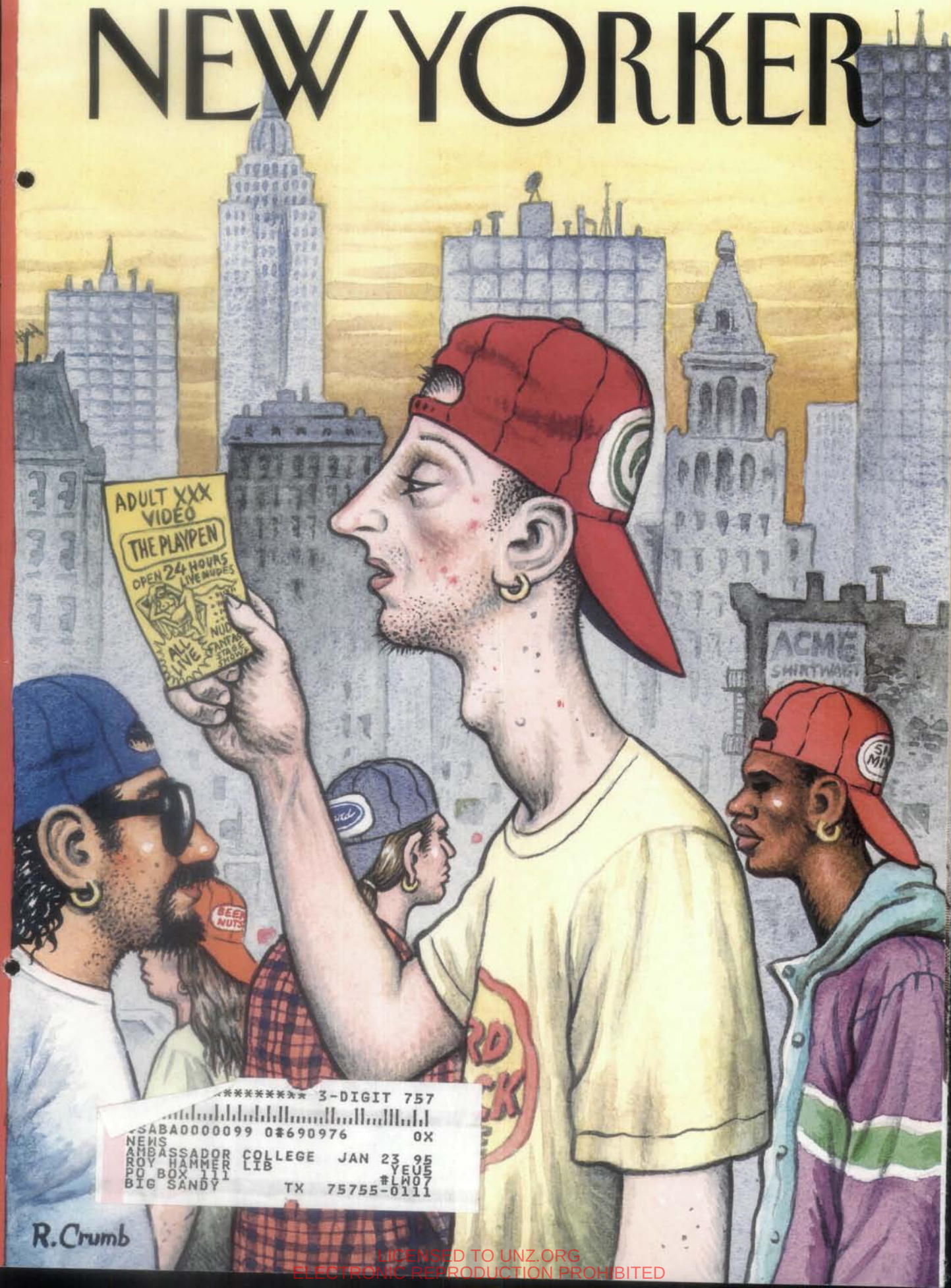


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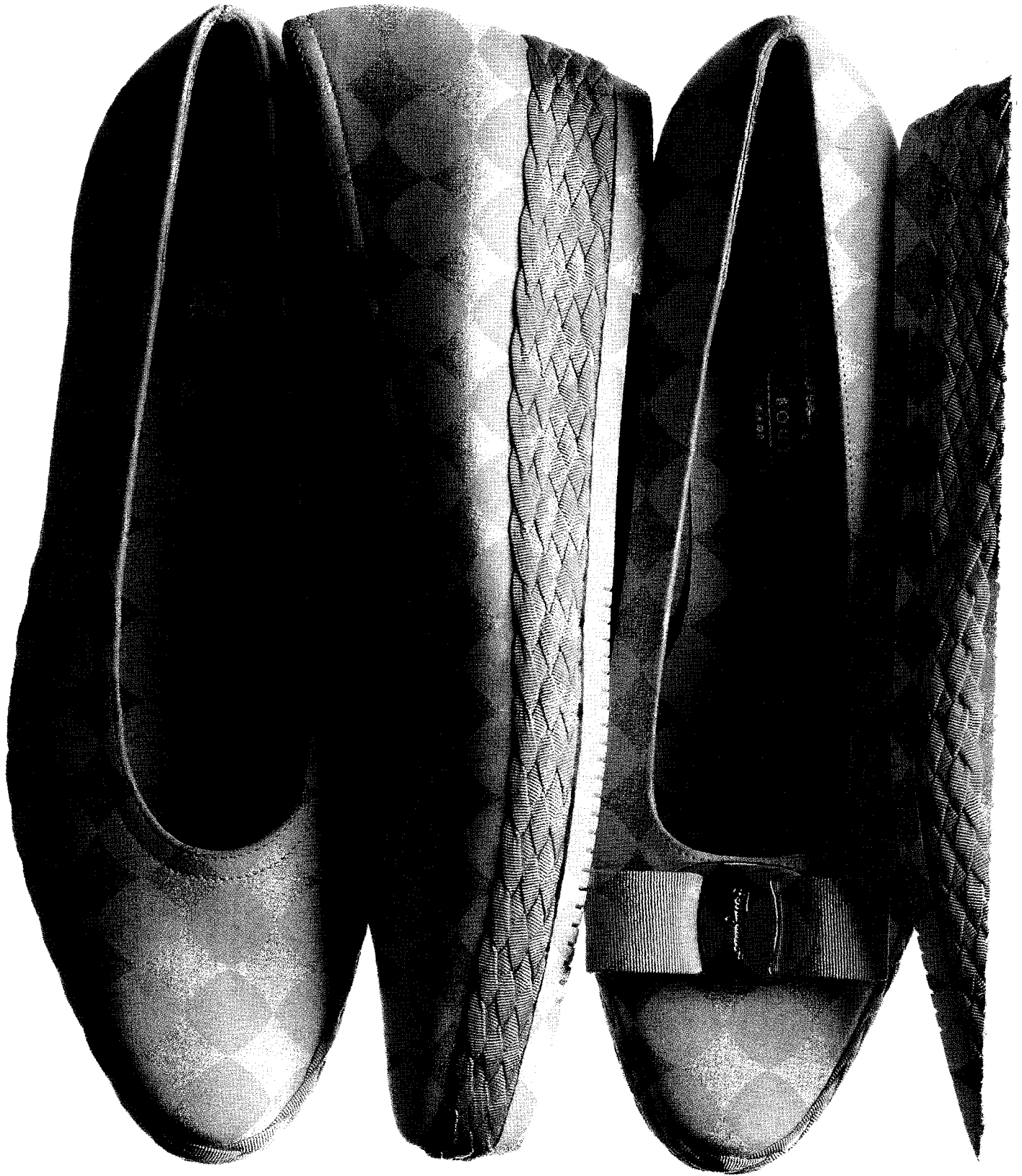


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THE NEW YORKER

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THIS IS WAR

THE Bosnian war has confounded outsiders from the beginning. Even people who find most foreign-policy questions easy to grasp concede perplexity where the slaughter in the Balkans is concerned. The general reaction to the massacre on February 5th of sixty-eight people in Sarajevo's central market and the wounding of almost two hundred others—while it has led at least to a temporary ceasefire (the latest of dozens) and perhaps to some progress toward lifting the siege of the Bosnian capital—exemplifies the confusion. On television, the massacre has taken on the coloring of a natural disaster, like the Los Angeles earthquake, or a crime, like the Rodney King beating.

Previous declarations from the West—notably last June's United Nations Security Council resolution making six towns in Bosnia, including Sarajevo, "safe areas"—have turned out to be nothing but codified wishful thinking. This time, however, NATO has not only insisted that the shelling of Sarajevo cease but also set a deadline for the removal

of Serb heavy weapons from around the city or their placement under U.N. control. "Failure to reach agreement within this period will not result in the deadline being extended," the NATO Secretary-General, Manfred Woerner, declared stonily in Brussels. "We will not hesitate to use force if we have to." Moreover, he said, the risk of Serb retaliation against U.N. peacekeepers and aid workers—formerly an all-purpose excuse for inaction—would no longer deter NATO from using military power.

This was new. And, taken at face value, it was what those who had wanted the West to intervene in the Bosnian war had long been waiting for. But why did this massacre galvanize the allied powers when, to cite only one example, the mortar round that killed ten people standing in line for humanitarian relief in a Sarajevo suburb the day before did not? Were these sixty-eight deaths a graver affront to humanity than the two hundred thousand Bosnian deaths that preceded them? After all, the West had tolerated every previous atrocity, from ethnic cleansing to the wide-

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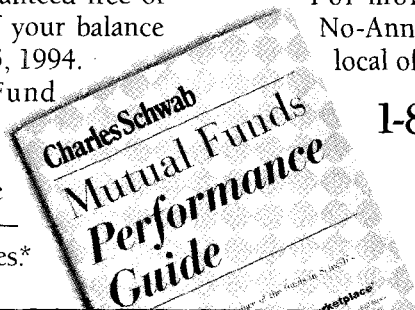
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spread blocking of humanitarian aid. When the U.N.'s military commander in Sarajevo, General Michael Rose, alluded after the market massacre to "changed strategic circumstances," he was not referring to anything that had happened in Bosnia. He was talking about a change of heart in Western Europe and the United States. But consciences driven by television footage are notoriously fickle, however, and if, as many predict, the ceasefire brokered by the U.N. goes the way of all the other ceasefires that have been negotiated in Bosnia, then the indignation that seems so overwhelming today is apt to have faded a few months from now.

What has befallen Bosnia is not an act of God. It is war. And war is some-

thing most people alive today had believed could no longer happen in Europe; they have had great difficulty taking in what has been going on in the Balkans for the past three years. It has been easier to think in terms of natural disaster, or, if not natural disaster, then crime—two things that even the rich world is not immune to. And, certainly, the Bosnian war is a crime. But it is the crime of genocide, not a street crime or a riot, to be solved by sending in the detectives or the tactical squad. And that is what the talk of investigating where the shell that landed in the market came from and identifying the culprits amounts to.

CNN emblematically titled its special on the massacre "Terror in Sarajevo."

There is terror in Sarajevo, and it is anything but senseless. It is purposeful, and its purpose is the destruction of Bosnia as a political entity. Even if the ceasefire holds, the siege will probably continue and Sarajevans will continue to be killed by snipers and, perhaps, by intermittent mortar fire as well. Three people died from sniper fire three days after the mortar shell landed in the central market—this when the world was watching. What will happen when the story of the Sarajevo siege no longer leads the news?

Forgetfulness would be catastrophic, since Bosnia really does matter to the security of Europe, and the security of Europe, for all the Clinton Administration's efforts to place stronger emphasis on other parts of the world, really does

matter to the United States. If the war spills over the borders of Bosnia, Europeans had better learn to duck. But, even if NATO now succeeds in containing the war, the stakes are very high. Bosnia is more than simply another state, internationally recognized in the usual ways. It is a secular state and a democratic one, and it is multicultural, multi-ethnic, and multi-confessional on a continent that, thanks to patterns of migration, is increasingly all those things. If Bosnia's dismemberment is tolerated, nationalist demagogues, in Europe and elsewhere, will take note. That is why it is important to think clearly about Bosnia, and not to pretend that the war isn't going on—as so many did before the shell landed in the Sarajevo market—or that it can be resolved merely by preventing future massacres. For even if no shells land in Sarajevo in the coming months—an unlikely prospect, given the Serb record—the slaughter will go on. While attention is focussed on Sarajevo, the ethnic cleansing of Muslims in northern Bosnia continues, and in central Bosnia the fighting intensifies. An end to the shelling of Sarajevo, however temporary, is a great boon, but it is not even the beginning of the end of the Bosnian tragedy. ♦



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CORNEL WEST

Jervis Anderson's article on the Princeton philosopher Cornel West (January 17th) exposes a flaw in American academe and in our society in general. That West has a cadre of detractors among his philosopher colleagues because of his willingness to take his work "into the streets" reflects the factionalism in American life preventing us from becoming a whole people.

The premise that philosophers should talk only to each other is the height of academic arrogance and irrelevance. The philosophers on whose thoughts so much of civilization is based are known to us precisely because they worked through public discourse. Where and what would we be if Socrates and Buddha had spoken only to persons they felt were "qualified"?

LAURENCE LAURENT
Los Osos, Calif.

Cornel West is indeed a talented man with a formidable intellect, but he shares a weakness with many of his most vocal critics: an inability or an unwillingness to assign relative values to contemporary ideas. In Dr. West's world, there seems to be no distinction between the contributions of Bertrand Russell and those of Ice Cube. And he doesn't give proper weight to the role of social convention and its offspring, conventional behavior, in preserving a society and its culture. Dr. West is the bowerbird of the academy. We are fascinated by his plumage and hypnotized by his elaborate dance, but we should not ignore what he has planned for us as soon as we are lured onto his ground.

PRESTON B. HARDY, JR.
Bartlett, Tenn.

Jervis Anderson cites Antonio Gramsci's idea of the "organic intellectual," but he does not explore this idea's full potential. It can explain details as perplexing as Cornel West's dress and mannerisms. Gramsci dreamed of a new kind of intellectual, who would remain rooted in the community that produced him, and he wrote that such an intellectual's life must consist of "active participation in practical life, as constructor, organizer, 'permanent persuader' and not just a simple orator." West is clearly such a man, and the fact that he feels rooted in my vocation—that of Baptist pastor—is worthy of celebration.

MICHAEL BLEDSOE
Riverside Baptist Church
Washington, D.C.

ALTERNATIVE PRESS

As I'm sure David Remnick knows ("News in a Dying Language," January 10th), there were other important Yiddish papers in New York besides the *Forward* during the first half of this century. There was the *Morning Journal*, which editorially took a conservative line; the *Day*, which leaned toward the Democrats; and the *Freiheit*, a Communist paper. Together, they kept the Yiddish language alive long after the environment that nurtured it had fled to the suburbs of New York. What remains of Yiddish in the vernacular is mostly off-color jokes told in English with a Yiddish intonation. Too bad. It was a great language. It had humanity. You could say things and get feelings across that were untranslatable. It had schmaltz!

ARNOLD J. AUERBACH
Carbondale, Ill.

David Remnick refers to the French weekly newspaper *France-Amérique* as



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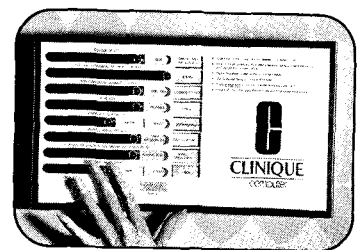
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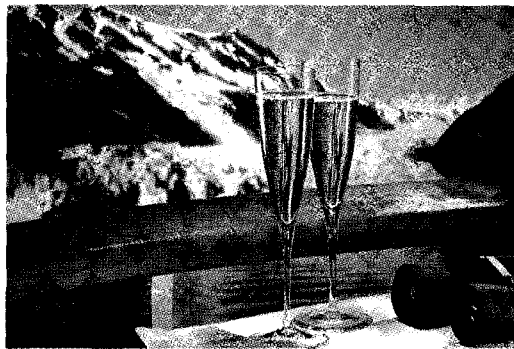
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"hanging on, if barely." Actually, *France-Amérique* achieved record sales and profits in 1993, and subscriptions were up thirty-nine per cent from last year. For the past ten years, France's No. 1 daily, *Le Figaro*, has owned *France-Amérique* and carried on its mission of bringing news from and about France to America, much the same way the *International Herald Tribune* delivers news about the United States to Americans abroad. The universal appeal of the French language and culture is *France-Amérique's* unique asset. Such an appeal will not die because of the "Americanization" of the children of French-speaking immigrants. *France-Amérique* is hanging on in a big way.

KEVIN MACCARTHY
New York City

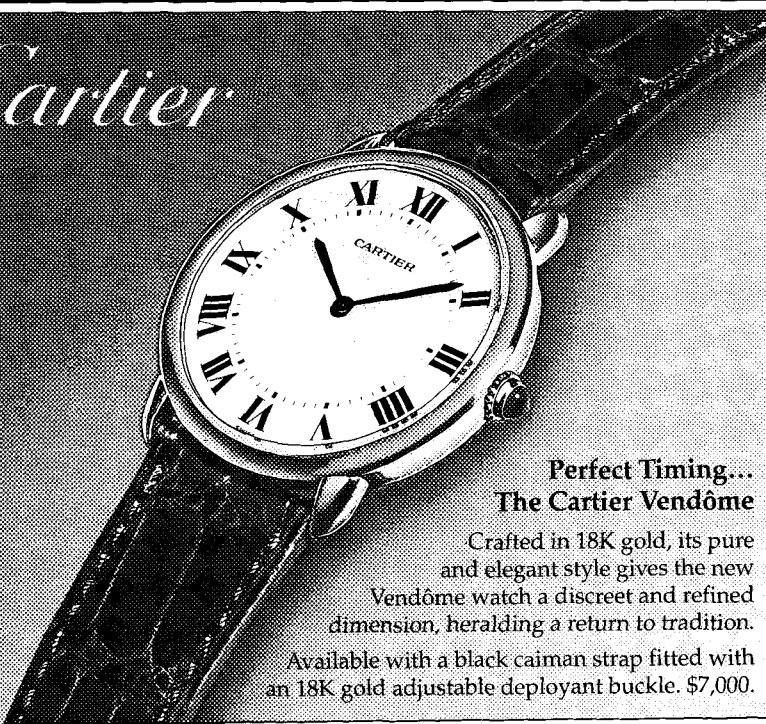
SPORTIN' LIFE

Jonathan Wilson may well be right to worry that Americans will abuse his beloved soccer ("Soccer Apocalypse," January 10th), especially if we misunderstand his game as profoundly as he misunderstands ours. No game, not even soccer, surpasses basketball in being "so fluid that it depends on feats of individual imagination." Coaches are ancillary at best to a game that is often like one long jazz improvisation. Generations of athletic geniuses have made the sport into the spectacle that it is: why else would the premature retirement of a single star be so deeply mourned?

Worse, Mr. Wilson has entirely misconstrued baseball. Those signals from the bench are part of its quaint charm, as managers use arcane systems to try to influence situations that are largely beyond their control. Most of the time, they can tell their batters little more than "Get a hit!" Any country that enthusiastically supports such disparate sports clearly harbors contrasting elements in its character. Let's hope that our better angels guide us as we play host to Mr. Wilson's game.

ROBERT EPSTEIN
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

The Sum of Its Parts

ONLY an ardent devotee of Harold Pinter would be likely to claim "No Man's Land" as one of the dramatist's most resonant works. The play premiered in 1975, at the end of a relatively fallow stretch in the writer's life, and its preoccupations—two writers and their struggles with aging, alcohol, and the distant Muse—seem to be those of an artist trying to restore himself to fecundity. In the original production, nineteen years ago, the play's volubility was masked by the brilliant performances of John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson. In the current revival at the Roundabout, the play's hollowiness—a quality whose effect may vary depending on your theatregoing mood—has two new exponents: Christopher Plummer and Jason Robards.

Plummer's performance has been the attention getter. As Spooner, he has ample opportunity, if not to chew the scenery, at least to nibble on it. With his hair shellacked into two mini-antennae, and looking as rumpless as a clown out of Beckett, he seems to be receiving input from sources most actors only dream about. As a poet trapped in the house of Hirst (the Robards role), Plummer is so watchable that it's not till the second act, when the two men are having a kind of Wildean spat, that you realize how thoroughly Robards has been holding his own. And it's only in the final scene, when these two old pros are onstage with Hirst's son and houseman—confidently played by Tom Wood and John Seitz—that you realize what an ensemble piece "No Man's Land" has been all along.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

AVENUE X—An a-cappella musical set in Brooklyn in 1963, by John Jiler and Ray Leslee. Previews through Feb. 20. Opens Feb. 21 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

CAROUSEL—Michael Hayden is Billy Bigelow in this production of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1945 musical, which comes to New York via London's Royal National Theatre. Nicholas Hytner directed. Previews begin Feb. 18. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

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DAMN YANKEES—Victor Garber and Bebe Neuwirth star in the first Broadway revival of the 1955 musical by George Abbott and Douglass Wallop (book) and Richard Adler and Jerry Ross (score and lyrics). In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

ESCAPE FROM PARADISE—A one-woman play written and performed by Regina Taylor. Preview on Feb. 16. Opens Feb. 17 at 8. Performances alternate with "A Body of Water," by Jenna Zark. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

INNOCENT ERENDIRA—An English-language adaptation of Gabriel Garcia Márquez's novella, starring Miriam Colón. A joint production of Repertorio Español and the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre. Previews through Feb. 20 matinee. Opens that night at 7. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850.)

MANHATTAN CLASS COMPANY—A one-act festival features Peter Hedges' "Good as New," Allan Heinberg's "The Amazon's Voice," Robert Shaffron's "Endless Air, Endless Water," and Annie Evans's "I Can't Stop Thinking Today" (with Allison Janney). Preview on Feb. 16. Opens Feb. 17 at 7 and runs through March 12. (120 W. 28th St. 727-7765.)



Eric Bogosian's "Pounding Nails in the Floor with My Forehead."

THE MAYOR OF BOYS TOWN—A one-man play about the Nebraska institution, written and performed by Barnaby Spring. In previews. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

UNFINISHED STORIES—A play by Sybille Pearson, with Christopher Collet, E. Katherine Kerr, Laurence Luckinbill, and Joseph Wiseman. Opens Feb. 16 at 8. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ALL IN THE TIMING—Six sparkling one-act comedies by David Ives. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

ANGELS IN AMERICA—"Perestroika," the second half of Tony Kushner's "Angels in America," is a masterpiece. Epic in scope, superbly acted, and directed with passionate restraint by George C. Wolfe, the play employs an original, impressionistic theatrical vocabulary to show us the heart of a new age. It runs in repertory with the first half, "Millennium Approaches," ("Perestroika" was reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93; "Millennium Approaches," 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

AS YOU LIKE IT—David Dossey, Mark Hammer, Arthur French, and Miriam Healy-Louie are the exemplary players in an excellent cast—and it's a good thing, too. The director, Mark Rylance, has given the play a present-day American setting, and it's a distraction without a payoff. Still, the acting is a pleasure, and the staging offers several marvellous visual jokes and effects. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 19.)

THE AU PAIR MAN—Hugh Leonard's recently updated version of his 1968 play, presented by the Irish Repertory Theatre. (28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 279-4200. Closes March 6.)

BLOWN SIDEWAYS THROUGH LIFE—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

A BODY OF WATER—A play by Jenna Zark, which alternates with Regina Taylor's "Escape from Paradise." (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

CYRANO: THE MUSICAL—The nose have it. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN—The Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre performs Ariel Dorfman's play, in English (three times a week) and Spanish (four times a week). (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes Feb. 27.)

FAMILY SECRETS—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

FOUR DOGS AND A BONE—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

HELLO AGAIN—A new musical by Michael John LaChiusa, loosely based on Arthur Schnitzler's play "La Ronde." With Judy Blazer, John Cameron Mitchell, and Donna Murphy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

GERARD NICOLAS

NAKED GUN
33 $\frac{1}{3}$
THE FINAL INSULT

DUE THIS MARCH.

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHOOP-DEE-DOO!—A witty and topical musical revue. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 777-7474. Closes Feb. 20.)

IRENE WORTH'S PORTRAIT OF EDITH WHARTON—Miss Worth, looking sleek and elegant in a Fortuny gown, gives a reading of passages drawn from Wharton's memoir, "A Backward Glance," and from her other writings, and explores the eventful inner and outer life of this season's literary It Girl. Miss Worth's intonations have an air of self-satisfaction that doesn't seem true to Wharton, but the evening has its moments, such as her impersonation of Henry James asking for directions on a motoring trip and taking forever about it. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Feb. 27.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—Like a kaleidoscope, Andrew Lloyd Webber's flippant new mega-version of his first musical is bright, ever-changing, and utterly meaningless. As Joseph, Michael Damian is physically nimble and vocally wan. Everyone else conspires to wring an ovation out of the overstimulated audience. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LAUGHTER ON THE 23RD FLOOR—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. The subject allows Simon to do what he does best: tell jokes about the making of laughs. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

LITTLE EYOLF—An 1894 play by Ibsen, with Joanne Camp and Mark Kenneth Smaltz. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

MY FAIR LADY—Howard Davies' genial new production of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Richard Chamberlain is all charm and suave good looks as Professor Henry Higgins, and Melissa Errico lends a fine voice and an attractive presence to the role of Eliza. With excellent support from Paxton Whitehead, Dolores Sutton, and Julian Holloway. (1/17/94) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

MY HEAD WAS A SLEDGEHAMMER—Richard Foreman's new play, performed by his Ontological-Hysteric Theatre. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. For reservations, call 533-4650.)

NO MAN'S LAND—Christopher Plummer and Jason Robards star in Harold Pinter's 1975 play. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

OLD NEW YORK: FALSE DAWN—The New York Art Theatre Institute's charming version of the first chapter of Edith Wharton's novella "Old New York." (Old Merchant's House Museum, 29 E. 4th St. 226-6211.)

POUNDRING NAILS IN THE FLOOR WITH MY FOREHEAD—Eric Bogosian's latest piece. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 307-4100.)

RICKY JAY & HIS 52 ASSISTANTS—With a Mephistophelean smoothness, the master sleight-of-hand artist discourses on the history of trickery and performs illusions that will amaze even those who wouldn't normally go out of their way to see card tricks. Under the direction of David Mamet, who is right at home in the slightly sinister man's world of magic, Mr. Jay makes willing and delighted fools of his audience. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

SAND—Three one-acts by Edward Albee make up this evening, the third installment of Signature Theatre Company's Albee season. The first two plays, "Box" and "The Sand-

box," are short, intriguing meditations on great themes: life and death, art, and the decay of civilization. The third is the New York premiere of "Finding the Sun" (1983): an extended family spends a day on the beach and delivers a lot of great lines that don't add up to a play. Directed by Mr. Albee. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes March 6.)

SHE LOVES ME—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

THREE BIRDS ALIGHTING ON A FIELD—A play by Timberlake Wertenbaker. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

THREE TALL WOMEN—A 1991 play by Edward Albee, with Marian Seldes, Jordan Baker, and Myra Carter. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes March 6.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. ...

BLOOD BROTHERS: Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. ... **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES**: Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. ... **CATS**: Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. ... **CRAZY FOR YOU**: Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. ... **FOREVER PLAID**: Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. ...

GUYS AND DOLLS: Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. ... **LES MISÉRABLES**: Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. ... **MISS SAIGON**: Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. ... **NUNSENSE**: Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. ... **PERFECT CRIME**: Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. ...

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA: Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. ... **THE SISTERS ROSENWEG**: Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. ... **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING**: St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. ... **THE WHO'S TOMMY**: St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—
PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

STOMP—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments: brooms, poles, hubcaps, etc. Performances start Feb. 18. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 7 and 10:45, and Sundays at 3.)

"AIN'T GOT LONG TO STAY HERE"—A production, adapted from the letters and speeches of Martin Luther King, Jr., which includes spirituals sung by Jennifer Holliday. (Beacon, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Feb. 17-18 at 8 and Feb. 19 at 2 and 8.)

P.S. 122—Works by two solo artists: Pamela Sneed's "Mayla Berry," Feb. 17-20 at 7:30; and Holly Hughes's "Clit Notes," Feb. 17-20 at 9. Both through Feb. 27. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.) ... **"Big Room,"** P.S. 122's performance-and-dance party at Irving Plaza, with Danny Hoch, Alien Comic, John Moran and Mimi Goese, et al. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. Feb. 21 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 477-5288.)

CONEY ISLAND CIRCUS SIDESHOW—In winter residence at HERE, a downtown performance space, are the Bed of Nails Fakir, Electra from Chernobyl, the Human Blockhead, and the Neon Sword Swallower, among others. (145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. 647-0202. Saturday evenings at 10:30, and Sunday afternoons at 2 and 4.)

DANCE

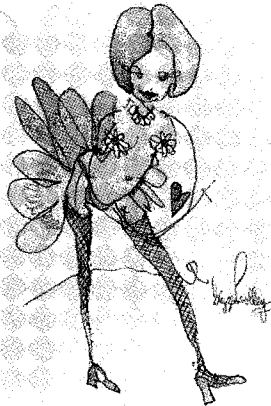
As Himself

THE chronology of major dance events in "Balanchine's Complete Stories of the Great Ballets," which begins with Lorenzo de' Medici's wedding festivities in 1469, has as its entry for 1970: "Eliot Feld forms a ballet company." The company was built on the foundation of Feld's synoptic experience: at eleven, he was the Prince in the first production of Balanchine's "The Nutcracker," and he went on to dance ballet, modern, and on Broadway before making his first ballet in 1967 for American Ballet Theatre. Now, after a distinguished quarter century, Feld Ballets/NY has just opened a five-week run at the Joyce in a season of eighteen works, including four premières.

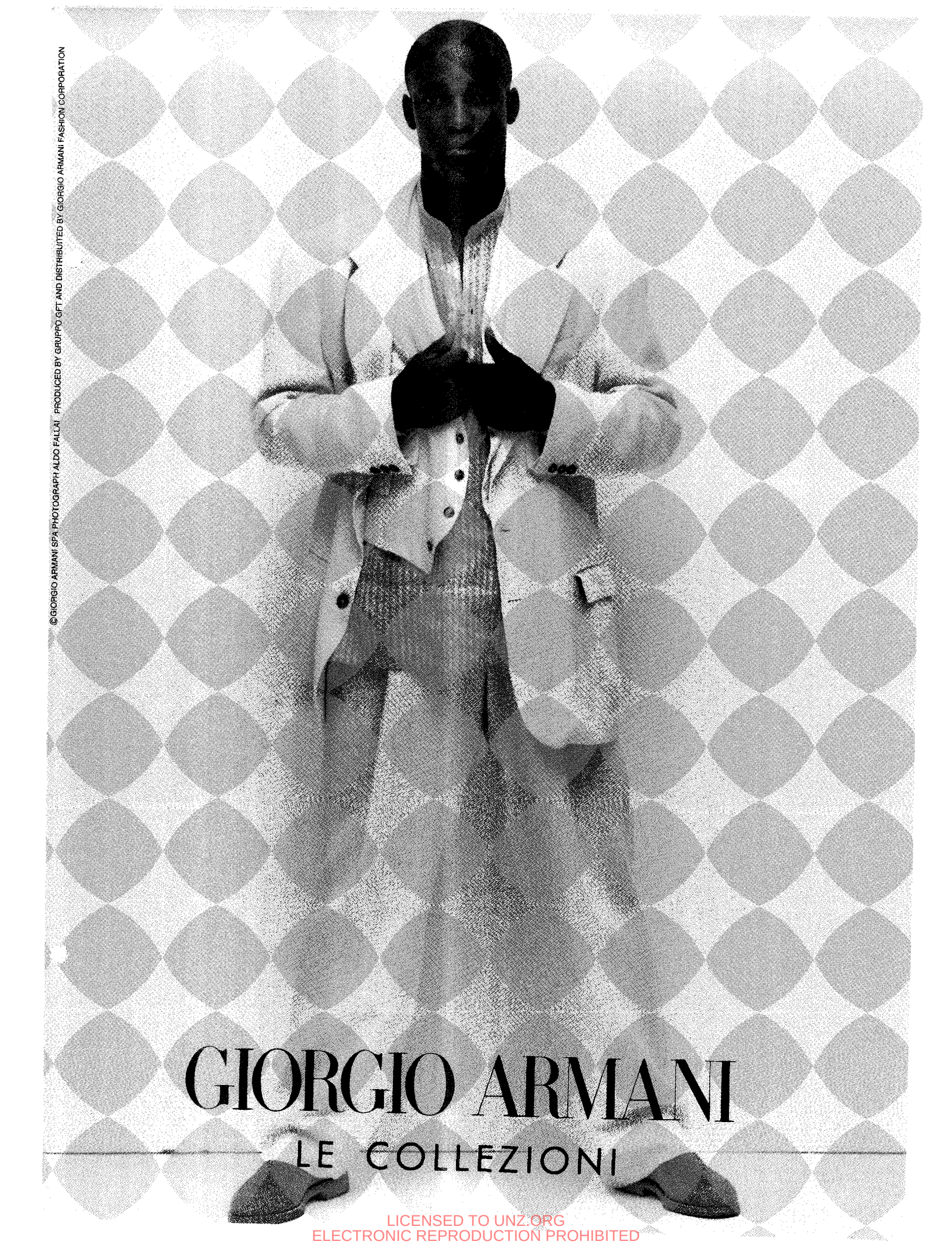
One of the new works, "23 Skidoo," accompanied by Martinů's "La Revue de la Cuisine," will be performed by students from Feld's remarkable tuition-free school. Another première, "Doghead & Godcatchers," is set to Haydn's Symphony No. 60, a curious, dramatic piece that inspired Feld to create a role for himself for the first time since 1980. (He plays, logically enough, a choreographer.) Feld says that he does not intend a general return to the stage: "I expect that 'Doghead & Godcatchers' is my most preposterous and last preposthumous performance."

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Feb. 16 at 8: "Apollo," "Orpheus," and "Agon." ... **Feb. 17 at 8:** "Kammermusik No. 2," "Sonatine," "Moves," and "Union Jack." ... **Feb. 18 at 8:** Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Fancy Free," and "Symphony in C." ... **Feb. 19 at 2:** "Symphonic Dances," "In the Night," and "Union Jack." ... **Feb. 19 at 8:** "Kammermusik No. 2," "Sonatine," "Orpheus," and "Cortège Hongrois." ... **Feb. 20 at 1:** "Kammermusik No. 2," "Andantino," "A Schubert Sonata," and "Fancy Free." ... **Feb. 20 at 7:** "Apollo," "Andantino," "Ash," and "Union Jack." ... **Feb. 22 at 8:** Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Bugaku," and "Fancy Free." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

FELD BALLETS/NY—Feb. 16 at 7: A gala performance, with students of the New Ballet School in "23 Skidoo" (première) and "Hello Fancy," and the company in "Asia" and "Doo Dah Day." ... **Feb. 17 at 8:** "Play Bach," "Savage Glimpse," and "Skara Brae." ... **Feb. 18 at 8:** "Play Bach," "Echo," "Evove," and "Skara Brae." ... **Feb. 19 at 8:** "Aurora I," "Echo," "Evove," and "The Jig Is Up." ... **Feb. 20 at 2:** "Play Bach," "Asia," "Ion," and "Skara Brae." ... **Feb. 20 at 7:30:** "Common Ground," "Savage Glimpse," and "Doo Dah Day." ... **Feb. 22 at 8:** "Aurora I," "La Vida," "Echo," and "Doo Dah Day." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through March 20.)



LIZZIE HOLLEY



GIORGIO ARMANI

LE COLLEZIONI



The Mingus Big Band at Time Café.

NIGHT LIFE

Mingus Lives

FOR the past two and a half years, on most Thursday nights, the Mingus Big Band, invented and guided by Sue Mingus, the bassist-composer's widow, has celebrated Charles Mingus's music in a tight, low-ceilinged basement beneath the Time Café, down on Lafayette and Great Jones. The band, generally fourteen or fifteen strong, is drawn from a pool of more than a hundred musicians, many of them in their twenties and thirties, and numbering the likes of the trumpeters Jack Walrath and Ryan Kisor, the trombonists Dave Taylor and Britt Woodman, the saxophonists Craig Handy, James Carter, and Ronnie Cuber, and the drummer Marvin (Smitty) Smith. The sizable book, familiar and unfamiliar, includes "Nostalgia in Times Square," "Invisible Lady," "Moanin'," "Weird Nightmare," "Self-Portrait in Three Colors," and "Ecclusiastics." Some of the arrangements are by Mingus, and some by Cuber and Sy Johnson and other hands.

Mingus, who died in 1979, had an octagonal personality, and you were never sure which side might confront you—the serene one, the combative one, the charming one, the angry one. A musical autobiographer, Mingus translated his many selves directly into his music, which is complex, wild, lyrical, funny, and utterly demanding—for players and audiences alike. The Mingus band goes at its material with passion and (near) precision. If the solos tend to be prolix and the volume fortissimo, well, so was Mingus.

CONCERTS

AEROSMITH—Arguably America's preëminent rock band, Aerosmith is currently at the pinnacle of a twenty-one-year career, and the band's seven-figure record deal should keep the boys busy well into the next century, when swivel-hipped, balloon-lipped singer Steven Tyler will be fiftysomething. Not to worry. With a classic back catalogue that sounds better every year (any grunge outfit worth its salt has a copy of "Toys in the Attic" on the tour bus), Aerosmith will probably swagger on forever. With Brother Cane. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 17 at 8.)

QUEEN LATIFAH—"All Hail the Queen," this New Jersey native's 1989 debut album, gave the world a female rapper with as much grace and majesty as street credibility. Her delivery remains as smooth as silk and as authoritative as Chuck D's. At only twenty-three, Latifah has begun an acting career, and she recently released her third album, "Black Reign," a slice of 'hood life and womanly purposefulness that shows the Queen keeping a close eye on her subjects. Do yourself a favor and pay her homage in person. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. Feb. 20 at 9.)

CAROL WOODS—Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Feb. 16 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

ROD STEWART—Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900. Feb. 16 at 8. . . . ♪ Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Feb. 18 at 8.

AFTER DINNER OPERA COMPANY—Presenting a concert version of excerpts from Ellington's jazz opera "Queenie Pie." (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Feb. 18 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

JACKSON BROWNE—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 18 at 8.

"THE AMARILLO HIGHWAY"—Texas singer-songwriters Butch Hancock and Terry Allen, and poet and "honorary Texan" Michael Ventura pay homage to life on the road. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Feb. 18-19 at 8.)

LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO—Kingsborough Community College, 2001 Oriental Blvd., Brooklyn. 1-718 368-5596. Feb. 19 at 8.

KLEZMER MUSIC—Three chances to hear some Jewish soul music this week: Brave Old World. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 19 at 8.) . . . ♪ The Klez-

matics, in a dance concert. (Congregation Anshe Chesed, 251 W. 100th St. 865-0600. Feb. 19 at 9.) . . . ♪ The Andy Statman Klezmer Ensemble, opening for folkie Theodore Bikel. (Colden Center for the Performing Arts, Queens College. 1-718 683-7816. Feb. 20 at 2.)

"FRIENDS OF ALEC WILDER" CONCERT—Singer Barbara Lea, pianist Loonis McGlohon's trio, bassoonist Lynn Gaubatz, pianist Frank Conlon, and others, in a tribute to the late composer. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Feb. 19 at 2. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

SHIRLEY BASSEY—With Jim David. (Paramount. Feb. 19 at 8.)

"HEAVENLY JAZZ"—Presenting the Scott Hamilton quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Feb. 20 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

ROCK AND FOLK

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—This week, the club continues its twentieth-anniversary celebration, which will run through early April. Seminal folk-rocker **ROGER MC GUINN** stops by on Feb. 18. As the Byrds' driving creative force, McGuinn helped invent the jangly, twelve-string-guitar sound that has influenced hip pop icons from R.E.M. to the Lemonheads (and, of course, Tom Petty, whose rootsy riffs and adenoidal tenor have always eerily evoked McGuinn's work). After the Byrds broke up in the early seventies, McGuinn spent a few years releasing solo albums, replacing his old band's radiant harmonies with delicate introspection. Then, in 1991, after a fourteen-year sabbatical, the rocker came back with a vengeance, enlisting the support of descendants like Elvis Costello and Michael Penn for "Back from Rio," his best post-Byrds effort to date. On Feb. 19, **THE ROCHEs** pay a visit. For those who suffered withdrawal symptoms when Maggie, Terre, and Suzzy skipped their annual Christmas-carol gig at the Bottom Line (after eleven consecutive years), the sisters Roche return once again, stronger than ever, with their inimitable blend of swooping, alien harmonies, unrequited-love songs, and whimsy. A New York institution.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll always sounds best in a dump, which may be why this legendary club is still thriving: the management has had the good sense not to renovate. In recent years, CB's has become something of an empire; the club is now flanked by a pizzeria/boutique on one side and a bar/performance space (currently filled with photography by David Byrne) on the other—all your shopping needs taken care of in one convenient location. The **BLACK ROCK COALITION** appears on Feb. 19.

GRAND, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A serious room for serious rock-and-rolling, with a vibrating wall-o'-speakers up front and an ear-decompression lounge around the bar in the back. On Feb. 18: **MORPHINE**, with **CONCUSSION ENSEMBLE**. Morphine could be a nifty guitar-pop outfit, except that the band has no guitarist. Miraculously, though, this eccentric composite of two-string bass, sax, and drums—whose non-indie-label debut, "Cure for Pain," was among last year's more pleasant surprises—evokes the buoyancy of power pop and the squalid verve of punk without the instrument basic to both genres. Concussion Ensemble, an all-instrumental combo complete with three drummers and a percussionist, sounds like an apocalyptic version of the Ventures. **PAW** arrives on Feb. 22. On its 1993 debut album, "Dragline," this Kansas-based quartet offered songs about sharks, suicide, and the comics ("Veronica," an ode to Archie's brunette beguiler), and infused them with equal parts metallic vigor and Southern-rock grit.

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. **TEEN-AGE FANCLUB** is here, with **YO LA TENGO**, on Feb. 16. **REDD KROSS** rocks the joint on Feb.

18, with **THE DOUGHBOYS** and **DANDELION**...

❶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

ROSELAND, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—A dark, sweaty rock club, complete with flannel-clad stage divers and the occasional whirling mosh pit. On Feb. 17: **BLIND MELON** buzzes in. The fierce L.A.-based neo-metal band **TOOL** arrives on Feb. 18.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On Feb. 17: master African drummer **BABA OLATUNJI** brings his inspired ten-piece ensemble in for the evening on Feb. 17. Dining. Closed Sundays.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. On Feb. 20: **IRMA THOMAS**, and **TRACY NELSON** with the **UPTOWN HORNS**. New Orleans soul diva Thomas has been knocking out club audiences since the late fifties. Anyone in doubt of her bluesy authority need only refer to the singer's 1991 album, "Simply the Best: Live!" on which she covers Allen Toussaint and Otis Redding with a fiery panache that's all her own.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. On Feb. 16, the **SOLSONICS** share a bill with the **LAST POETS** and **COOLEY'S HOT BOX**. The Solsonics are based in L.A., a city better known for its gangsta rap than for the eclectic sounds coming out of its thriving underground club scene. That scene has produced this jazz-funk combo, which blends slamming hip-hop grooves with sultry reggae textures. The result, as demonstrated on their debut album, "Jazz in the Present Tense," is straight outta this world.

JAZZ AND BLUES

A.K.A., 77 W. Houston St., at Wooster St. (673-7325)—Hipsters digging the new amalgams of jazz, hip-hop, and world music populate this small, velvet-draped club. There's a long, elegant bar with enough seats to accommodate the few non-dancers; it can be a tight squeeze, but it's a svelte crowd. On Feb. 16: **HELLO CITIZENS**. On Feb. 17: **WHOLE EARTH MAMAS**. On most Friday nights, including Feb. 18, those forward-looking impresarios responsible for Giant Step present the funky concoctions of **GROOVE ACADEMY**. Even more funk transpires on Feb. 19, when the band **MIL0 Z.** drops by.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**JOE HENDERSON** and **ABBEY LINCOLN** continue through Feb. 20. The **GEORGE SHEARING** duo and the **KENNY BURRELL** trio begin on Feb. 22. Dining.

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

ROB WASSERMAN, "Trios" (GRP/MCA).

"REALITY BITES" (RCA).

WILLIE NELSON, "Moonlight Becomes You" (Justice).

PAVEMENT, "Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain" (Matador/Atlantic).

"A TRIBUTE TO CURTIS MAYFIELD" (Warner Brothers).

THE MAVERICKS, "What a Crying Shame" (MCA).

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** is here with **BUSTER WILLIAMS** through Feb. 19. In his thirty-plus-year career, Willis has mingled with everyone from Gloria Lynne to Jackie McLean and Joe Henderson; he even put in time with Blood, Sweat, and Tears, and emerged with his integrity intact. With Williams behind him on bass, Willis affirms that journeymen can be artists, too. Dining.

THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—An authentic old locker deep in the heart of the meat district, complete with vintage scale and hooks, has been converted into a comfortable, banquette-lined paradise. **DANNY KALB** is in Feb. 19. On Feb. 22: percussionist **MINO CINELU** arrives with his own band.

DOWN BEAT, 101 Seventh Ave. S. (620-4000)—A long, warm, wood-paneled room with upholstered banquettes, a nicely appointed bar, and a reliable roster of jazz names. Murals of Diz, Bird, and Basie adorn the walls, so the players are always in good company. Singer **CARRIE SMITH** continues through Feb. 20; singer **NENNA FREELON** takes over on Feb. 22.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—This long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement is one of the city's top jazz spots. But watch your head. The **GEORGE COLEMAN** quartet is here through Feb. 20. Coleman is a pedantic marvel: there isn't a sax player who knows his instrument better, or one who feels as compelled to impart so much knowledge in every marathon solo. Coleman's drive and vigor are matched by those of his longtime pianist, Harold Mabern, and his bassist, Jamil Nasser, one of New York's great unsung swingers. Beginning Feb. 22: the **PHIL WOODS** quintet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

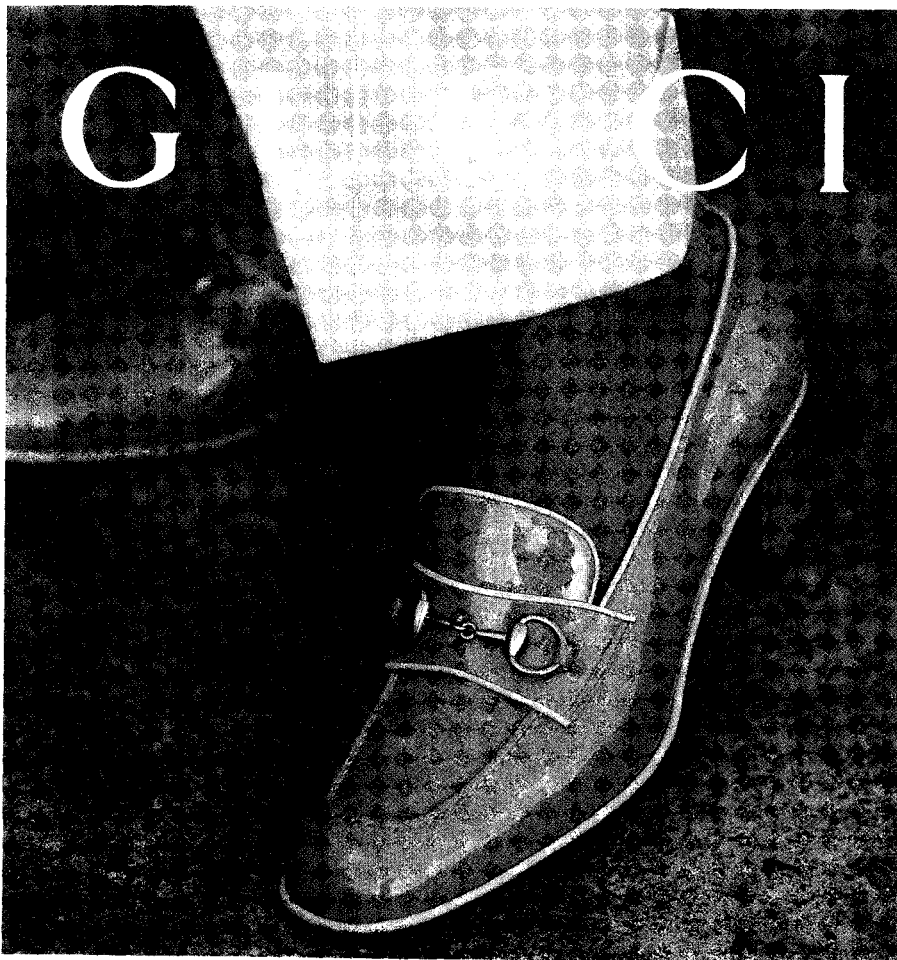
FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this

jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. Dining.

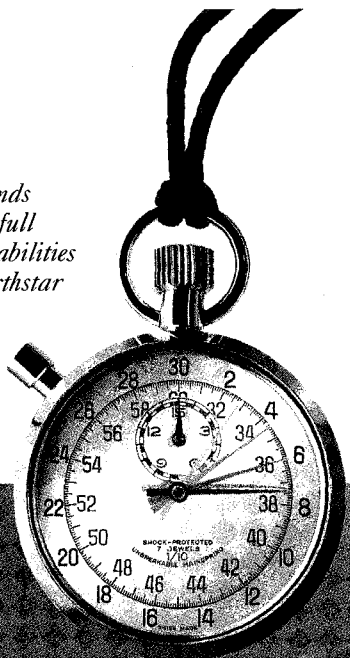
KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, bangers and mash, and a piano. While music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. **JOHN HICKS** appears with bassist **MICKEY BASS** through Feb. 19; for the final two evenings, they're joined by flutist **ELYSE WOODS**. At times, Hicks is as prodigiously gifted a pianist as McCoy Tyner; at other times, he seems heavy on technique, light on substance. With the sensitive support of Bass and Woods, Hicks' reflective side should come to the fore.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood best known for hosting the San Gennaro festival, this modest space provides a forum for adventurous musicians and all manner of performance artists. **ARTO LINDSAY & FRIENDS** are here on Feb. 17-18. Hidden beneath Lindsay's hipster-doofoos persona lies the heart of a frustrated guitar hero. His gigs at the Knitting Factory are far less predictable than his occasionally precious noodling with the Ambitious Lovers. Fans of the Violent Femmes will be delighted to see **GORDON GANO** unplugged and unmiked in "Carmen, The First Two Chapters," a childish, but very funny musical concerning a French anthropologist's adventures with Don Jose and Carmen in the eighteen-thirties, written and performed by Gano and a small cast. Through Feb. 19.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—Prepare for a packed room, flowing Guinness, and an Irish-hootenanny atmosphere. **BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays.



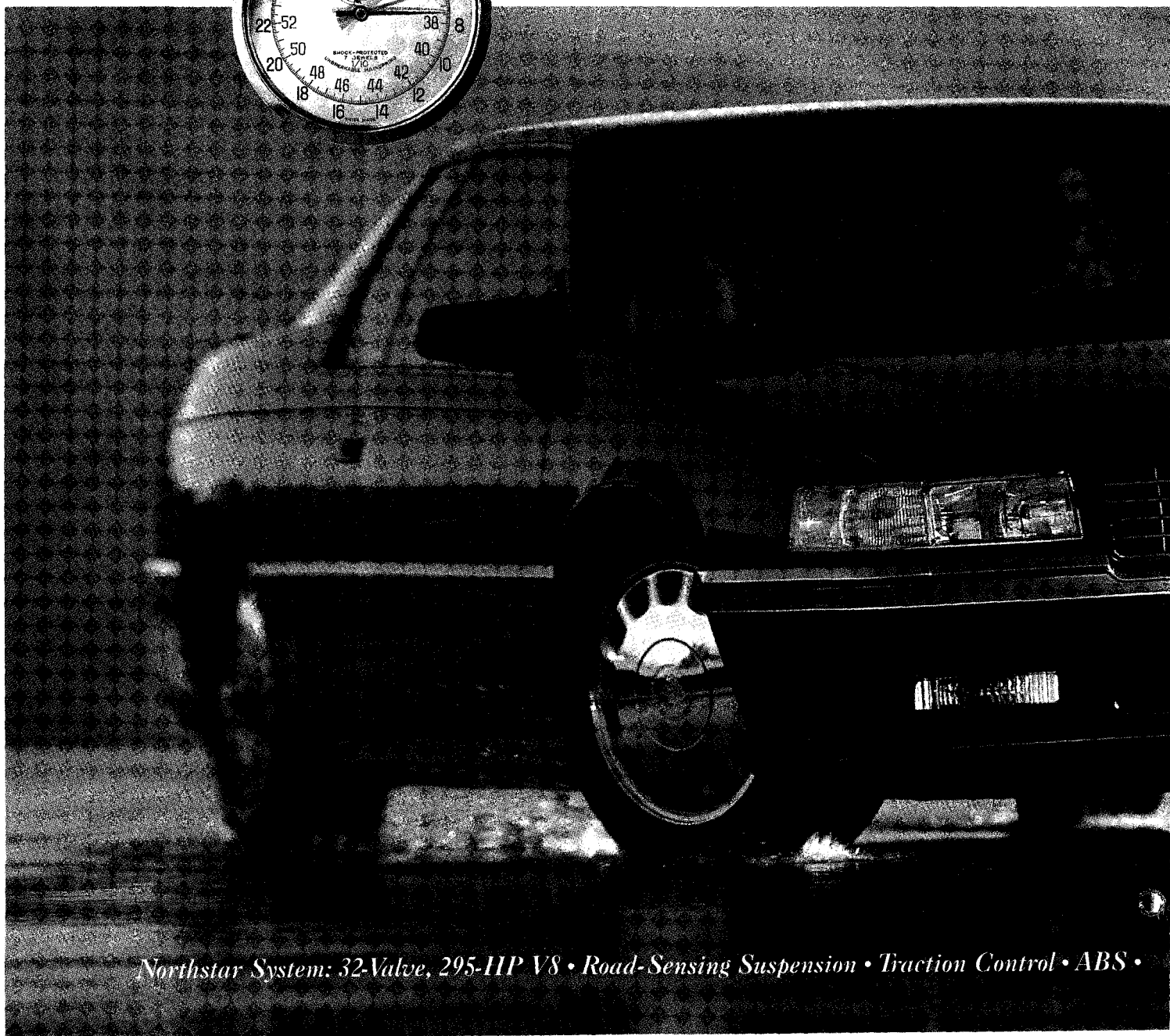
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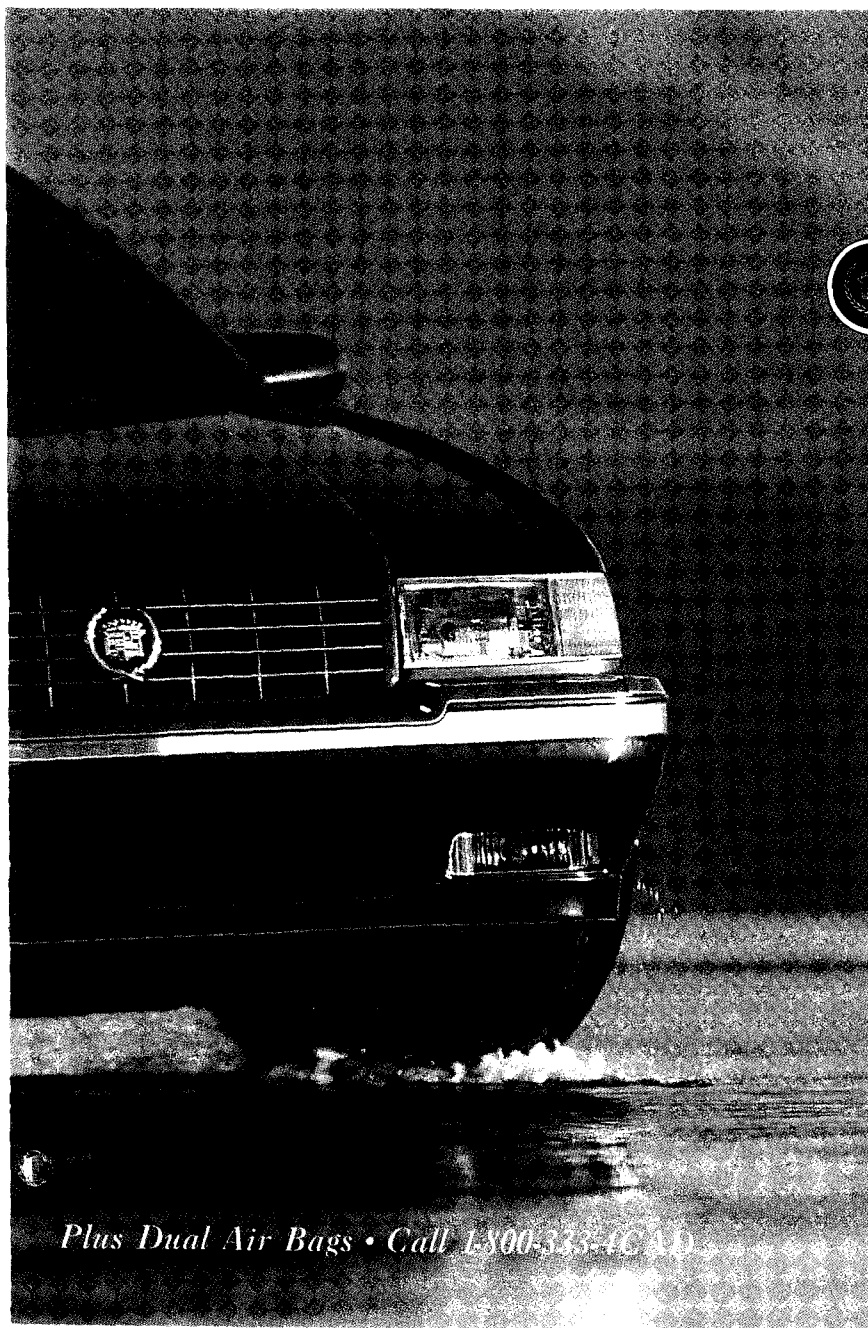


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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Mondays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band; Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird Society Orchestra; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **JACK WALRATH** quintet plays through Feb. 20. A quirky, eclectic trumpeter, Walrath is perhaps best known for his tenure with Charles Mingus. Walrath's writing and arranging skills exhibit the master's enduring influence. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—This legendary tourist haven makes serious jazz fans welcome in the Chestnut Room. The **AHMAD JAMAL** trio continues through Feb. 20. Instead of mellowing with time, Jamal keeps getting more eccentric. A charming minimalist back in the fifties, the pianist has metamorphosed into a verbose extrovert with his own game plan of stop-and-start rhythms, mood-swing digressions, and catch-me-if-you-can shenanigans with his sidemen. What holds all this perversely fascinating stuff together is technique. The singer's singer **JIMMY SCOTT** begins an engagement on Feb. 22. Dining.

TIME CAFÉ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. On Feb. 21: **GUITARS PLAY MINGUS**. The brainchild of a music professor at Concordia University, in Montreal, the program made its New York debut at Lincoln Center this past August, then swung over to Fez in October. The lineup includes members of the **MINGUS BIG BAND**'s rhythm section, plus guitarists Peter Leitch, Vic Juris, Ron Jackson, Ed Cherry (a Gillespie associate), and a mystery guest. Every Thursday you can catch the Mingus Big Band itself. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A jazz club that still looks and smells like a jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. Through Feb. 20: the **HAMMET BLUIETT FOUR**. Defying the conventional range of the baritone saxophone, Bluiett can coax unnatural and beautiful sounds from his cumbersome instrument. Whether growling like a bullfrog or screaming like a siren, he grounds his explorations in the bedrock of blues and gospel. On his busman's holiday from the World Saxophone Quartet, Bluiett brings along a surefooted band featuring guitarist Ted Dunbar, bassist Clint Houston, and drummer Ben Riley. The **JUNIOR MANCE** trio starts an engagement on Feb. 22. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougall St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians are first-rate. Through Feb. 19: **JANE JARVIS**, a pleasing mainstream pianist, holds court with the venerable bassist **MILT HINTON**. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** begin on Feb. 21. Tapping into the contemporary wellspring created by Tyner, Hancock, and Evans, Brackeen has fashioned an engaging personal sound at the piano. Everything she touches, from American songbook standards and Brazilian melodies to her own modernist pieces, is stamped with jazz authority. Like an old married couple, Brackeen and McBee, on bass, seem to read each other's minds, completing each other's musical sentences.

CABARETS AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**KT SULLIVAN**'s shows usually include a generous helping of the sort of Broadway and Hollywood songs that endure longer than the musicals for which they were written. Her current program (which will run through Feb. 26) is a tribute to the grandes dames of the silver screen. Late shows on Fridays and Saturdays are given over to Dietz and Schwartz standards. Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **NANA VASCONCELOS** is in Feb. 17-19. Closed Mondays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (744-1600)—Holy eyelashes, Batman, it's **EARTHA KITT**, in for a six-week run at the Carlyle. Kitt is now in her sixties, and she's still a fierce and funny performer with a feral grip on her audience.... **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano in Bemelmans Bar, across the hall.



Degas landscapes at the Metropolitan Museum.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—A two-floor entertainment center. The cheery white downstairs bar has French windows giving onto the bustle of Seventh Avenue, but the real clamor is indoors. Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Pop standards are sung/shouted, usually with altered, risqué lyrics; wise-cracks are fired across the room; and everyone laughs too hard. Upstairs, there's a quieter bar and a cabaret, where you'll find a variety of performers nightly.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—American treasure **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** continues a monthlong engagement. Forty-three years after her first hit single, the wacky "Come On-a My House" (which, according to Clooney, featured her own less-than-successful version of an Armenian accent), her supple voice is still as warm and welcoming as her presentation is fresh, assured, and funny. Clooney's current set is devoted to material that salutes "the road." With pianist **JOHN ODDO** (her musical director for the past decade) and a band of other Clooney stalwarts: **WARREN YACHÉ**, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, **JAY LEONHART**, and **JOE COCUZZO**. Closed Mondays.

RUSSIAN TEA ROOM, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—**NANCY LAMOTT** appears on Feb. 20. Dining.

ART

The Former Light Restored

IMPRESSIONISM has suffered terribly for its popularity. When the Met mounted an important Degas retrospective a few years ago, one approached the hundreds of bathing women, thousands of laundresses, and millions of ballerinas with trepidation, knowing that many paintings whose express purpose had been to restore to vision the freshness of evanescent experience had died of overexposure. In its current Degas exhibition, however, the Met has focussed on a category of this artist's work that hasn't been endlessly reproduced on calendars, postcards, and posters: his landscapes.

Degas's artistic trajectory began conventionally, in Italy, among the ruins of antiquity and the masterpieces of the Renaissance. (Writing from Italy in 1858, he remarked, "I am thinking about France, which is not as beautiful.") Some of his Italian exercises, like the oil on paper "Italian Landscape" (1857-58), display the astonishing pictorial shorthand that flowered in his mature works. The most striking works in this show are the color monotypes, most of which the artist executed in a single concentrated period between 1890 and 1892. While some of these are recognizable as typical Impressionist landscape diversions, and might even be confused with similar works by Monet or Pissarro, many of them—like the brushy, amorphous mass of "Mountain Effect" and the

pale and ghostly "L'Estérel" (both 1890)—seem not to belong to the nineteenth century. These late landscapes remind us that some of the most radical modernist art is also the earliest.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Degas Landscapes." Seventy-five paintings, pastels, and monotypes, many of them on view for the first time since a solo Degas show in 1892.... ¶ "The Hero Twins of Ancient Maya Myth: Rollout Photograph" by Justin Kerr." Photographs of ceramic vessels from the fourth to the eighth century by Kerr, who has developed a process of photographing the entire surface of a vessel in a single image.... ¶ Paintings and drawings from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth by Caspar David Friedrich and Ferdinand Hodler, among others.... ¶ "The Golden Age of Danish Painting" features the work, from the late eighteenth through the mid-nineteenth century, of Christoffer Wilhelm Eckersberg, who influenced students (including Christen Købke, whose work is also in the exhibit) to paint in plein-air style.... ¶ Visitors can now walk into the first chamber of the Temple of Dendur.... ¶ "Illustrated Po-

etry and Epic Images: Persian Painting of the 1330s and 1340s."... ¶ An exhibition of sixteenth-century Italian drawings, with work by Caravaggio, Fra Bartolommeo, Bronzino, and many others.... ¶ "Recent Work," a mini-retrospective of more than fifty portraits by Lucian Freud. Through March 13.... ¶ The New Costume Institute celebrates five decades of the work of Diana Vreeland. Through March 20.... ¶ "The Gold of Meroe" features the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe, an ancient Nubian ruler.... ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures.... ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Architect." A retrospective, beginning with work from the eighteenth-eighties, that includes some three hundred and fifty drawings, thirty scale models, six full-scale wall constructions, more than a hundred photographs, and architectural fragments. There is a concurrent show of Wright works at Columbia University. Opens Feb. 20.... ¶ "Three Masters of the Bauhaus: Lyonel Feininger, Wassily Kandinsky, and Paul Klee" comprises roughly seventy-five prints and illustrated books from the museum's collection.... ¶ Twenty-five years of Brooke Alexander Editions, which publishes prints and multiples of contemporary artists, including Richard Artschwager and Lorna Simpson.... ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari." MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years features three bodacious hot rods: a 1990 Formula One racing car, a 1987 F40 "super car" (the fastest car available for purchase at the time), and a 1950 166MM Barchetta, the prototypical two-seat convertible.... ¶ "Gesture and Pose: Twentieth-Century Photographs from the Collection." (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Robert Morris: The Mind/Body Problem." A retrospective of Morris's minimalist and conceptual sculptures, drawings, and performance films. In conjunction with the artist's show at the Guggenheim SoHo.... ¶ Self-portraits by the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89). Through Feb. 23. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SoHo, 575 Broadway—Nine installations with mirrors, by Robert Morris.... ¶ Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944), whose art has been so well assimilated into the mainstream that it feels like a kind of modernism lite. The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest.... ¶ "Industrial Elegance," a lobby exhibition, salutes design excellence in everyday objects, from ice-cube makers to Frisbees. Through March 6. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Collection in Context: A Year from the Collection Circa 1952." Some seventy-five paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs.... ¶ More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-specific installations by Mike Kelley. Through Feb. 20.... ¶ A dual exhibition of work by photographers Walker Evans (1903-75) and Dan Graham (born 1942). Both are heavy on urban and suburban drear: tract housing, diners, billboards, and the landscape of commerce are the recurrent motifs. Graham's videos are also on view. Through March 20. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

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ART—Cont'd

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—“Sharks! Fact and Fantasy.” One of the recurrent fantasies, of course, is that by swimming in the ocean you are inviting a shark to dinner—with you as the main course. In fact, your chances of winning the lottery are better. Then again, reading about the white shark, which takes a bite of its prey and then waits for it to bleed to death, isn't exactly reassuring. The exhibit includes fine art (“Watson and the Shark,” by John Singleton Copley), casts of fossils, and a sample of items that have been found in sharks' bellies: armor, hubcaps, a fur coat. There is a newspaper account of how a tattooed arm found in a tiger shark helped solve a murder case. There's also a walk-through diorama with life-size models of seventeen species of shark. The lighting and ambient sound make you think you're underwater. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. . . . ¶ More than a hundred realist photographs by Consuelo Kanaga (1894-1978). Through Feb. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—“Asia/America: Identities in Contemporary Asian American Art.” The society's first exhibit of contemporary art includes work by twenty American artists—painters, sculptors, and photographers—who were born in Asia. Opens Feb. 16. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—“The Ideal Home: 1900-20.” Through Feb. 27. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS, 1040 Grand Concourse—“Beyond the Borders: Art by Recent Immigrants.” Work by thirty artists from more than twenty countries. Opens Feb. 18. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—“Packaging the New: Design and the American Consumer 1925-75.” (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A new exhibit of Israeli art from the museum's collection includes “Kaddish,” a series of eight etchings by Moshe Gershuni. . . . ¶ “A Postcolonial Kinderhood.” A bedroom installation by Elaine Reichel, featuring twelve samplers embroidered with quotations about Jewish identity. . . . ¶ “Four Contemporary Works,” by Aharon Gluska, Vivienne

Koorland, Robert Wilson, and Joe Zucker. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—“Gutenberg and the Genesis of Printing.” At the center of this exhibit are the library's three Gutenberg Bibles (the single largest collection in the world) and a replica of the press on which they were printed. The show, which documents the rapid spread of the printed word, includes copies of the first books printed in several European countries, the first printed Hebrew Bible, and a section on William Caxton, Chaucer's publisher, who first printed “The Canterbury Tales.” On Saturdays and Sundays at 1, there are demonstrations on the press. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM FOR AFRICAN ART, 593 Broadway—“Fusion: West African Artists at the Venice Biennale.” Paintings, sculptures, and drawings, recently exhibited in Venice, by Mor Faye and Moustapha Dimé, of Senegal, and Tamessir Dia, Ouattara, and Gérard Santoni, of the Ivory Coast. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—“Revisiting Ammi Phillips: Fifty Years of American Portraiture.” A retrospective that includes fifty paintings by Phillips (1788-1865). . . . ¶ A little-known chapter in craft history is explored in “Northern Scenes: Hooked Art of the Grenfell Mission.” When Wilfred T. Grenfell, a young British doctor, founded a medical outpost in northern Newfoundland in 1892, he also developed a cottage industry for the local women. They hooked decorative mats from strips of dyed silk and rayon, formerly the stockings and lingerie of women in the United States, Canada, and Europe (“When your stockings run, let them run to Labrador,” the doctor exhorted). Patterns reflected the frozen North: walrus, polar bears, birds and fish, trappers and hunters. Since the women used standardized kits, the mats, while not without charm, lack individuality: they are highly stylized, bold, and static. One of the exceptions is a work by Rhoda Dawson depicting codfish laid out to dry; the effect is almost abstract. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—“Broadway Cavalcade: From the Battery to Harlem” follows the history of the Great White Way, from its origins as an Indian footpath to its fame as the Champs-Élysées of the Big Apple. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—“Bad Girls,” a new exhibition that brings a subversive sense of humor to feminist issues. The show features paintings, sculpture, photography, and performance art by more than forty women artists, including Janine Antoni and Nancy Dwyer. Through Feb. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—“The Compleat Charles Addams.” Some hundred and seventy drawings and watercolors by the artist; personal memorabilia, including his drawing table; his original illustrations for “The Chas Addams Mother Goose”; and life-size photographs of the movie and television characters, next to enlargements of the cartoon originals. Opens Feb. 16. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—“The House I Live In: American Performance in the Era of Blacklisting” documents the effects of blacklisting in the entertainment industry. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

SEYMOUR LIPSON (1903-86) / **MAX BOHM** (1868-1923)—Abstract sculptures, maquettes, and drawings. / Paintings with figures, including those of the artist's wife and son. Opens Feb. 18. Through March 12. (Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MARK ROTHKO (1903-70)—Twelve paintings from 1969, by this renowned Abstract Expressionist. Opens Feb. 18. Through March 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . NOTE: Early paintings from the thirties and forties, and one from 1951, are on view at the Wallach Gallery, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Through March 19. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Small-scale organic abstractions done in the past several years. Opens Feb. 19. Through April 2. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

KENNETH SNELSON—Sculptures, from 1959 to 1993, parts of which are held in place by wires and appear to be suspended in mid-air. Opens Feb. 19. Through April 9. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

“**ALTERNATIVE VISIONS**”—French wallpapers of the nineteenth century shown alongside works by Brice Marden, Agnes Martin, Carl Andre, and others, to point out their similarities. Opens Feb. 19. Through April 2. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—Four new paintings in Lascaux acrylic applied directly to the gallery walls in a style reminiscent of fresco secco. Rockburne remains a resolutely high-minded abstractionist, but a strain of Jetsons-style futurism keeps her work lively. Paintings with titles like “First Day” and “Star Path” grab you by the collar for a lecture on the history of time, then let you sit back and enjoy some Saturday-morning cartoons. Through Feb. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

MYRON STOUT (1908-87)—Vivid, sometimes garish abstract paintings from the early nineteen-fifties by an artist best known for his meditative black-and-white abstractions. In his reliance on geometric shapes, Stout betrays the influence of Mondrian, but there is nothing hard-edged about Stout's squares and rectangles; his contours are soft, sometimes even ragged. Unlike the becalmed stasis of his later black-and-white paintings, the works assembled here quiver with an explosive energy. Through March 12. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—A survey of graphic works, from 1976 to 1993, including lithographs on old documents. Through March 5. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

GRETN CAMPBELL (1922-87)—Seven haunting landscapes—without the faintest human spectre—whose rich color and lush impasto make them seem almost abstract. In “Plum Tree,” foliage blends with sky while an arabesque of branches practically lifts off the canvas. Campbell uses a palette of warm, autumnal hues coupled with cool, icy tones—shadows are dark purple while light is periwinkle blue. The skewed perspective of “Road Back of Sharp's” may offer an invitation to swoop back into the painting, but one is tempted to linger on the surface. Through March 5. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL (1903-72)—Collages spanning the artist's career. Through March 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)



Dorothea Rockburne at Emmerich.



"Every canvas is a journey all its own."

Helen Frankenthaler

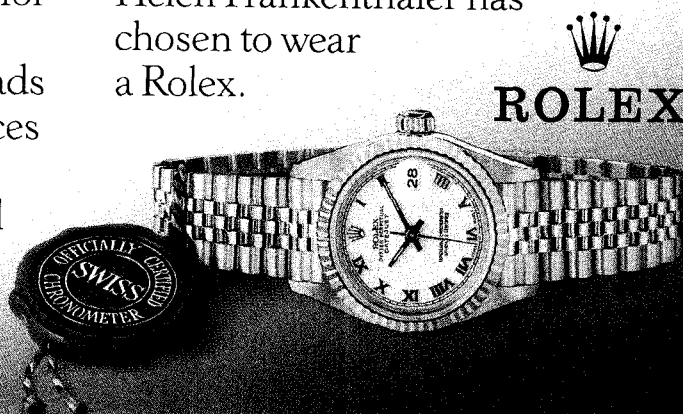
Helen Frankenthaler has long held the highest rank in contemporary painting. *Mountains and Sea*, painted when she was barely into her twenties, is credited with introducing the lyrical use of color to abstract expressionism.

Her work since, exhibited in the world's most important museums, is admired for its beauty and evocative power, and respected for its disregard of artistic fashion.

Although Frankenthaler leads a calm, ordered life, she embraces risks and adventure in her art. A strong believer in the magical spark that brings a good painting to life, Frankenthaler approaches her art intuitively,

as well as intellectually, drawing inspiration wherever she may find it, "from nature and the unconscious to great artists of the past."

"I've explored a variety of directions and themes over the years. But I think in all my painting you can see the signature of one artist, the work of one wrist." And on that immensely talented wrist, Helen Frankenthaler has chosen to wear a Rolex.



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ART—Cont'd

RICHARD DIEBENKORN (1922-93)—Ocean Park paintings on paper, from 1971 to 1992. Through March 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ALAN FELTUS—Enigmatic paintings of figures in interiors, incorporating postcards of Old Master paintings, by an American artist who lives in Umbria. Through March 5. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN GIBSON—Scarified paintings of spiral-patterned spheres. Through March 12. (Perspective, 19 E. 71st St. Open Mondays.)

JOE LASKER—Landscapes, interiors, and scenes of New York. Through March 12. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

FERNAND LEGER (1881-1955)—A show of tapestries and mosaics, focussing on the artist's well-known themes: "Les Loisirs," "Les Constructeurs," and "Les Trois Musiciens"; also, small ceramic sculptures. Through April 2. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

ALICE NEEL (1900-84)—Paintings of Spanish Harlem, where the artist lived from 1938 to 1961. Through March 19. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAMES SURLS—Suspended and freestanding sculptures with figurative elements, made of tree trunks and branches. Through March 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT (1867-1959)—Thirty lithographs of Wright's early architecture. Through March 12. There is a concurrent show of Wright works at the Museum of Modern Art. (Ross Architecture Gallery, Buell Hall, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

"BUDDHIST IMAGES IN GILT METAL"—The fifty small sculptures in this lovely show are mostly mercury-gilded brass, and range from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries. Despite the opulence of the material and the sometimes extreme stylization, nearly all project the restraint and serenity associated with Buddhist aesthetics. Through March 11. (Taipei, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. Open Mondays.)

"THE FORGOTTEN FOLK ART OF THE 1940s"—This exhibition aims to provide a historical context for the outsider art that is all the rage. On view are paintings by Morris Hirshfield, Israel Litwak, Grandma Moses, and others. Through March 19. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

"REORIENTATIONS: LOOKING EAST"—Works by Georgia Marsh, Wade Saunders, and Ellen Brooks, who take their inspiration from the East. Through March 5. (Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Open Mondays, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

RICHARD BOSMAN—"Fragments," small-scale paintings and sculptures of hands and feet. Opens Feb. 19. Through March 25. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

GREG COLSON—Assemblages of workbench and household scraps, by a Los Angeles artist. Opens Feb. 19. Through March 19. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

JAMES CROAK / JEAN FEINBERG—Life-size sculptures of male nudes, cast in soil. / Abstract paintings. Opens Feb. 19. Through March 19. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

GARY PASSANISE—Abstract paintings. Opens Feb. 17. Through March 5. (Ledisflam, 130 Prince St.)

SOL LEWITT—Wall drawings from the early seventies to the present. Drawn directly on the wall by LeWitt's assistants, to his precise specifications (the artist removes himself from the actual execution of his works), the wall drawings simultaneously advance a strict conceptualist program and recall the ancient fresco tradition in which medium, surface, and support are indissolubly bound together. The early drawings, rendered in sometimes barely visible pencil, have the kind of deadpan clarity associated with the founding monuments of conceptual art. LeWitt's more recent wall drawings indulge a lush chromatic spectrum while continuing

to explore a narrow vocabulary of forms. Through March 12. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

GEORGE ANTHONISEN—A collection of plaster bas-reliefs depicting vases, delicately carved in intaglio. A group of bronze sculptures, mostly of women bathers, is also on display. Through March 9. (Images, 580 Broadway. Mondays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

ED BAYNARD—New works (after a lengthy hiatus), consisting of lines and splatters of paint done in the Oriental tradition of the calligraphic gesture; also drawings. Through March 5. (Anderson, 476 Broome St.)

GEORGE DOKOUPIL—Paintings of refugees, made with candle soot. Through March 12. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

DON EDDY—Photo-Realist acrylic-on-canvas paintings. Some are like postcards of tropical vacation spots. Others are vertical triptychs with a bizarre equalizing effect: in "Temenos," three canvases—white flowers on top, a waterfall in the middle, and choppy gray waves on the bottom—are linked only by Eddy's skilled brand of verisimilitude. Through March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

JACKIE FERRARA—Wooden architectural models for swimming-pool complexes, mounted on tables or shelves. Through March 19. (Klein, 594 Broadway.)

MIKE GLIER—Ten paintings from the series "Garden Court," combining nature studies with subtle references to violence. Through March 5. (Baer, 476 Broome St.)

ROBERT KUSZEK—Paintings with elements of figures and Gothic and Romanesque architecture. Through March 5. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

STEPHEN MUELLER—Mystical abstract paintings with biomorphic forms and translucent colors. Through March 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

GERHARD RICHTER—Prints and multiples in which the well-known conceptually inclined German painter avoids traditional mediums, like etching, woodcut, and lithography, and experiments instead with techniques in offset lithography and screen printing, creating works in which all traces of the artist's hand are eliminated. "Familie" and "Elisabeth II" (both 1966) are not unlike the snapshots and news photos from which Richter executes his blurry "realist" paintings. This exhibition also includes a few print analogues to his abstract paintings. Through March 5. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St.)

BETH AMES SWARTZ—Spiritual, cosmological paintings. Through March 19. (Donahue, 560 Broadway.)

JAMES TURRELL—The artist has reconfigured the gallery to create what he calls a "structure of light." Through March 5. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

ROBERT ZAKANITCH—"The Big Bungalow Suite," a group of four paintings, each depicting an enormous curtain of floral imagery with an inset window giving onto a country landscape or waterfall. Through March 31. (McCoy, 129 Greene St.) ... **NOTE:** Paintings from 1991 to the present are showing concurrently at McCoy, 41 E. 57th St., through March 12.

"FROM MEDIA TO METAPHOR: ART ABOUT AIDS"—Works by Keith Haring, David Wojnarowicz, and others, in a show that includes literature on AIDS. Through March 5. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)

PIONEERS—Works in a variety of mediums by Marcel Duchamp, Man Ray, Francis Picabia, and others. Through March 25. (Guillaume, 203 W. Houston St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

ANTIQUES AND AUCTIONS

ON THE PIERS—You can spend all day or all weekend combing through the more than six hundred exhibits, or drop in and graze for a while. There's furniture, paintings and bronzes, art glass, textiles, Americana, toys, ephemera, and so on. Who, in the world of antiques buffs, could ask for anything more?

(Pier 88, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St.: Feb. 19-20, from 11 to 6. Pier 90, Twelfth Ave. at 50th St.: Feb. 19, from 9 to 6, and Feb. 20, from 11 to 5. Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St.: Feb. 19, from 10 to 6, and Feb. 20, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the doors on the days of the expo.)

AT SOTHEBY'S—Museum-quality paintings, sculptures, and drawings, among them Alma-Tadema's "The Sculptor's Model" (1877; estimate: \$220,000-\$280,000), which the Bishop of Carlisle found "not very mischievous", Corot's "Les Petits Dénicheurs" (circa 1872; estimate: \$1,000,000-\$1,500,000), of three youths in an idyllic scene; and Tissot's "Children's Party" (1881-82; estimate: \$350,000-\$450,000), depicting the artist's life with his mistress and her two children. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7176. Feb. 16 at 10:15 and 2.)

AT SWANN—Spooky and sci-fi lit is the stuff of auction on Feb. 17 at 10 and 2. The highlight of the morning session is dust jackets published in the United States and England from the nineteen-twenties to the present (estimate: \$10,000-\$20,000); the afternoon session includes a Bram Stoker "Dracula" from 1897 (\$2,500-\$3,500). (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

KENRO IZU—Floral studies and nudes. Through March 5. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

WILMAR KOENIG—Photographs taken in natural-history museums in Europe and America. Through Feb. 28. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

TONY MENDOZA / DOUGLAS PRINCE—Images of cats and dogs. / A twenty-year retrospective including unusual landscapes and acrylic-box photo sculptures. Through Feb. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

SUSAN RANKAITIS—Photographs treated with paint, chemical washes, and other materials. Through March 12. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

AUGUST SANDER (1876-1964)—Vintage landscape photographs of Bonn and Cologne, from 1922 to 1936. Through Feb. 20. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

JAN STALLER—Photographs of industrial sites with unusual, often surreal lighting. Through Feb. 26. (Saul, 560 Broadway.)

"GREAT IMAGES OF SPORTS 1900-93"—Boating, baseball, tennis, golf—you get the idea. Opens Feb. 18. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

JOEL STERNFELD—"On This Site..." Sternfeld's new work is based on a semiotic question: Are neutral images transcended by significant events? But his photographs—of a locker used to store bomb materials, of the site of a well-documented murder—are certainly more compelling than any theory. Through Feb. 26. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"DEVOTION, FAITH AND FERVOR"—A small show of images from 1930 to 1992, documenting religious life in the rural South. Pictures by Walker Evans, Margaret Bourke-White, Robert Frank, Eudora Welty, and several lesser-known photographers. Through March 5. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

"NEW TRADITIONS"—Work by three contemporary photographers—Frederic Ohringer, Michael O'Neill, and Vernon Miller—who create lushly textured prints. Through Feb. 26. (Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—More than a hundred images by Robert Smithson (1938-73). Through Feb. 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Cycles," a retrospective of work by Judy Dater. Through April 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, the Brooklyn Museum, and the Whitney Museum of American Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Big Bang

SINCE it opened two and a half years ago, the Taipei Theatre—comfortable, intimate, and well insulated from the midtown clamor—has been presenting a stellar succession of Taiwanese performers and their colleagues in Western and traditional Chinese programs. All this, and an adjacent art gallery in which to while away intermissions, modest ticket prices (the Republic of China subsidizes *you* to listen to, say, violinist Cho-Liang Lin), and an audience populated with young parents and interested, impeccably behaved children—a sight to warm the heart of every forward-looking concertgoer.

A concert by the Ju Percussion Group, which will appear at the theatre February 18-20, would be an ideal occasion to sample these charms. The group's director, Ju Tzong-ching, had studied only Western-style percussion (in Taiwan and in Vienna) until the mid-eighties, when he began investigating the Chinese tradition. Ju established his twelve-member ensemble in 1986. Like him, each of its members learned Eastern techniques only after mastering Western percussion style. "So we're not like a typical West-

ern or a typical Chinese group," Ju explains, pointing to an instrumentarium of about a hundred drums, gongs, cymbals, triangles, marimbas, xylophones, and so on—some of ancient Chinese lineage, others a part of every Western orchestra. "But," he continues, "it's not so much what instruments you play as *how* you play them, and where. We have considered this carefully in preparing to play in the Taipei Theatre, because we know it's small. So we chose pieces that are suitable for the space, mostly using only several players at a time, and we found a similar concert hall in Taiwan in which to practice." Even so, all twelve members will join in to play the concert's unrestrained finale.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; and for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**, with Renée Fleming, Marie McLaughlin, Susanne Mentzer, Dwayne Croft, and James Morris; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Feb. 16 and Feb. 19 at 8.) ... **AIDA**, with Sharon Sweet, Barbara Dever, Michael Sylvester, and Juan Pons; John Fiore. (Feb. 17 at 8.) ... **DEATH IN VENICE**, with Anthony Rolfe Johnson and Thomas Allen; David Atherton. (Feb. 18 at 8.) ... **LA FILLE DU RÉGIMENT**, with Harolyn Blackwell, Rosalind Elias, Frank Lopardo, Bruno Praticò and, in a speaking role, Bea

PH. MARIO SORRENTI

DOLCE & GABBANA



BAGUTTA, SOHO, NEW YORK
CHARIVARI, NEW YORK

MUSIC—Cont'd

Arthur; Edoardo Müller. (Feb. 19 at 1:30 and Feb. 22 at 8.)... **DIALOGUES OF THE CARMELITES**, sung in English, with Dawn Upshaw, Teresa Stratas, Heidi Grant Murphy, Helga Dernesch, and Florence Quivar; Kent Nagano. (Feb. 21 at 8.)... **NOTE:** On Feb. 20 at 3, Luciano Pavarotti (the tenor) will perform a recital of songs and arias, postponed from Jan. 9; with pianist Leone Magiera. (Metropolitan Opera House.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Feb. 19 at 7:30 and Feb. 20 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Valery Gergiev conducts Rimsky-Korsakov's Suite from "The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh," excerpts from Berlioz' "Roméo et Juliette," and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in Ravel's classic orchestration). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 17, Feb. 19, and Feb. 22, all at 8, and Feb. 18 at 2.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—James DePreist conducts Morton Gould's "Soundings," Brahms' Double Concerto (with violinist Catherine French and cellist Alexis Pia Gerlach), and Lutoslawski's Concerto for Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 16 at 8.)



Isaac Stern, Jaime Laredo, Emanuel Ax, and Yo-Yo Ma at Carnegie Hall.

COLLEGIUM ANTIQUM—Mary Jane Newman directs the chorus and period-instrument orchestra in works by Alessandro Scarlatti (including his "Messa di Santa Cecilia"), Nicola Porpora, and Vivaldi. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 16 at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall, Seiji Ozawa conducting. Feb. 16-17 at 8: Haydn's Symphony No. 44 and Debussy's "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune," plus two works spotlighting soprano Jessye Norman: Britten's "Phaedra" and Berlioz' "La Mort de Cléopâtre."... Feb. 18 at 8: A Gabrieli canzona, Messiaen's "Oiseaux Exotiques" (with pianist Mitsuko Uchida), and Mahler's Symphony No. 1.

MUSICA VIVA—Soprano Renée Fleming, a Musica Viva alumna, is featured in motets by Mozart ("Exsultate, Jubilate") and Vivaldi ("Canta in Prato"), among other works; Walter Klauss also leads the chorus and orchestra in music by Bach and Holst. A benefit concert. (All Souls Unitarian Church, Lexington Ave. at 80th St. 794-3646. Feb. 17 at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leon Botstein conducts the United States premières of works from the waning years of the Soviet Union: Schnittke's "Faust Cantata" and Gubaidulina's "Alleluia" (for boy soprano, chorus, and orchestra). (Avery Fisher Hall. Feb. 18 at 7:30.)

UKRAINIANFEST—Leading Ukrainian musicians (including soprano Oksana Krovytska, bass Paul Plishka, the Leontovych String Quartet, pianists Mykola Suk and Thomas Hrynkiw, and the Ukrainian Chorus Dumka and National Choir) salute the centennial of the Ukrainian National Association by performing works by Mykola Lysenko, Ihor Sonevskytsky, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 19 at 8.)

STATE SYMPHONY OF RUSSIA—At Avery Fisher Hall; Yevgeny Svetlanov conducting what was formerly known as the U.S.S.R. State Symphony. Feb. 20 at 3: Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2 (with Vladimir Ovschinnikov), Liadov's "The Enchanted Lake," Scriabin's Symphony No. 4 (the "Poem of Ecstasy"), and an excerpt from Mussorgsky's "Khovanshchina."... Feb. 21 at 8: The polonaise from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," the overture from Mussorgsky's "Sorochinsky Fair," Rimsky-Korsakov's "Capriccio Espagnol," Borodin's "Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor," and Stravinsky's "The Firebird."

RECITALS

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—Performing quartets by Haydn (the "Lark"), Dvořák (the "American"), and two works with voice (in this case, mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne's: Barber's "Dover Beach" and Respighi's "Il Tramonto." (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 16 at 8.)

shun, Hung Chien-hui, and others. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave. at 48th St. 373-1850. Feb. 18-19 at 7:30 and Feb. 20 at 2.)

ALARIA CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Performing works by David Loeb, Lennox Berkeley, Shostakovich (his Piano Trio), Debussy, and Telemann, plus some pieces from the Renaissance. (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 18 at 8.)

KYOKO TAKEZAWA—The violinist's program includes sonatas by Tartini (the "Devil's Trill") and Prokofiev (his Second); with pianist Akira Eguchi. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Feb. 19 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

MAX BARROS AND DENNIS CINELLI—The pianist and the classical guitarist perform sonatas by Diabelli and Hummel, on period instruments. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Feb. 20 at 11 a.m. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

CZECHFEST—Tenor Neil Rosenshein, mezzo-soprano Emily Golden, and pianist Rudolf Firkušný perform Janáček's cycle "The Diary of One Who Vanished." Songs by Dvořák round out the program. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 20 at 2.)

WINDHAM STRING QUARTET—Performing quartets by Haydn (in D Minor, Op. 76, No. 2) and Brahms (in A Minor), as well as Shostakovich's Piano Quintet (with pianist Ignat Solzhnitsyn). (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. Feb. 20 at 2.)

VLADIMIR FELTSMAN—The pianist performs Bach's Partitas No. 1 and No. 2, "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," E-Minor Toccata, and "Italian Concerto." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Feb. 20 at 3.)

MARION VERBRUGGEN AND JAKOB LINDBERG—The recorder player and the archluteist/Baroque guitarist perform sonatas, suites, divisions, and variations by Jakob van Eyck, Benedetto Marcello, Handel, and others. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-0675. Feb. 20 at 4.)

WILLIAM TRAFKA—Organist, performing works by Nicolas de Grigny, Barber (his "Variations on 'Wondrous Love'"), Bach (his C-Minor Passacaglia), and Vierne. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. Feb. 20 at 4.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Performing an all-Czech concert, ranging through works by Jan Dismas Zelenka, Dvořák (his "Dumky" Trio), Janáček, and Josef Suk; among the performers is the violinist Josef Suk, the grandson and namesake of the composer and the great-grandson of Dvořák. (Alice Tully Hall. Feb. 20 at 5 and Feb. 22 at 7:30.)

SALON SOIRÉE—Violinist Eric Grossman, cellist Iris Regev, and harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman perform sonatas by Vivaldi and Tartini. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Feb. 20 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

CYPRIEN KATSARIS—The pianist performs Chopin's Sonata No. 3 (plus two mazurkas and a nocturne), Mozart's three keyboard fantasies (K. 396, K. 397, and K. 475), and two virtuosic Mozart-inspired works: Sigismond Thalberg's "Fantasy on Themes from 'Don Giovanni'" and Czerny's "Fantaisie Brillante on Themes from 'Le Nozze di Figaro.'" (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 20 at 8.)

JOSEF SUK AND SUSAN KAGAN—The violinist and the pianist perform a recital, rescheduled from Nov. 2, of sonatas by Beethoven (Op. 47 and Op. 96) and his pupil the Archduke Rudolph. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Feb. 21 at 8.)

AX-STERN-LAREDO-MA—Four eminent pals—pianist Emanuel Ax, violinists Isaac Stern and Jaime Laredo, and cellist Yo-Yo Ma—make their busy schedules coincide long enough to play piano quartets by Mozart (in E-Flat Major, K. 493), Fauré (in G Minor), and Dvořák (in E-Flat Major, Op. 87). (Carnegie Hall. Feb. 22 at 8.)

ORQUESTA NOVA—A piano, strings, and winds ensemble, playing pop-classic Latin-American music—by Piazzolla, Jobim, and others—chamber-music style. (Miller Theatre,

LUCINDA ROGERS

Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Feb. 22 at 8.)

REYKJAVIC WIND QUINTET—Performing the New York premiere of "Hraera," by the Icelandic composer Thorkell Sigurbjornsson, as well as chamber works by Mozart, Ibert, Harbison, and Poulenc (his Sextet for Piano and Winds, with pianist Beth Levin assisting). (Weill Recital Hall. Feb. 22 at 8.)

ENSEMBLE 21—The modern-music group plays works by Carter (his "Esprit Rude/Esprit Douce"), Davidowsky ("Synchronisms No. 6 for Piano and Electronic Tape"), Martin Boykan, Mel Powell, and Mikel Kuehn. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Feb. 22 at 8.)

SPORTS

UP & UP & UP THE UP STAIRCASE—StairMaster's got nothing on the Empire State Building. On Feb. 17 at 10 A.M., some hundred and thirty-five runners will shun the elevator for a vertical run to the eightieth floor, in the seventeenth year of this annual New York Road Runners Club's race. For more information, call 860-4455.

HOME TEAMS

KNICKS—Vs. the Chicago Bulls, Feb. 20 at 1... ¶ Vs. the Seattle SuperSonics, Feb. 22 at 7:30.

NETS—Vs. the Washington Bullets, Feb. 20 at 3:30... ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, Feb. 22 at 7:30.

RANGERS—Vs. the Ottawa Senators, Feb. 18 at 7:30... ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Feb. 21 at 1.

ISLANDERS—Vs. the Ottawa Senators, Feb. 19 at 7:10... ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Feb. 21 at 1:10.

DEVILS—Vs. the Tampa Bay Lightning, Feb. 19 at 1:35.

(The Knicks and the Rangers play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900; and the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

BEENE THERE—Starting Feb. 16, the Museum at the Fashion Institute of Technology presents "Geoffrey Beene Unbound," a thirty-year retrospective that focusses on clothes designed since 1983. Also included are photographs, sketches, and furniture. (Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, from noon to 8, and Saturdays, from 10 to 5.)

MORALS—The Bon Accord Theatre Company will present "Mankind," a medieval morality play. (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. 923-3700. Feb. 20 at 1 and 3.)

THE CUTTING EDGE OF DANCE—Half Moon Sword will present the Ninth Annual New York Sword Dance Festival, featuring long-sword dancing, rapper sword dancing, Morris dancing, and mummers' plays. (Feb. 19-20. For location and schedule information, call 1-718 852-5992.)

MONEY LAUNDERING—Blackjack with Lily from "As the World Turns." Roulette with Tad from "All My Children." Dozens of soap stars and their fans will be gambling for charity. (New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. Feb. 20, from 5:30 to midnight. For information about tickets, call 772-9550.)

CELEBRATING BLACK ART—Some highlights of Black History Month. Feb. 17 at 6:30: A panel discussion, "Collecting Art of the African Diaspora," will be followed by a tour of the Studio Museum. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. Tickets at the door on the evening of the discussion.)... ¶ Feb. 19 at 1: A workshop in African dollmaking. (Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont St. 1-718 624-0890.)... ¶ Feb. 21, from 2 to 7: A poetry-and-jazz marathon with Amiri Baraka,

Camille Yarbrough, Bertha Hope, Eli Fountain, and Gloria Lowery Tyrrell. (Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., at 141st St. Admission by contribution.)... ¶ "Brooklyn: A View from an African-American Artist," a show featuring the work of Arthur Coppedge. (Steinhardt Conservatory, Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Tuesdays through Sundays, from 10 to 4. Through Feb. 27. No tickets necessary.)

READINGS—Feb. 16 at 8: Bob Holman, the m.c. of the poetry slams at the Nuyorican Poets Café, and Sekou Sundiata will read from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)... ¶ Feb. 17 at 7:30: Jennifer Johnston will read from her book "How Many Miles to Babylon?," following a screening of the film based on the novel. (Glucksman Ireland House, 1 Washington Mews. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Feb. 21 at 7:30: Actor Ron Silver will read from "Portnoy's Complaint," Philip Roth's fourth novel, published twenty-five years ago. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 645-5848.)... ¶ Feb. 22 at 7: Dean Albarelli, Susan Lasher, Fred Leebron, and Marian Winik will read from their own work. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Feb. 22 at 8: Haruki Murakami will read from and discuss his fiction. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

TALKS—Feb. 17 at 5:30: The Private Art Dealers Association is presenting a symposium, "Private Eyes: Big Deals." (New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Feb. 22 at 7:30: Hortense Calisher will give a talk titled "The Search East and West for Philosophical and Spiritual Vision," which will be followed by a panel discussion. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. No tickets necessary.)... ¶ Feb. 22 at 8: Alice Hoffman will be interviewed by Faith Sales, her editor, about her most recent novel, "Second Nature." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.)

WALKS & TOURS—Feb. 19, from 1 to 5: The Municipal Art Society will lead a bus tour of little-known gardens, hidden streets, and unusual vistas. For more information, call 935-3960... ¶ Feb. 21 at 1: Big Onion Walking Tours gets patriotic on their "Hail to the Chief" tour of Presidential New York. For more information, call 439-1090.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

HOOPLA—Part basketball, part slapstick, and all good-natured, the Harlem Globetrotters provide welcome relief from the competition and braggadocio associated with, say, the Dallas Cowboys. These Houdinis of the Hard Court provide wholesome, clean, hilarious fun without getting instructive. Highlights of the Globetrotters' sixty-eight-year history include the presence of eight women on their roster; a star in the Hollywood Walk of Fame; and an 8,343-game winning streak. If you leave the game without whistling "Sweet Georgia Brown," you haven't been paying attention. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Feb. 19 at 1.)

"TOM SAWYER"—Theatreworks/USA's hour-long musical version of the Twain classic. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Feb. 19 at 10:30 and 12:30.)

"A SOLDIER'S TALE"—A new adaptation of Stravinsky's musical stage play "L'Histoire du Soldat" uses storytelling and mime. Adapted by Richard Kapp, who will conduct the chamber group Philharmonia Virtuosi. Recommended ages: three to nine. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Feb. 19 at 2.)

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CROSSING

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
 Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
 Theatre 2: A program of short films from "The 24th International Tournée of Animation."
 Theatre 3: "The Cement Garden" (†).
 Theatre 4: "Faraway, So Close" (directed by Wim Wenders; in German).
 Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (Stephen Frears).
 Theatre 6: "Naked" (Mike Leigh).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

Feb. 16-17: "The Stranger's Return" (1933, King Vidor), "Our Daily Bread" (1934, Vidor), and "The Citadel" (1938, Vidor).
 Feb. 18-20: "Hallelujah!" (†), "Stella Dallas" (1937, King Vidor), and "The Champ" (†).
 Feb. 21: Theatre closed.
 Feb. 22: "Hallelujah!" (†); "La Bohème" (1926, King Vidor), with Lillian Gish, John Gilbert, and Renée Adorée; and "Peg o' My Heart" (1922, Vidor).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (Tom Shadyac), with Jim Carrey.
 Theatre 3: "Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak), with Gary Oldman.

VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)

Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
 Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Gunmen" (†).
 From Feb. 18: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal).

Theatre 3: "Philadelphia" (†).
 Theatre 4: "My Girl 2" (Howard Zieff).
 Theatre 5: "I'll Do Anything" (James L. Brooks), with Nick Nolte.
 Theatre 6: Through Feb. 17: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell). From Feb. 18: "Blue Chips" (William Friedkin).

Theatre 7: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 17: "Aileen Wuornos: The Selling of a Serial Killer" (Nick Broomfield).
 From Feb. 18: "The Life and Times of Allen Ginsberg" (Jerry Aronson).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)

Theatre 1: "Blink" (†).
 Theatre 2: "The Fugitive" (†) and "Blink" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
 Theatre 4: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein).
 Theatre 5: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright), with Brian Bonsall.
 Theatre 6: "My Father, the Hero" (Steve Miner), with Gérard Depardieu.

Theatre 7: "Fiorile" (†).

19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)

Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Blink" (†).
 Theatre 4: "My Girl 2" (Howard Zieff).
 Theatre 5: Through Feb. 17: "Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak), with Gary Oldman. From Feb. 18: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal).

Theatre 6: "My Father, the Hero" (Steve Miner), with Gérard Depardieu.

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

Theatre 1: "My Girl 2" (Howard Zieff).
 Theatre 2: "Blink" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright).
 Theatre 4: "My Father, the Hero" (Steve Miner).

34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Gunmen" (†).
 Theatre 3: Through Feb. 17: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).
 From Feb. 18: "Blue Chips" (William Friedkin).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Getaway" (†).
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
 "Farewell My Concubine" (†).



THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 31.

SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Theatre 1: "Body Snatchers" (Abel Ferrara).
 Theatre 2: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (†).
MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Gunmen" (†).
 Theatre 2: "The Getaway" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Intersection" (Mark Rydell).
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (†).
 Theatre 2: "I'll Do Anything" (James L. Brooks).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: "My Father, the Hero" (Steve Miner), with Gérard Depardieu.

Theatre 2: "Blink" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).



Opening February 18, Ben Stiller, Winona Ryder, and Ethan Hawke in "Reality Bites."

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)

Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).

Theatre 3: "Schindler's List" (†).
 Theatre 4: "My Girl 2" (Howard Zieff).

Theatre 5: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
 Theatre 6: "The Piano" (†).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "The Fugitive" (†).
 From Feb. 18: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal).

Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).
BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Shadowlands" (†).
NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula). From Feb. 18: "Blue Chips" (William Friedkin).

Theatre 2: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (Tom Shadyac), with Jim Carrey.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Naked" (Mike Leigh), with David Thewlis.
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak).
EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Shadowlands" (†).
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)

Theatre 1: "The Getaway" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)

Theatre 1: "Blink" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (Tom Shadyac), with Jim Carrey.

Theatre 3: "Philadelphia" (†).
 Theatre 4: Through Feb. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula); and "The Fugitive" (†). From Feb. 18: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal).

Theatre 5: "I'll Do Anything" (James L. Brooks), with Nick Nolte.

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 17: "Gunmen" (†).
 From Feb. 18: "Blue Chips" (William Friedkin).

Theatre 7: "My Girl 2" (Howard Zieff).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright), with Brian Bonsall.

Theatre 2: "My Father, the Hero" (Steve Miner), with Gérard Depardieu.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Theatre 1: "Women from the Lake of Scented Souls" (directed by Xie Fei; in Mandarin).

Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
 Theatre 3: To be announced.

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Getaway" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Six Degrees of Separation" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (Rod Daniel); and "Shadowlands" (†).

Theatre 2: "Shadowlands" (†).
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Paris, France" (Gerard Ciccoritti).

Theatre 2: "The Accompanist" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Blue" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; in French).

Theatre 4: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)

Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (Tom Shadyac), with Jim Carrey.

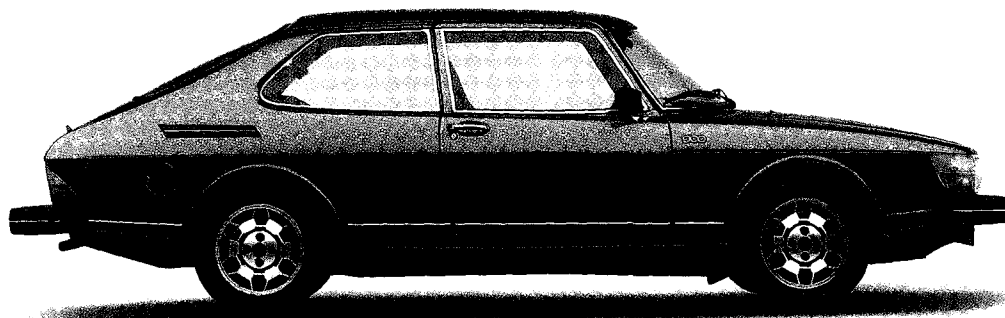
Theatre 3: "In the Name of the Father" (†).

Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
 Theatre 5: "Schindler's List" (†).

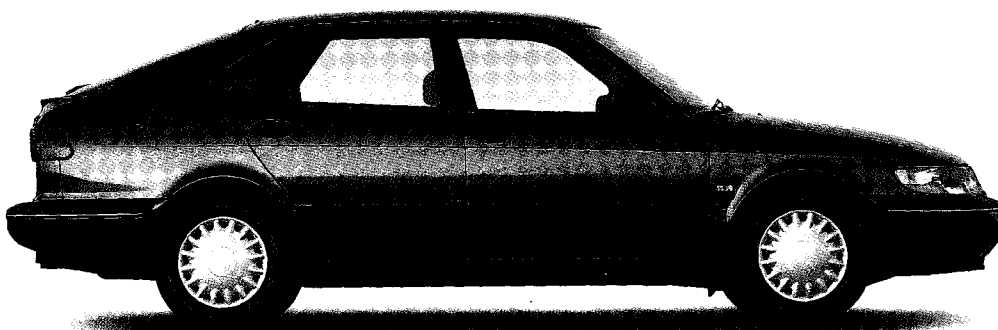
Theatre 6: "The Remains of the Day" (†).

Theatre 7: "The Getaway" (†).
 Theatre 8: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Theatre 9: Through Feb. 17: "I'll Do Anything" (James L. Brooks).
 From Feb. 18: "Blue Chips" (William Friedkin).



1979: TECHNOLOGICAL LEAP.



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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Shadowlands" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gunmen" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"My Father, the Hero" (Steve Miner).
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Heaven and Earth" (Oliver Stone).
Theatre 4: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein).
Theatre 6: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"I'll Do Anything" (James L. Brooks).
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (†).
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

ANGELIKA 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Aileen Wuornos: The Selling of a Serial Killer" (Nick Broomfield), a documentary.
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)

"The Remains of the Day" (†).
CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese).

COLUMBUS CIRCLE, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"My Father, the Hero" (Steve Miner).
62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Fiorile" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Scent of Green Papaya" (Tran Anh Hung; in Vietnamese).
Theatre 3: "Blue" (Krzysztof Kieslowski; in French).

Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (Stephen Frears).
Theatre 6: "The Accompanist" (†).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Philadelphia" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (Tom Shadyac), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 3: "My Girl 2" (Howard Zieff).
Theatre 4: "Blink" (†).

Theatre 5: Through Feb. 17: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell). From Feb. 18: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal).

Theatre 6: "Romeo Is Bleeding" (Peter Medak), with Gary Oldman.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Naked" (Mike Leigh), with David Thewlis.

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Shadowlands" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Getaway" (†).

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright).
Theatre 2: "The Fugitive" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Ace Ventura: Pet Detective" (directed by Tom Shadyac), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "The Fugitive" (†). From Feb. 18: "On Deadly Ground" (Steven Seagal).

Theatre 3: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 17: "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma). From Feb. 18: "Reality Bites" (Ben Stiller).

Theatre 5: Through Feb. 17: "The Pelican Brief" (Alan J. Pakula). From Feb. 18: "On Deadly Ground".

Theatre 6: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 7: "Blink" (†).

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Blank Check" (Rupert Wainwright).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "My Girl 2" (Howard Zieff).

Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: "Tombstone" (George Cosmatos).



Opening February 18, Steven Seagal in
"On Deadly Ground."

ASTOR PLAZA, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 17: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 18: "Blue Chips" (William Friedkin).
NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Getaway" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gunmen" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Feb. 17: "Union Depot" (1932, directed by Alfred E. Green) and "Love Is a Racket" (1932, William Wellman), both with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Feb. 18-19: "Female" (1933, Michael Curtiz); and "Lady Killer" (1934, Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney.

Feb. 20: "The Maltese Falcon" (1931, Roy Del Ruth), with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez; and "The Kennel Murder Case" (1933, Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor and William Powell.

Feb. 21: Two early films by Yasujiro Ozu: "Where Now Are the Dreams of Youth?" (1931) and "A Mother Should Be Loved" (1934).

Feb. 22: "Under 18" (1931, Archie Mayo) and "Beauty and the Boss" (1932, Roy Del Ruth).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 16: "Sudden Fear" (1952, David Miller) and "Harriet Craig" (1950, Vincent Sherman), both with Joan Crawford.

Feb. 17: "Tess" (1980, Roman Polanski).

Feb. 18-19: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970, Federico Fellini; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Fellini; in Italian).

Feb. 20: "Touch of Evil" (1958, Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "Shadow of a Doubt" (1942, Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten.

Feb. 21: "La Terra Trema" (†).

Feb. 22: "The Big Sleep" (1946, Howard Hawks) and "To Have and Have Not" (1944, Hawks), both with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films produced by Gaumont, the French movie studio. Feb. 17 at 2:30 and Feb. 20 at 5: "Les Tontons Flingueurs" (1963, directed by Georges Lautner). ... Feb. 17 at 6: "Antoine et Antoinette" (1946, Jacques Becker). ... Feb. 17 at 8: "A Man Escaped" (1956, Robert Bresson). ... Feb. 18 at 2:30 and Feb. 21 at 5: "If Paris Could

Speak" (1955, Sacha Guitry). ... Feb. 19 at 1: "Murders and Thieves" (1957, Guitry). ... Feb. 19 at 3: "Poison" (1951, Guitry). ... Feb. 19 at 5: "Three Make a Pair" (1957, Guitry). ... Feb. 20 at 1 and Feb. 22 at 6: "Cousin, Cousine" (†). ... Feb. 20 at 3 and Feb. 21 at 1: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973, Yves Robert). ... Feb. 21 at 3 and Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Spoiled Children" (1977, Bertrand Tavernier). ... A program of films from Vietnam. Feb. 17 at 3: "The Retired General" (1988, Nguyen Khac Loi). ... Feb. 18 at 6:30: "Light in Dream" (1987, Do Minh Tuan). ... Feb. 19 at 5: "Luck Trier" (1989, Tu Huy). ... Feb. 20 at 2:30: "Bom, the Fool" (1987, Le Duc Tien). ... Feb. 21 at 2: "The Wild Field" (1979, Hong Sen). ... Feb. 22 at 3: "The Black Cactuses" (1991, Le Dan). ... Feb. 22 at 6: "The Girl on the River" (1987, Dang Nhat Minh). ... Feb. 18 at 3 and Feb. 20 at 5:30: Academy award-nominated animated and live-action short films. ... Feb. 19 at 2 and Feb. 21 at 5:30: Academy award-nominated documentary short films.

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Feb. 16 at 2 and 8:45: "An Autumn Afternoon" (1962, Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese). ... Feb. 17 at 2, 4, 6, 7:30, and 9: "Vladimir Horowitz, a Reminiscence" (1993, Pat Jaffe and Bob Eisenhardt). ... French films, selected by editors and critics at *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Feb. 18 at 2 and 6:30 and Feb. 19 at 6:45: "A New Life" (1993, Olivier Assayas). ... Feb. 18-19 at 4:30 and 9:15: "The Tree, the Mayor and the Cultural Center" (1993, Eric Rohmer). ... Feb. 20 at 4:30 and 8:15 and Feb. 21 at 2, 6, and 10: "Woe Is Me" (1993, Jean-Luc Godard). ... Feb. 20 at 6:20 and Feb. 21 at 4 and 8: "Young Werther" (1993, Jacques Doillon). ... Feb. 22 at 2 and 6:15: "Boy Meets Girl" (1984, Léos Carax). ... Feb. 22 at 4 and 8:15: "From the East" (1993, Chantal Akerman). ... Feb. 19-20 at 2: "Black Beauty" (1971, James Hill), with Mark Lester.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Films by Steven Spielberg. Feb. 19 at 1:30 and Feb. 21-22 at 2: "E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial" (1982), with Henry Thomas. ... Feb. 19 at 4: A program of independent and experimental films. ... Films by Oscar Micheaux. Feb. 20 at 2: "Veiled Aristocrats" (1932). ... Feb. 20 at 4:30: "Swing!" (1936).

MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—"From Kern to Sondheim: American Musical Theatre on Television." Through March 6: "Sweeney Todd" (1985), with George Hearn and Angela Lansbury. Showings Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Thursdays at 6. ... Through March 6: "Into the Woods" (1991), with Bernadette Peters. Showings Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 2:30. ... Feb. 18 at 6: "The Colored Museum" (1991).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Feb. 16 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Woman Next Door" (1981, François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Philipe and Fanny Ardant.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Feb. 16 at 7 and Feb. 19 at 8: A program of films by Robert Morris and Babette Mangolte. ... Feb. 17 at 7 and 9: "Pull My Daisy" (1959, Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie); and "Shadows" (1961, John Cassavetes). ... Feb. 18 at 8 and Feb. 19 at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9: "An American Dream" (1987, Janet Forman). ... Feb. 18 at 10: "Strike" (1925, Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film). ... Feb. 20 at 7: "Potemkin" (1925, Eisenstein; a Russian silent film). ... Feb. 20 at 9: "Man of Aran" (1934, Robert Flaherty), a documentary.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—"Pacific Reflections: How Japan and America See Each Other in Film." Feb. 18 at 6:30: "Blade Runner" (1982, Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

BLUE CHIPS—A college-basketball coach (Nick Nolte) attempts to build a winning team. Shaquille O'Neal, Anfernee Hardaway, and Matt Nover, among other real-life athletes, are in the cast. Directed by William Friedkin. Opening February 18.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ALLEN GINSBERG—Jerry Aronson's documentary biography of the poet, with footage from Ginsberg's personal video collection, and interviews with William Burroughs, Abbie Hoffman, and Norman Mailer, among others. Opening February 18.

ON DEADLY GROUND—Steven Seagal directs and stars in this pyrotechnic tale of environmental terrorism in Alaska. With Michael Caine as a renegade oil tycoon, and Joan Chen as an Inuit activist/love interest. Opening February 18.

REALITY BITES—Twentysomethings in Houston struggle with careers, friendships, sex, and love. With Winona Ryder, Ethan Hawke, and Ben Stiller, who also directed. Opening February 18.

WOMEN FROM THE LAKE OF SCENTED SOULS—This drama, set in present-day China, tells the story of Xiang, a woman caught between modern and traditional roles: she runs her family's sesame-oil business, but she must also deal with her abusive husband, who purchased her when she was a child. Directed by Xie Fei. In Mandarin. Opening February 16.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in *The Current Cinema*, the date of its review is given.)

THE ACCOMPANIST—Claude Miller's predictable, vacant Second World War tale of a poverty-stricken young pianist (Romane Bohringer) who loses herself in her devotion to a glamorous classical vocalist (Elena Safonova, with the singing voice of soprano Laurence Monteyrol). More through default than design, the renditions of Mozart, Massenet, and Berlioz must do the expressive work usually accomplished by imagery, narrative, and characterization. Written largely from the pianist's perspective, the script pivots on the singer's affair with a Resistance leader (Samuel Labarthe) and the shifting allegiances of her businessman husband (Richard Bohringer), who stops consorting with Vichyites and Nazis and takes his wife and her accompanist to London. Dramatically, the movie doesn't cover much ground. Miller wants to depict the political and emotional toll of compromise; all he ends up with is the thin old story of a supporting artist who lives by proxy. In French.—M.S. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

BLINK—Emma Brody (Madeleine Stowe), who plays fiddle in a Chicago band, is sharp, independent, and sexually wise; she is also blind, which in movie code means "vulnerable." And so, after a funny and suggestive start, Michael Apted's thriller slowly goes about its business of turning her into a victim. Emma has her vision restored in an operation, and is immediately rewarded with the sight of a murder suspect. With the villain on her trail, a cop named Hallstrom (Aidan Quinn) is assigned to protect her, a standard setup for falling in love. "Blink" is a dud romance, and it feels pretty ordinary as a thriller—the time is right, surely, for a moratorium on serial killers. Nevertheless, the movie remains in touch with fascinating feelings: the blind Emma has a kind of enclosed strength that seems to leak away as she adjusts to the visible world. It should have been an ideal part for Stowe, who is gathering pace with every film; add this one to "Short Cuts" and "Last of the Mohicans," and you sense a woman swaying between a full heart and a controlling wit. But Apted never gives her the space she needs; only in

a few scenes, aided by the smart and reliable Laurie Metcalf, does she really open our eyes.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/14/94.) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

THE CEMENT GARDEN—It wouldn't be surprising if the British Tourist Board tried to ban this movie; no one who sees it could ever want to go there again. The location scouts did their job all too well and found the most horrible house in England, a concrete cube in a rusty, sweltering wasteland. Inside, things aren't much better: the miserable teen-age Jack (Andrew Robertson) occasionally takes time off from masturbation to look after his ailing mother (Sinead Cusack). When she dies, he and his sister (Charlotte Gainsbourg) cover her in concrete and stash her in the cellar. Still to come: cross-dressing, poor personal hygiene, and a fistful of incest. Ian McEwan has adapted his own novel—still his most vicious and compact—and hardly changed a word, but the spirit has gone out of it. The director, Andrew Birkin, gives no energy to the dereliction, no kick of horror; the movie is drab and dead from the first scene, and you can't have much reason to carry on watching. Birkin once made a haunting TV series, "The Lost Boys," about J. M. Barrie and the real children behind "Peter Pan"; this is stronger meat by any standards, but somehow less potent in its fantasies of youth. It's solemn, controlled, and oddly unshocking; the one big surprise is Gainsbourg's flawless British accent.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center.)

FAREWELL MY CONCUBINE—Chen Kaige's film is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school. The movie follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their farewell performance together, in 1977. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly, for more than two and a half hours, and at a certain point you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies are only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject is whether it's possible, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values, to remain true to anyone or anything: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. In Mandarin.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Eastside Playhouse, Quad Cinema, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

FIORILE—The new movie by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani is a family saga that, according to the filmmakers, is based on legends they heard while they were growing up in Tuscany. The picture, spanning two hundred years, tells the story of the Benedettis (who are sometimes referred to by the locals as the Maledettis). The Benedettis begin as peasants and become wealthy landowners, but their prosperity and power derive from an original sin, committed in the seven-teen-nineties, for which future generations have never received full absolution. The screenplay, by the Tavianis and Sandro Petraglia, is constructed as a series of historical tales framed by a contemporary story in which members of the three surviving generations of the Benedettis illustrate, in various ways, the consequences of their blighted family history. The Tavianis mean to follow the course of bad blood as it surges through time, and to make us feel its awful, unstoppable momentum. Although the movie is elegantly made and has moments of great beauty, it somehow falls short of delivering the tremendous emotional impact that it promises. The three legends we're told about the family aren't extraordinary in themselves, and the thematic structure—the whole saga comes down to a parable about love versus greed—is disappointingly banal. In Italian.—T.R. (2/7/94) (Village East Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

A midsummer night's dram.



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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

THE FUGITIVE—Harrison Ford plays Dr. Richard Kimble, who is wrongly accused of murdering his wife and sentenced to death. What gives this adaptation of the old TV series its extra kick is the presence of Tommy Lee Jones, as U.S. Deputy Marshal Sam Gerard, hot on Kimble's trail, and enjoying the heat. It's a pleasure to find a thriller fulfilling its duties with such gusto: the emotions ring solid, the script finds time to relax into backchat, and for once the stunts look like acts of desperation rather than shows of prowess. The director is Andrew Davis.—A.L. (8/16/93) (Village East Cinemas, 34th Street Showplace, and Olympia.... ¶ Gemini, Orpheum VII, and Criterion Center; through Feb. 17.)

THE GETAWAY—With Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger, directed by Roger Donaldson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and National Twin.)

GUNMEN—More proof that when a movie fad runs out of gas, it occasionally brings forth a final, anticlimactic belch. Mario Van Peebles enters the international-vigilante sweepstakes way too late as a maverick working with the D.E.A. in South America. He and goofball crook Christopher Lambert team up to find a huge stash of dirty money before drug lord Patrick Stewart or freelance thug Denis Leary get their hands on it. All the film delivers is self-consciously "cold" violence, a chain of movie references (and outright thefts), feeble attempts to burlesque the genre, and a smattering of rap music (Van Peebles executive-produced the sound-track album). Only the stunt people will feel more ripped off than the audience. Without a filmmaker who knows how to pick his angles, a trip down the rapids can seem as safe as a ride on a Slip-'n'-Slide. Co-starring Brenda Bakke, who gives an effective performance as a "bionic bitch." Deran Serafin directed Stephen Sommers' script.—M.S. (34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and National Twin.... ¶ Village Theatre VII, and Orpheum VII; through Feb. 17.)

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER—Jim Sheridan's ragged, fascinating new movie is based on the autobiography of Gerry Conlon, a Belfast Catholic who spent nearly fifteen years in British prisons for a crime he didn't commit. Conlon (Daniel Day-Lewis) and three friends were accused of participating in the 1974 bombing of a pub near London, in which five people were killed; the only evidence against Conlon was his own confession, extracted from him by means of a brutal police interrogation. When Sheridan and his co-screenwriter, Terry George, try to function as historians, the movie feels shaky. But when Gerry and his father (Pete Postlethwaite)—who has been convicted on a different charge—get to prison, the filmmakers begin to explore their real theme, which is the intimate emotional consequences of oppression and prejudice. With Emma Thompson.—T.R. (1/24/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

MRS. DOUBTFIRE—Robin Williams impersonates a stocky, middle-aged female housekeeper, and he's too inventive an actor not to get a few gigantic laughs out of the stunt. But the picture as a whole isn't in the class of "Tootsie" and "Some Like It Hot," mostly because its premise is sentimental, not cynical: Williams's character, a divorced man, becomes Mrs. Doubtfire in order to get around a court-ordered custody arrangement and spend more time with his adorable children. Lessons are learned, loved ones are hugged, and personal growth is achieved—as usual, at the expense of comedy. Some, apparently including Williams, like it warm and cuddly, too. Nobody's perfect. Directed—with a very heavy hand—by Chris Columbus.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and 62nd & Broadway.)

PHILADELPHIA—Tom Hanks plays a lawyer dismissed from his firm, apparently for incompetence, but really because he has AIDS. Enter Denzel Washington as a personal-injury attorney—relaxed, witty, and homophobic, but prepared to fight for justice. The result is an unorthodox blend of courtroom drama and old-style weepie, and somehow it comes off. With Jonathan Demme in charge there's a guarantee of taste and skill—if anything, the movie is too optimistic, convinced that everyone in America can be won round to its own standards of tolerance. Of course it should stand up for gay rights, but do we also need a speech about how wonderful lawyers are? Fortunately, this preachiness never swamps the picture, thanks largely to spirited playing from Hanks, who looks full of life right up to the end. The movie is affecting, sometimes silly, but determined to take risks.—A.L. (12/27/93-1/3/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)



At the Public Theatre, a series of films by King Vidor.

THE PIANO—Sometime in the last century, a Scottish mute called Ada (Holly Hunter) travels to New Zealand with her beloved piano and her daughter Flora (Anna Paquin). She is engaged to Stewart (Sam Neill), but it is his right-hand man, Baines (Harvey Keitel), who becomes the focus of her interest. He buys the piano, and gives her a chance to win it back: an erotic agreement that gathers intensity and drives the film onward to its gasping conclusion. The writer and director, Jane Campion, has turned her native New Zealand, with its desolate beaches and writhing forests, into a potent backdrop; the rain and mud make the love story look like trench warfare—you come away from the movie battered and amazed. It's almost too wrought and compressed for its own good, but the performances breathe it full of life. Hunter, especially, gives a fiery portrait of a rebellious Victorian spirit.—A.L. (11/29/93) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE REMAINS OF THE DAY—Anthony Hopkins plays Stevens, a butler who has given long and faithful service at Darlington Hall and maintained his emotional temperature at absolute zero. This has cost him dearly: first, he failed to see that his master (James Fox)

was dangerously bent on appeasement with the Germans in the nineteen-thirties; and, second, he refused to accept, or even acknowledge, the love offered to him by the housekeeper (Emma Thompson). Adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala from the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, this Merchant-Ivory production strains so hard to portray dignified restraint that it almost seizes up with good manners. This is especially unfair to Thompson, who is forced to smother her naturally high spirits.—A.L. (11/15/93) (Village Theatre VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Paris.)

SCHINDLER'S LIST—The story of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation by the Nazis, is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature. Steven Spielberg's film, adapted by Steven Zaillian from the 1982 book by Thomas Keneally, runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long. Spielberg respects the essential mystery of the protagonist's heroism, and uses his prodigious skills with an intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time: he captures images of experiences that most of us thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. This is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e. nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. Along with Neeson, who is brilliant, the standouts in the large cast are Ralph Fiennes, Ben Kingsley, and Embeth Davidtz.—T.R. (12/20/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

SHADOWLANDS—Richard Attenborough's film chronicles the relationship between the British writer C. S. Lewis (played by Anthony Hopkins) and an American woman named Joy Davidman Gresham (Debra Winger). The screenplay, by William Nicholson (adapted from his earlier television and stage versions of the story), initially emphasizes the comic incongruity of the love affair: Lewis, a shy and scholarly bachelor in his fifties, suddenly falls hard for a blunt, outspoken woman who doesn't quite fit the profile of an Oxford professor's wife. But the real drama is in the poignant brevity of the relationship, which is cut short by Joy's death from cancer. The picture isn't actually very good; it's just a tearjerker with clumsy interpolations of theology. (Lewis, a prominent Christian thinker, is shown delivering lectures on the spiritual implications of happiness and pain.) Hopkins and Winger are fascinating to watch, though. Winger—who is, as always, vivid, honest, and intuitive—gives the whole idea of Americanness an astonishing radiance. And Hopkins, realizing that he has to put up some real emotional capital or else get blown off the screen, comes through with the most impassioned acting of his career.—T.R. (Beekman, East 85th Street, Art Greenwich Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Metro Cinema.)

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION—Fred Schepisi's film of John Guare's brilliant play about affluent, liberal-seeming New Yorkers who are conned by a young, gay black man claiming to be the son of Sidney Poitier. It's as agile and as inventive a visualization of complex theatrical material as you'll ever see. Guare's script (which sticks close to the text of the play) is a virtuoso comedy of upper-middle-class Manhattan manners, and the writing is amazingly nimble and unpredictable. His subject is the possibility, and the necessity, of seeing the world through someone else's eyes. The odd empathy that develops between the privileged heroine, Ouisa (Stockard Channing), and the young hustler (Will Smith) is moving because it emerges, unexpectedly, out of their radically different—but equally ingenious—strategies for manipulating experience. Their cleverness, like Guare's, ultimately transcends itself. Schepisi's direction keeps the movie charging forward, driven by its locomotive wit, until near the end, when we find ourselves set down in a huge and thrillingly unfamiliar emotional landscape, hardly knowing how we got there.

OLIVER WILLIAMS

It's a wonderful ride.—T.R. (Baronet, Waverly, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

WHAT'S EATING GILBERT GRAPE—The small-town setting is Endora, Iowa; the hero (Johnny Depp) is a grocery clerk who can't endure it. He and his two sisters (Laura Harrington and Mary Kate Schellhardt) are stuck there while they take care of a morbidly obese mother who won't leave the house (Darlene Cates) and a mentally challenged brother named Arnie (Leonardo DiCaprio). The director, Lasse Hallström, aims for a tragicomic fable that says a rut is as deep as you make it; he tries to be sensitive without being boring. But the film is still implicitly condescending since almost all the characters (including the afflicted ones) function as tests of Gilbert's patience. John C. Reilly and Crispin Glover (as Gilbert's buddies) contribute affable comic turns, but the exuberant, inventive DiCaprio is the only one who transcends the flatness of the storytelling. With Juliette Lewis as a travelling girl who lifts Gilbert out of his rut, and Mary Steenburgen as an itchy housewife who gives him sex.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, and Plaza.)

REVIVALS

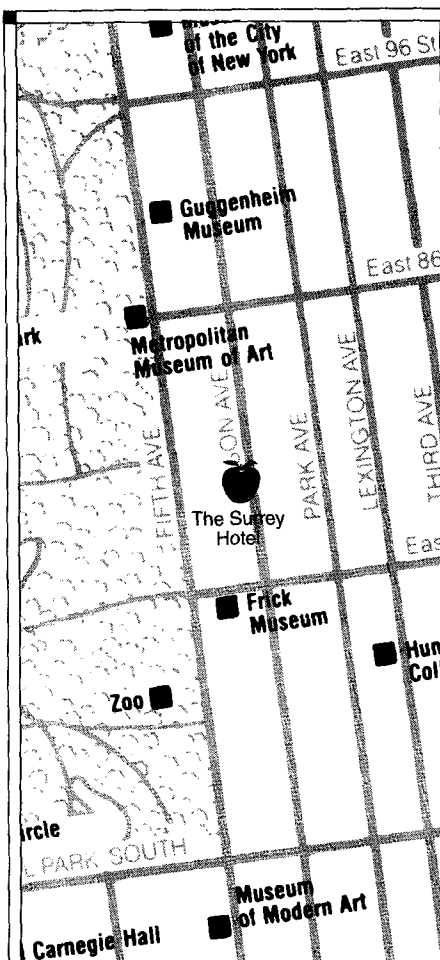
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

THE CHAMP (1931)—Jackie Cooper, who had just scored in the good-natured "Skippy," was asked to carry this soggy load of heart-breaking melodrama on his all-too-valiant little shoulders. He plays the pathetic son of an alcoholic ex-prizefighter (Wallace Beery) in a tedious story devised by Frances Marion—something about Tijuana and horse racing and boxing. King Vidor directed.—P.K. (Little Theatre; Feb. 18-20.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—The success of this rhythmless, mediocre piece of moviemaking may be in part attributable to its winsome heroine (Marie-Christine Barrault, who is sexy in a fleshy, smiling-nun way) and in part to its silliness. With its wholesome carnality, this film about a big family is so pro-life that it treats sex like breakfast cereal. It features adultery without dirt—adultery as carefree nonconformity—and the way the chorus of understanding kids applauds the parents' displays of innocent happy sensuality, it could be the first Disney True Life Adventure about people. Directed by Jean-Claude Tacchella. In French.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Feb. 20 and 22.)

HALLELUJAH! (1929)—Few movies have examined the links between religious and sexual ecstasy with as much fervor as King Vidor's "all black" musical melodrama. The anti-hero, Zeke (Daniel Haynes), is a cotton farmer who loses his family's earnings under the spell of an easy woman, Chick (Nina Mae McKinney), and causes the death of his brother in a showdown with Chick's gambler lover. After this double catastrophe, Zeke becomes a preacher. Vidor knows what he's doing when he shows Chick racing toward her baptism and Zeke lifting her up, her body outlined against a soaked white gown, then taking her straight to bed (Zeke's mother interrupts them). Zeke expresses his sexuality in the orgiastic emotions of revivalism, and so do many of his followers. The singing and dancing are alternately inspired and minstrel-like: the acting ranges from the histrionic to (in McKinney's case) the galvanizing. The result is a volatile mixed bag containing more than a handful of explosive surprises.—M.S. (Little Theatre; starting Feb. 18.)

LA TERRA TREMA (1947)—Luchino Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. The film is lyrical yet austere, and it's beautifully proportioned. It may be the best boring movie ever made: although you might have to get up and stretch a few times, you're not likely to want to leave. In Sicilian dialect.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 21.)



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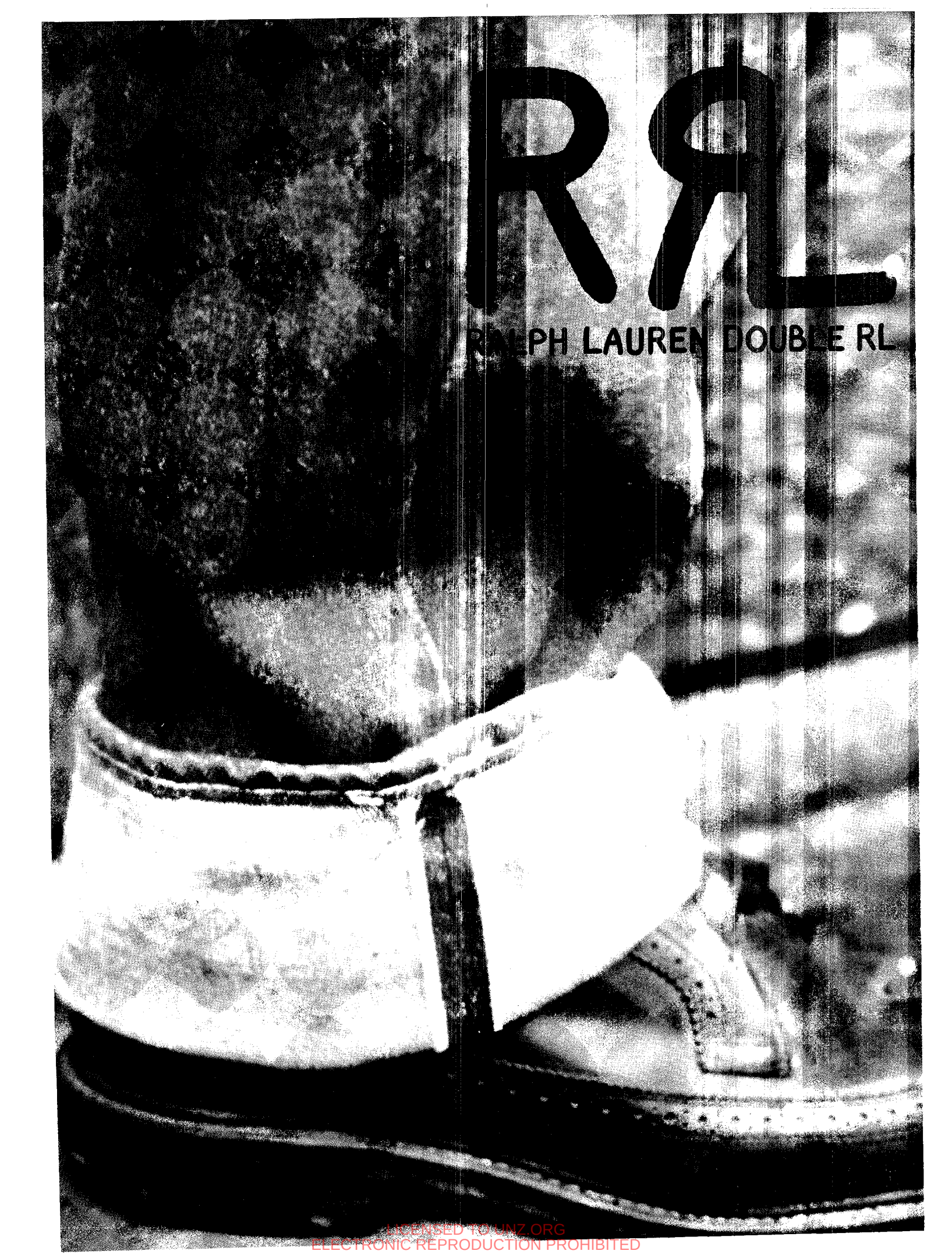
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

TIME WOUNDS ALL HEELS

MRS. GLORIA DE PRADO approached the witness stand on the morning of February 7th, splendid in a pair of low-heeled spectator pumps, and was soon squinting through a magnifying glass at a taupe shoe with a stiletto heel. "I can't tell the size of this one," she announced to those in the courtroom, on the thirteenth floor of the Manhattan Supreme Court Building, on Centre Street, "but I'd say it's worth about two dollars. I'd ask three but I'd take two. See how it's worn here on the bottom?"

The judge, his own shoes obscured by the bench, addressed the witness. "I told you not to discuss the wear patterns of the shoes," he said. Mrs. de Prado, a seasoned organizer of tag sales, was to provide only her estimation of what the pair would fetch on the open market.

"Sorry," Mrs. de Prado replied, and smiled. It appeared that there was no place in the world she would rather be.

"O.K.," the judge said, wearily. "Next case. Er, next shoe."

Freud would call the judge's slip of the tongue an expression of wish fulfillment, but Freud would have been much more interested in another man in the courtroom—namely, the defendant, one Chuck Jones. Mr. Jones stands accused of being in possession of dozens of stolen used shoes, boots, slippers, and sandals, in the case of the People v. Charles Jones. (By the end of last week, a verdict had not yet been reached in the case.) Mr. Jones maintains that the shoes came to be in his possession through no illegal means. All but one

pair of the shoes in this case belonged to Marla Maples, according to Ms. Maples, who, splendid in white satin pumps, recently walked down the aisle with Donald Trump.

It was three years ago when Ms. Maples began filing reports with the police that her shoes were disappearing. She had a hidden video camera installed in her closet. On July 13, 1992, a shadowy figure was captured on camera rummaging among her footwear.

matters, well, more interesting, all of the boots had been slashed—the better, Freud might have assumed, to see the imprint of Ms. Maples' delicate foot.

Mr. Jones was charged with burglary, possession of stolen property, and criminal possession of a weapon. He was not, however, charged with foot fetishism. The fetishizing of feet, whether shod or not, isn't a crime. Rather, it is a manifestation of a psychological disorder



This figure turned out to be none other than her trusted public-relations representative, Mr. Jones—or Chuckers, as she liked to call him. Two days later, police officers marched over to Mr. Jones's office, where they discovered a cache of Ms. Maples' shoes and boots, a few antique handguns, and a copy of *Spike*, a magazine notable for its photographs of women's feet, mostly in high heels. To make

known to psychiatrists as paraphilia. According to a revised edition of the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders," published by the American Psychiatric Association, one "essential feature of disorders in this subclass is recurrent, intense sexual urges and sexually arousing fantasies involving . . . nonhuman objects."

The nonhuman objects in Mr. Jones's possession were mostly high



heels. They ranged in quality from inexpensive Fayvas to pumps by Charles Jourdan and Evan-Picone. According to Patrick Suraci, Ph.D., a clinical psychologist specializing in this disorder, the classic paraphiliac prefers heels to, say, flats because they are more feminine and also because the heel is a phallic symbol. During a phone conversation last week, Dr. Suraci explained that "in the case of a true paraphiliac, the object"—for example, a taupe, stiletto-heeled shoe—"becomes more important than the woman herself, and the paraphiliac will come to prefer the shoe to the woman." On February 7th, when the woman in question appeared in court to complete her testimony, she wore a demure pair of leather loafers. When she'd first testified, several days earlier, she'd found the whole matter so distasteful that she asked the court to provide her with latex gloves before she would touch any of the purloined items.

At one point during the court proceedings on the seventh, the prosecutor—a brash young man wearing a pair of scuffed brown wing tips—put one of Mr. Jones's friends on the stand and asked him if Mr. Jones had ever discussed his attraction for shoes with him. The friend said that Mr. Jones had told him, "I don't know why I like shoes."

Mr. Jones said more or less the same thing when he testified, on February 10th. He'd had a problem with shoes, he said, for a long time, maybe twenty years. While he was in college, he had collected the shoes of women he had

lived with. He had cut open Ms. Maples' boots, he said, to better see the imprints left by her feet. "I don't know what the fascination is," he said, "but it's there."

MINISTER MUHAMMAD IS AT PEACE, THANK YOU, WITH MINISTER FARRAKHAN

WHAT is the problem with the Honorable Louis Farrakhan? Conrad Muhammad, minister of Muhammad's Mosque No. 7, on Upper Fifth Avenue, asked one night last week. This is a question that many New Yorkers have been posing of late, albeit in less polite terms. Earlier this month, in a rare press conference, Louis Farrakhan addressed the matter of a speech delivered late last November at Kean College, in New Jersey, by Khalid Abdul Muhammad, one of his top aides and Conrad Muhammad's predecessor at Mosque No. 7. In the speech, Khalid Muhammad declared, among other things, that Jews were "bloodsuckers of the black nation." Louis Farrakhan repudiated the "manner" of his aide's speech but affirmed its "truths." Conrad Muhammad, who is Louis Farrakhan's chief representative in New York (his third-floor Harlem mosque was the site last month of a donnybrook between the police and Nation of Islam members which was perceived as the first test of Mayor Giuliani's relationship with the city's black community) believes the problem lies not with Louis Farrakhan but with that larger world—and, in par-

ticular, the white world—which refuses to hear his spiritual leader's message. "Here is a man who came to Harlem a week ago and had fifteen to seventeen thousand black males come out, and they all took a pledge to stop killing each other, to stop smoking, stop drinking," he said in a soft and mellow voice. "And that was not even covered."

Conrad Muhammad is a man who generally speaks through a smile, but he wasn't smiling just now, as he sat at a table in the West Side restaurant Jezebel, whose ceiling fans, hanging lace shawls, and muslin-covered lamps perfectly evoked the sultry, Southern promise of its name. In this setting, he looked almost defiantly crisp, drinking coffee without relaxing his military posture. He is a trim man—Elijah Muhammad, the Nation's founder, prescribed one meal a day for his followers—with a sharp, diagonal part in his short hair. He wore a dark suit, black shoes, white shirt, and—yes—a bow tie.

Conrad Muhammad's habit of religious obedience made him a somewhat frustrating interlocutor. Did he think there was something terribly wrong with Khalid Muhammad's speech at the time it was made? "The Honorable Louis Farrakhan has spoken on that particular speech," he replied.

Was the remark that Jews are "bloodsuckers" a truth to be affirmed?

Louis Farrakhan "has not yet said what those truths are," Conrad Muhammad replied.

Then, on being asked his opinion of



Khalid Muhammad's suggestion that South African whites who didn't clear out of the country quickly be killed en masse, the minister became slightly impatient, and said, "There are women and children and babies being killed in South Africa right now. Who will stand up and denounce *that*? Why do you not condemn George Washington, the father of this country, who murdered men, women, and children? Why do you not condemn the spying of the Anti-Defamation League against black organizations?" Still referring to the A.D.L., he went on, "Why not condemn the criminal activities and the charges that have been laid at their door that they were a front organization for Meyer Lansky and other gangsters?"

The A.D.L. a front organization for gangsters? Where in the world was the evidence for that?

"There's all kinds of literature out there," he replied.

At times, the minister spoke feelingly of the plight of black people in America. "Why do whites consistently underestimate the pain in which black people live?" he asked, as Jezebel's piano player returned to his bench and struck a few introductory bars. But the Nation of Islam is not especially interested in converting white hearts. Elijah Muhammad wrote that whites were a race of devils; Conrad Muhammad believes that throughout history whites have been "devilish" in their behavior toward dark-skinned people. Now, he said, "whites around the world" were "banding to-

gether"; blacks had to do the same. On being asked how black people would prosper under racial separatism, Conrad Muhammad explained that "in a few years" the country's demographics would tip, and nonwhites would be in control.

It was getting close to midnight. The piano player had knocked off, the restaurant was emptying out, and on the street the minister's assistant and driver, a sweet-natured young Haitian immigrant named Brother Dana, was waiting in an Infiniti Q45. Before leaving the table, Conrad Muhammad seemed eager to accentuate the positive, to offer something other than racial bitterness to account for the Nation of Islam's appeal to Brother Dana and thousands of other inner-city black men and women. He said that Louis Farrakhan preached "a sane, sober, intelligent message that reforms people spiritually and morally, encourages them to be economically self-sufficient, to be industrious, to be thrifty, to be prudent, to live a life that is not self-destructive but that leads to longevity." With that, he pressed his fingertips together and looked down at them as if contemplating a perfect synthesis. Then he looked up and said, "America needs the Honorable Louis Farrakhan like it needs life itself."

THE SOUNDS OF SUMMER

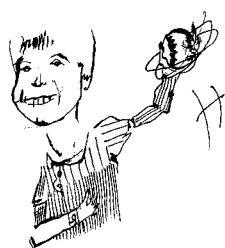
THERE were drifts of snow along Broadway the other morning, but there were plenty of warm suggestions

of summer at Sound One, in the Brill Building—the studio where Ken Burns, the documentary filmmaker best known for his eleven-hour epic "The Civil War," was mixing the soundtrack for "Baseball," his nearly twenty-hour history of the game, which will be broadcast over nine evenings next September on PBS. On an eighteen-foot video screen, Earl McNeely's ground ball had just bounded off a pebble and over the head of New York Giants third baseman Freddie Lindstrom—hit!—to win the 1924 World Series for the Washington Senators, and the capital was in ecstasy. As a camera panned across happy clutches of straw-hatted Washingtonians, Louis Armstrong's "Chicago Breakdown" played clean and fast, and a voice-over provided by Shirley Povich—who wrote about baseball for the *Washington Post* back then, as he continues to today—could be heard recalling, "They didn't leave that field until after dark. Thirty thousand people celebrated on the spot, refusing to vacate the premises."

A moment later, Burns asked Lee Dichter, the soundman, to insert an eloquent "Oh!" from the crowd as McNeely's single bad-hopped into left field. Dichter, whose regular rotation of directors includes—along with Burns—Woody Allen, Brian DePalma, and Mike Nichols, fiddled with several of the more than two thousand knobs on the massive soundboard in front of him, and Burns had his wish.

Sounds are, of course, essential to

Burns's business of bringing still photographs and silent newsreels to filmic life, and, for "Baseball," he has stockpiled thousands and thousands of them, which are stored on tape, ready to be edited into the soundtrack. A little later that morning, when he came to a sequence of the film that showed Babe Ruth during batting practice at spring training in 1925, he said "Gimme a Florida hit," and Dichter skimmed through a small library of bat cracks, eventually choosing a sharp crack that he then "tweaked"—altering it electronically to make it



a slightly soggy-sounding one. To accompany a scene in which Lou Gehrig is on the field during his rookie season as the Yankee first

baseman, Burns asked for "a soupçon of crowd wallah"—"wallah" being a soundman's term for the general background noise of a particular setting—and Dichter plugged in the murmur that falls over a ballpark between pitches. To accompany a portrait of Ruth sitting with his head in his hands beside the hospital bed of his stricken wife, Helen, Burns required a few funereal notes from "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." This was hardly a problem. "I have recorded more than a hundred and fifty versions of 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game,'" Burns said, and he began ticking them off: "Elegiac, cocktail music, waltzy, à la Django Reinhardt, country funk, with violins, mandolin, Delta blues . . . You wouldn't recognize it!" He beamed.

Burns beamed a lot that morning. His eyes welled up a lot, too. "We're just softies, we're weepers," he explained after he, along with several other members of his staff, had sniffled their way through the death of the great Giants pitcher Christy Mathewson. Burns is tight with his team. He has given baseball nicknames to many of those who are working with him on "Baseball." There is, for example, his co-producer, Lynn (The Babe) Novick, and his supervising film editor, Paul (Cool Papa) Barnes. Dichter is known as El Maestro (after the Negro and Mexican Leagues star Martin Dihigo), and Burns himself, being a Red Sox fan, goes by the name

of the Kid, Ted Williams' sobriquet.

In truth, Burns, at forty, more closely resembles the Yankees' diminutive manager of the twenties, Miller Huggins, than he does the tall, sinewy Williams. But Burns has all of Williams' gusto, and so when he talks baseball, as he did during a break in the sound-mix session, his conversation comes in a breathless rush. "I saw the Civil War as the American Iliad—this huge, furious, intense battle," he said. "If that's true, baseball is the Odyssey. The object is to get home. Along the way you're subjected to many trials." He went on to say that making his new film "is ten times as hard as making 'The Civil War,'" and explained, "That war had a definite beginning, a relatively short middle—four years—and an absolute end. Baseball has a contested beginning, a huge middle, and, we hope, no end."

Burns's film is concerned primarily with baseball's past, and does not devote much time to the contemporary game. It is his hope, however, that the film will provide a filip to a professional sport that he believes badly needs one at the moment. "We love the game, and we want it to survive," he said, running a hand through a mop of brown bangs toppling down his forehead. "It's at a place now where it suffers from an identity crisis. Reconfiguring the playoffs, this desire to hire Michael Jordan—it's trying to be too much like other sports. It doesn't know where it is. When an individual has poverty of the spirit, you talk about it, and the first thing you talk about is your past. I think 'Baseball' will be helpful to the game. It will remind it of where it came from. How can you know where you're going if you don't know where you've been?"

BUM-BUM

FOR some eighteen hundred people chilled to the personality by arctic fronts, it was a relief to land in Rio de Janeiro the other night. O.K., not Rio, exactly. O.K., the Grand Hyatt, on Forty-second Street. But the Verde e Rosa Carnival Ball, a pre-Lenten blow-out sponsored by a group of émigré Brazilian businessmen, made a convincing illusion.

The place sounded right: a steady drum-and-horn rhythm from Rio's

Mangureira samba-school orchestra (whose green-and-pink team colors gave the ball its name); a background hum of bouncy, nasal Portuguese from the almost wholly Brazilian crowd.

It looked right: waiters hustling through the ballroom foyer with trays of glasses full of lime chunks and sugar for *caipirinha* cocktails; green-and-pink balloon bouquets bumping the ceiling, or being hauled down and turned into headdresses.

It felt right: in a Carnival egalitarianism, blacks mixing with whites; executives in suits mixing with teens in polo shirts; and convicts mixing with harem girls, princesses, planters, Whoopi Goldberg, and Elvis—these last being characters in costume, not the genuine articles.

The stage and the dance floor showed off the three great Brazilian obsessions: samba, soap opera, and *bum-bum* (the posterior). While happily sweaty dancers formed conga lines and scissored through the samba, video cameras focussed in boldly on bottoms in see-through lace, in fish-net, and in cut-offs of Brazil's bluejean of choice. (The back pockets are placed higher, for *bum-bum* amplification.) The appearance onstage of the TV Globo *telenovela* stars Nani Venâncio and Marcia Dornelles drew attention, too, though the actresses mainly posed. Ms. Venâncio, possibly hindered by a tight purple catsuit, wouldn't samba. Ms. Dornelles had problems stabilizing her headwear—a giant-plumed helmet that might have been worn by a campy Roman legionnaire.

The ball reached its high point in dignity and in glitz simultaneously, when Jamelão, the elderly leader of the Mangureira band, stepped up to sing, flanked by a dozen dancers. Jamelão, who has a stern face and thick-lensed eyeglasses reminiscent of Phil Silvers', seemed small next to the dancers, young and shimmering in sequined or beaded bikinis and feathered tiaras, their bodies dusted with glitter to the lips. But when Jamelão began to sing, in a light but resonant bass full of joy and woe, the crowd pressed forward, eyes on him alone, and joined in on his song—even those few who didn't actually know Portuguese. In New York, during the cruellest of Februaries, becoming Brazilian was as easy as that. ♦



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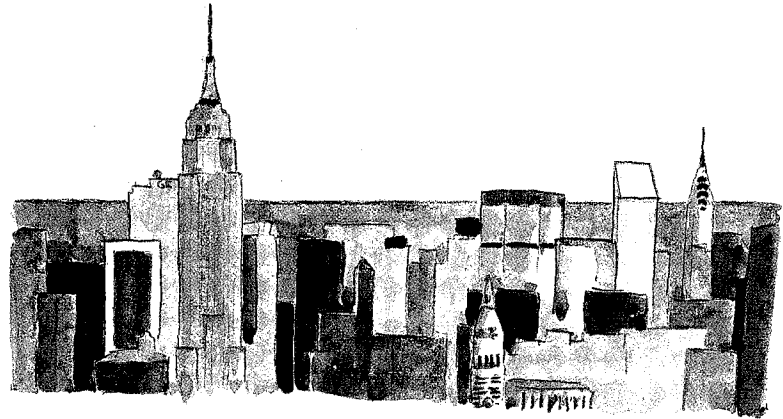
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AROUND CITY HALL

IN THE SPIRIT OF LAGUARDIA

Rudolph Giuliani is off to a confident start, but he'll have to move fast to win over the black voters who feel disenfranchised by his victory.

BY ANDY LOGAN



BY tradition, a New York mayor's state-of-the-city speech is given in late January or early February. Also by tradition, a new mayor, who has barely arrived on the scene, dwells on the great plans he has to remedy the depredations and misguided lapses committed under the auspices of his predecessor, which left the city in its current unfortunate condition. Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's state-of-the-city speech, delivered late on the afternoon of February 9th, followed the customary pattern. It had had to be postponed a day, because of what the National Weather Service designated the eleventh snowstorm of the winter. (A twelfth, far worse, was to follow.) Ed Koch, the mayor before last, whose first weeks in office were similarly afflicted with heavy weather, and who was surely the most accomplished of recent City Hall occupants at dramatizing what mayors have to put up with, made a public suggestion to God: "Send in the locusts."

The message of Giuliani's speech, that change from the era of his predecessor, David Dinkins—change for the better, of course—would be a recurrent theme of the new administration, was no surprise. When, two weeks earlier, Giuliani's new police commissioner, William Bratton, shook up the Police Department, forcing out six top-level veteran commanders, he had said, "These changes are intended to do one

thing. Get this department, shake it up, shake off the lethargy, shake off the drift and passivity and laissez-faire that I sense in this organization." Other members of the new administration had let it be known that all the city's bureaucracies, in the grip of what they saw as Dinkins-era passivity, should brace themselves for similar rough treatment. Ray Kelly, Dinkins' police commissioner, accused Giuliani of taking a "swaggering" approach to government. More friendly commentators were reminded of how Fiorello LaGuardia, also a Republican, had moved to liberate the city from the Democratic torpor that, in his view, had been gripping it when he took office. In case the new mayor had forgotten some of that story, on the night after his state-of-the-city speech he went to a concert performance of the 1959 Pulitzer Prize-winning musical "Fiorello!," which laid it all out in the most admiring terms possible.

Not by coincidence, parts of the February 9th speech had been written at the desk used by LaGuardia, who had been not only the city's first Republican mayor since 1903 but also its first Italian-American mayor, and with whom Giuliani felt a natural affinity. After Koch moved into City Hall, in 1978, he had located LaGuardia's desk in some governmental outpost and had it moved to the Mayor's office. In 1990, when Dinkins arrived, he had it transferred

ELISHA COOPER

elsewhere, and made another change as well. When John Lindsay was mayor, he had found a portrait of LaGuardia, a fellow-Republican, in an obscure City Hall corridor and had it moved into the Mayor's office. After Dinkins was sworn in, it was shifted to a corridor. Now the LaGuardia portrait is on the wall across from Giuliani's desk, where, he says, "I can see it at all times."

Though Giuliani had announced that he was running "in the spirit of LaGuardia," he will have to decide as he contemplates the portrait whether Giuliani-watchers will be reminded of the benign figure reading "Dick Tracy" to children over WNYC, the city-owned radio station, during a newspaper strike—that is, the LaGuardia whom many New Yorkers think they remember—or the mayor of whom Alva Johnston, a *Times* reporter, once said, "Anyone who extends to him the right hand of fellowship is in danger of losing a couple of fingers." At any rate, it is evident that the two mayors have in common a deep mistrust of the press. LaGuardia's solution was almost never to meet with the City Hall press corps. The reporters were reduced to trying to waylay him as he came up City Hall's front steps. Peter Kihss, another *Times* reporter, remembered approaching him there with what he regarded as an important question. LaGuardia's answer was "I'm going to throw you right down the steps." Kihss recalled, "There was a sudden silence. I realized I had seized the stocky little mayor and lifted him right up into the air." LaGuardia was barely five feet two. With the present mayor, who is five-ten, the stunt would be harder. "I put him down—gently," Kihss reported, "and went quietly into Room 9," the City Hall pressroom.

THERE is little doubt that since Giuliani took over there has been a sense of a mayor at work—even of actual governing going on at City Hall. Dinkins' supporters argue that many of the plans mentioned in the new mayor's state-of-the-city speech and others of his reinventing-government projects will not work out and also that it would be a sad day for the city if they did. History will acknowledge a number of Dinkins' accomplishments during his four years as mayor, but they will not necessarily be the ones he talked most

about—his demonstration of mayoral fiscal prudence, for example—during his losing campaign for reelection. To those assigned to City Hall to try to keep up with what Dinkins was doing—the press, among others—it often seemed that his average day consisted of a series of proclamations and photo-op ceremonies sandwiched between his two-hour morning tennis game and four or five press-the-flesh black-tie events. On his last working day at City Hall, he told reporters how that day had begun. By eight-thirty, he said, he had "leaned into my first forehand, and I hit it sharp and deep." The sixty-six-year-old former mayor has now moved on to eligibility for a city pension that could run as high as a hundred thousand dollars a year; a twice-a-week call-in show on radio station WLIB, which has a largely black audience; and a position as a professor of urban affairs at Columbia University—an appointment that many at the university believe will be helpful in keeping it at peace with the neighboring Harlem community. Dinkins has expressed contentment with his new life, saying, "I wanted to be mayor more, but there are certain problems I'll no longer have."

A City Hall reception the day before Dinkins' term ended was attended by hundreds of guests—members of his administration, campaign workers, and friends, perhaps half of whom were black. Many of them had dressed with special elegance, as if wanting to look their best for what might be their last appearance at City Hall—and, indeed, virtually none of them have been seen there since. The cast of characters (and, to a major degree, their color) changed so abruptly that early in January Giuliani's chief of staff was briefly refused entrance by the cops at the front door, until he was identified by a passing reporter. On the day of Dinkins' final reception, many of his guests were sombre, even weeping. "It's like a death in the family," one Dinkins supporter had said at his headquarters on Election Night, and, at the Riverside Church the following Sunday, the Reverend James Forbes, the senior minister, said that Dinkins' defeat had made him feel as he felt when he learned of the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. Les Payne, a black columnist for *Newsday*, wrote that Dinkins had been too nice to be

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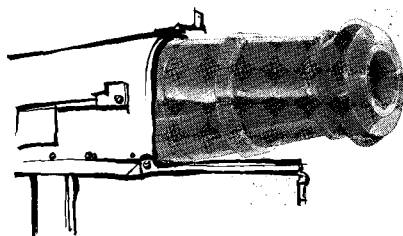
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reelected. After describing Giuliani as "rabid" and Koch, who had supported Giuliani, as "that zany bigot," Payne declared that their "gangs" were now back, "lining up at the trough."

Not all the city's blacks were desolate, however. The front page of the January 26th issue of the *City Sun*, a black-owned weekly published in Brooklyn, which had often been critical of the Manhattan-based Mayor Dinkins (it described him as, among other things, lazy), was taken up with the beginning of an open letter to Mayor Giuliani by the publisher, Andrew Cooper. "You did not win the last election," it said. "David Dinkins took a dive. . . . Most black New Yorkers know that Dinkins added up his pension and the amount of money he would gain by selling his place in history to the highest bidder and came out with more than \$400,000 a year for doing little or no work." It also said, "Dinkins declared 'Do not vote for me because I'm Black.' By making that declaration, he automatically opened the door for his own people to ask 'For what other reason should we vote for you?'" Cooper then committed what to many blacks is the unforgivable, citing as an authority the man they consider their nemesis. Still speaking of Dinkins, he wrote, "In the words of Ed Koch: 'He was a lousy mayor.'" A week later, however, it was Giuliani who was getting it. The *Sun* launched a new department, entitled "Rudywatch," which it declared would be "devoted to the often amusing—but more often shameful—antics of the new mayor . . . marquis of the boys in blue," and "his heartless policies concerning our city's most defenseless."

The City Hall atmosphere is a good deal noisier than it was when Dinkins left, but then this is the beginning of the budget season, and such seasons everywhere cause the decibels—that is, the cries of anguish over proposed budget cuts—to rise sharply. What Giuliani offered—on Groundhog Day, as it happened—was not technically a new city budget for the fiscal year that begins July 1st but, rather, what is called a fiscal plan, a kind of preliminary budget. The \$31.2 billion plan's proposed cuts in services and personnel are especially drastic, because the fiscally prudent candidate Dinkins left Giuliani with a \$2.3 billion deficit, the largest in the city's

history. Thus, though to some the events of Groundhog Day brought the traditional message about bad weather, to others the February 2nd publication of the fiscal plan was a signal of grim economic news. The huge deficit meant the threat of remedies that included reducing the city's workforce by as many as fifteen thousand people, through buy-outs, attrition, or layoffs. Discussions of the big hits to be taken by city workers often mentioned the fact that few of the workers' unions, whose membership is largely black and Hispanic, had supported Giuliani. From now through the spring, raucous demonstrations against the upcoming budget are likely to continue to rend the air in front of City Hall and at City Council budget hearings. In past administrations, when such protests got particularly chaotic, some officials in the Office of Management and Budget would quote to each other the line "When in danger, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout," which was a favorite with South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings to try to quiet things down at Senate Budget Committee hearings; it was an old Southern chant, he said. However, no one here, black or otherwise, has been quoting Senator Hollings respectfully on any subject since it was discovered that last December he said of black African "potentates" that they like to attend international trade conferences so that they can "get a good square meal" instead of "eating each other."

It was last November that a lieutenant of Louis Farrakhan, the head of the Nation of Islam, made the speech at Kean College, in Union, New Jersey, in which he called Jews "the bloodsuckers of the black community" and the Pope "that no-good cracker," and urged South African blacks to kill South African whites. Farrakhan criticized his lieutenant for the tone of what he had said but not for what he called its "truth." Some Jewish groups demanded that black political leaders repudiate Farrakhan. The Reverend Al Sharpton and Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel then denounced the Senate for not repudiating Hollings. ("We ought to be equal-opportunity repudiators," Maryland Representative Kweisi Mfume, the head of the Congressional Black Caucus, said.) So far, though Hollings has apologized for his "tasteless

joke" (no pun intended, presumably), the Senate has taken no action.

On Groundhog Day, David Letterman said that there would be six more weeks of winter, because earlier that day "a rat climbed out of a manhole and saw the shadow of Al Sharpton." Sharpton is now treated as an international celebrity, high on the list for low comedy, but increasingly the question is asked whether he should be taken more seriously, with the onset of what some local blacks refer to as "ADD," the After David Dinkins era, when, they feel, there is a void in black leadership—one that the Reverend, of course, is only too eager to fill. On February 6th, he announced that he was running for United States senator against Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who, as the head of the Senate Finance Committee, is New York's most powerful senator in at least a generation and is up for reelection for a fourth term this year. In 1988, he was reelected by the largest margin in history of any senator in a contested election. Now some blacks here see Sharpton as having been elevated in the

eyes of the local black community because Police Commissioner Bratton declined to meet with him after a scuffle involving police and Nation of Islam members in a Harlem mosque, while the Mayor, who got only five per cent of the black vote, sees himself as having put the Reverend in his place—wherever that is. Though Sharpton is now churchless, he was ordained a Pentecostal minister at the age of ten, and after the mosque scuffle he declared that it was appropriate for him to represent the Nation of Islam in a meeting with the Police Commissioner because he had once spent some time with Muhammad Ali. However, on February 6th, having been subjected to total immersion, he publicly joined Brooklyn's large and venerable Bethany Baptist Church, with the Reverend Jesse Jackson, also a Baptist, looking on and the choir singing "Have You Been to the Water?" ("Certainly, certainly, certainly, Lord.") The move could have had something to do with Sharpton's plans to enter the Senate, there being many more Baptists on the New York voting

rolls than Pentecostals or members of the Nation of Islam.

MANY in the large Republican crowd that travelled down to City Hall at the beginning of last month to attend Giuliani's inauguration looked as if they felt rather out of place; there was a sense that some of them had never been in that part of town before. (Wall Street is some blocks to the south.) After all, it had been twenty-eight years since Lindsay, the last Republican mayor, was elected. Though they were naturally pleased to have won, there was nothing in the air like the huge jubilation that had been evident four years earlier, when Dinkins was sworn in as the city's first black mayor. Even in 1986, when Dinkins was finally inaugurated as Manhattan borough president, an office he had twice run for unsuccessfully, Rangel, an old friend of his from Harlem, had said fervently, "Thank you, Jesus." Dinkins' election as mayor (his opponent was Giuliani, as in the most recent election) was widely thought of as marking the beginning of a black political era in New

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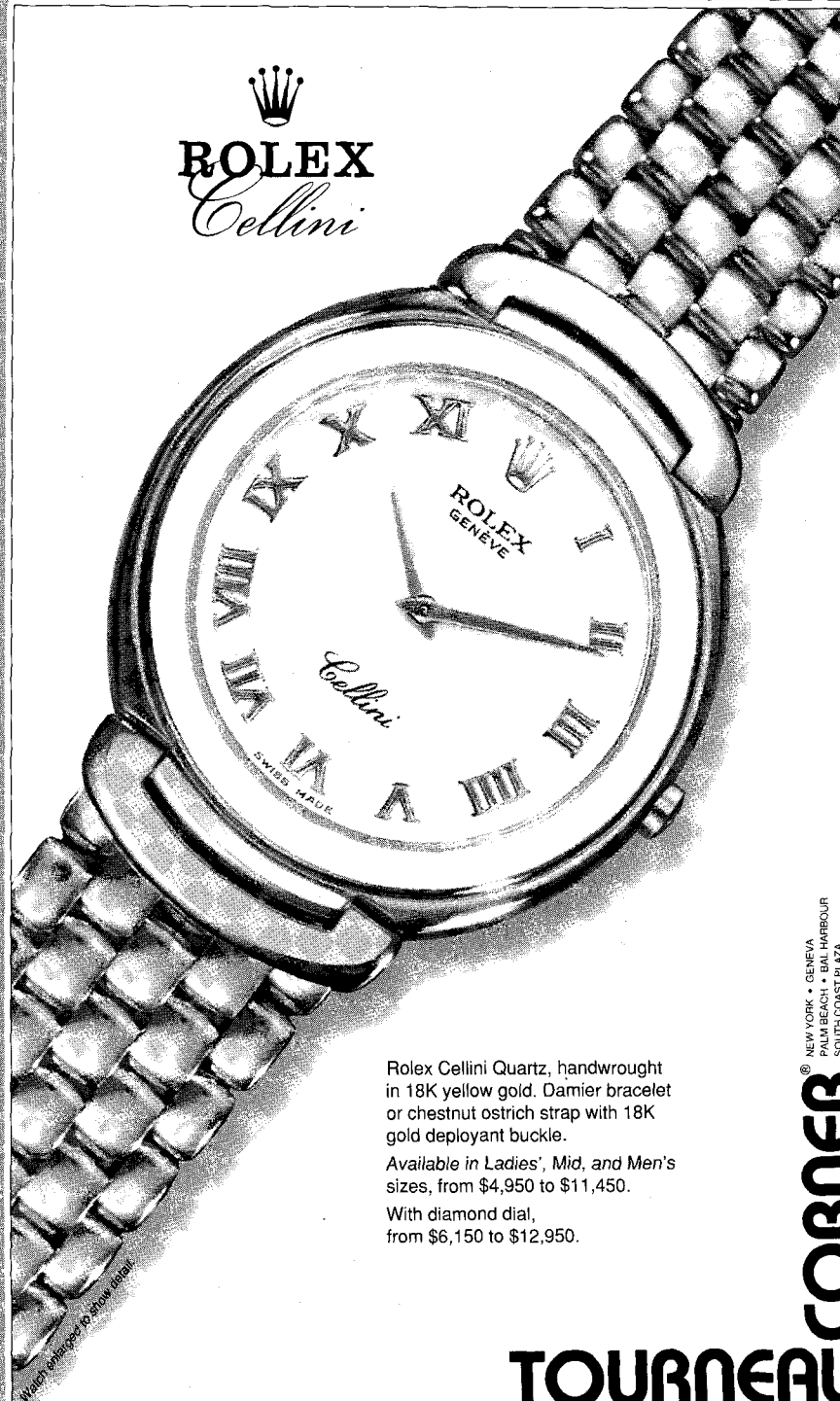
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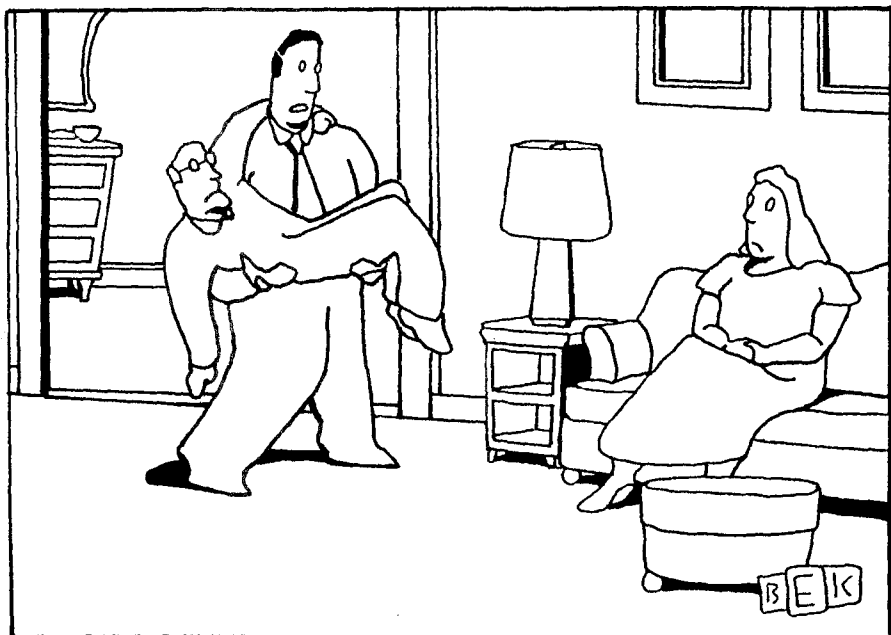
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York. Overlooked, perhaps, was the fact that in this city blacks account for only a quarter of the population, a far smaller percentage than in other major cities where blacks have become politically dominant; in Detroit, for example, blacks represent seventy-six per cent. Giuliani won by fifty thousand votes, whereas four years earlier Dinkins had won by forty-seven thousand. In each case, New Yorkers had decided by a tiny margin which candidate would hold the immense power that a mayor has over the city.

In election endorsements, the city's four daily papers split. The *Times* and *Newsday* went for Dinkins, and the *News* and the *Post* for Giuliani. Some reporters covering the election didn't even like the way Giuliani looked: *Newsday's* Gail Collins referred to his "little eyes," and Michael Tomasky, of the *Village Voice*, to "his furled little mouth." To persuade New Yorkers not to vote for his opponent, Dinkins' campaign commercials presented Giuliani as a mean-minded, gun-loving, relentless law-and-order man, interested primarily in sending people to jail—a man with, it seemed, almost no human characteristics. After the election, to counter the theory that he was someone who should be locked up himself, Giuliani seemed to smile constantly. He went around shaking hands with city officials, nearly all of them Democrats, in their offices. Some of the officials were so unreconstructed that they came across as the heavies. When the newly elected mayor visited the office of Manhattan Borough President Ruth Messinger, who plans to run for mayor in 1997, her face "twitched something between smile and grimace," according to *Newsday's* Maurice Carroll, while "her hand lay in his like a fish in a monger's grasp." It was as if the 1997 campaign had already begun—and at an ugly stage of things, too. When the Republicans moved into the Mayor's office, they did not find anywhere on the premises a note waiting for them such as the departing Democrats left for Lindsay, saying "We Shall Return," but the determination is surely there.

Before and after he was sworn in, the new mayor spent a good deal of time moving around the city, meeting with, for example, gatherings of blacks, gays, and advocates for the homeless—groups that were sure to have some hostile members. Though he was booed and



"I want you to have this. It belonged to my mother."

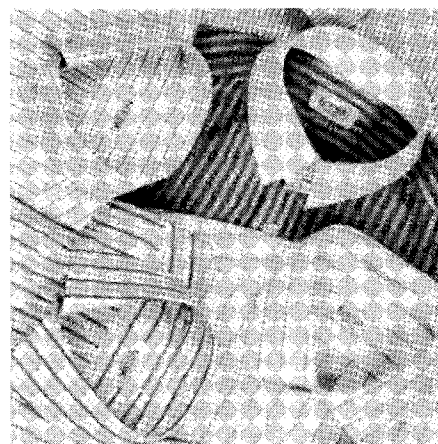
heckled, he got good marks for standing up to the hecklers, and for having come in the first place; by contrast, Dinkins had rarely left City Hall except when he could count on being among friends. However, the big event that really proved to New Yorkers that Giuliani might be nowhere near as bad as had been predicted was the appearance with him on Inauguration Day of his seven-year-old son, Andrew. Giuliani's wife, Donna, a television reporter, and his perfectly behaved four-year-old daughter, Caroline, were also with him that day, but it was chubby, rambunctious Andrew who stole the show, winking, waving, mugging, and reciting the oath of office and the inaugural speech with his father. Giuliani seemed only pleased and amused at being an unscheduled half of a political duo, and explained afterward that Andrew had gone over the speech so many times at home that he thought of it as *his* speech. ("I'm proud of him.") There was the question of whether Giuliani could control the city if he couldn't control a seven-year-old boy, but few would again suggest that the new mayor entirely lacked the human touch. The late-night comedians moved in with their jokes. Letterman, unable to persuade Giuliani to let Andrew appear on his show, hired a look-alike, who, mugging and blowing kisses, interrupted it from time to

time for the next week or so. Giuliani himself went on the Letterman show, and had a moderate success with his imitation of Fat Tony Salerno, one of the Mafia figures he had prosecuted. Approving letters about the father-and-son performance at the inauguration appeared in some papers. A *News* correspondent described it as "such a warm demonstration of togetherness."

Also providentially for the new mayor, the hard time some New Yorkers were giving him got to a parochial-school student only a little older than Andrew Giuliani: Kenneth Jackson, who is in the third grade at St. Angela Hall, in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn. After he heard about the heckling of the Mayor at a ceremony honoring Martin Luther King, young Kenneth—who is black, and whose mother had voted for Dinkins—wrote a song called "Give the Mayor a Chance," which included the lines "He's gonna try and do lots of things for you / So don't just yell 'Boo, boo, boo' . . . He's got feelings, too." The song could come in handy in a reelection campaign. Showing instant leadership, Giuliani invited Kenneth to join him on February 7th as mayor-for-a-day.

ON his first working day in office, Giuliani suddenly appeared, unannounced, in Room 9, the City Hall pressroom, which is a slumlike area into

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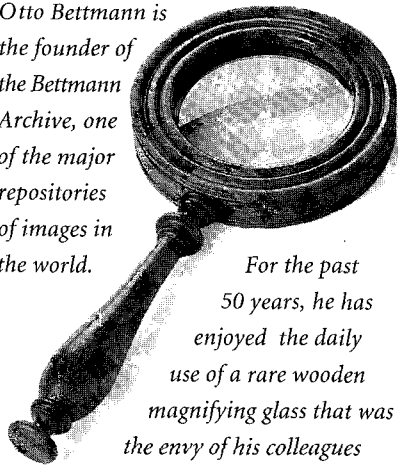
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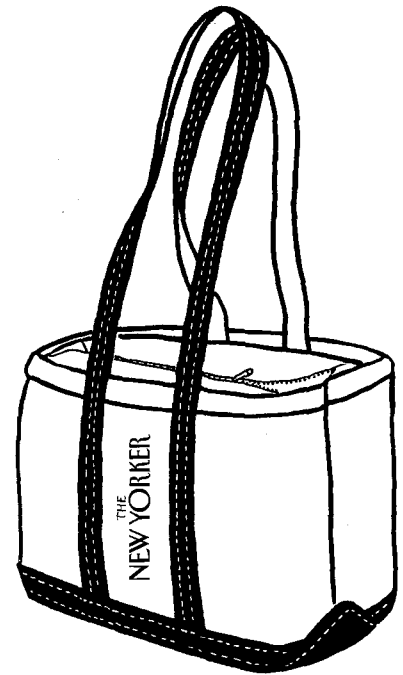
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whose twelve-by-twenty-six-foot space are crowded the desks, computer terminals, and assorted unsightly duffel of eighteen reporters. Presumably on the theory that nowadays a mayor could not get away with simply ignoring the press, as LaGuardia had done, he made a symbolic pilgrimage across the rotunda from his new office, in City Hall's west wing, to Room 9, in the east wing, perhaps hoping to start off his mayoral term on a just-come-to-borrow-a-cup-of-sugar basis with reporters there. In the unlikely event that soft-and-fuzzy coverage of the new mayor followed, it would be a sharp change from the rough way Dinkins believed he had been treated in dispatches by City Hall reporters—a subject of frequent complaint on the part of the former mayor and his staff. However, when a *Times* writer quoted a line Dinkins had said to reporters at a Gracie Mansion Christmas party a couple of weeks before he left office—"I couldn't have lost without you"—Dinkins was indignant. That had been a *joke*, he said, written for him by a speechwriter. Dinkins' good friend Wilbert Tatum, the editor and publisher of Harlem's *Amsterdam News*, had nevertheless been dead serious in editorials that laid the entire blame for Dinkins' political troubles on "the White New York City press corps," who, according to Tatum, had engaged in a "White-think and act syndrome" and "systematically attempted to demean and discredit him."

Ugly charges of racism on the local political scene were likely to come from all directions after an election in which ninety-five per cent of the blacks voted for Dinkins, while seventy-seven per cent of white New Yorkers—including eighty-eight per cent of Giuliani's fellow Italian-Americans—voted for the Republican. However, the view that the City Hall press corps is all white is inaccurate. The staffs of three of the city's major dailies—the *News*, the *Times*, and *Newsday*—include black reporters, and both the *Times* and the *News* have had black bureau chiefs. The one reporter for the Staten Island *Advance* is also black. The exception among the dailies has been the *Post*, where over the years black reporters have been almost unknown, especially in the era of Rupert Murdoch, who is now back as the paper's publisher after a five-and-a-half-year interval. A little over a month ago, a new *Post* re-

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cruit, Christopher Policano, arrived on the Room 9 scene. He is part black, part Latino, and part Italian, or, as he says, "a one-man gorgeous mosaic." This is in contrast to the previous period of Murdoch ownership, when Murdoch had a black assistant in his front office who was not an American but the prince of a small African country. When a *Post* staff member suggested that the paper might send a reporter to some ceremony in that country and asked whether a white person would be, well, safe, the prince's response (tasteless jokes about black cannibalism are clearly equal-opportunity enterprises) was "Oh yes. We love white people. We think they are delicious."

The Room 9 reporters greeted their mayoral visitor last month cordially. Although no one could remember when a mayor had ever before come calling, it must have happened, since the area has been a pressroom since sometime in the last century. In the late nineteen-thirties—that is, in the LaGuardia era—the executive branch of the city government announced that the room would be taken over for a government office, whereupon the reporters of the day put a strand of barbed wire across the doorway. The plan soon disappeared from the mayoral agenda. During last month's visit, Giuliani had a Room 9 wall decoration pointed out to him—one that illustrates the perils of being New York's mayor. It is a framed copy of an August, 1910, photograph from Joseph Pulitzer's *Evening World* showing William Gaynor, then the city's mayor (and another detester of the City Hall press), as he stood near the rail of a ship about to sail for Europe. Most news photographers had snapped his picture and taken off, but the man from the *Evening World* was running late and received an ill-deserved reward: he arrived just in time to record the scene of Gaynor's being shot by a disgruntled city employee—who, it turned out, had been stirred up by anti-Gaynor editorials in William Randolph Hearst's *Journal*. The response of the *Evening World's* city editor to the picture of Gaynor just before he fell (he survived the attack) has been seen by some politicians as typical of the solicitousness with which a mayor's misfortunes are greeted by the local press. Happily clutching the print to his breast, the editor cried, "Blood all over him—and exclusive, too!" ♦

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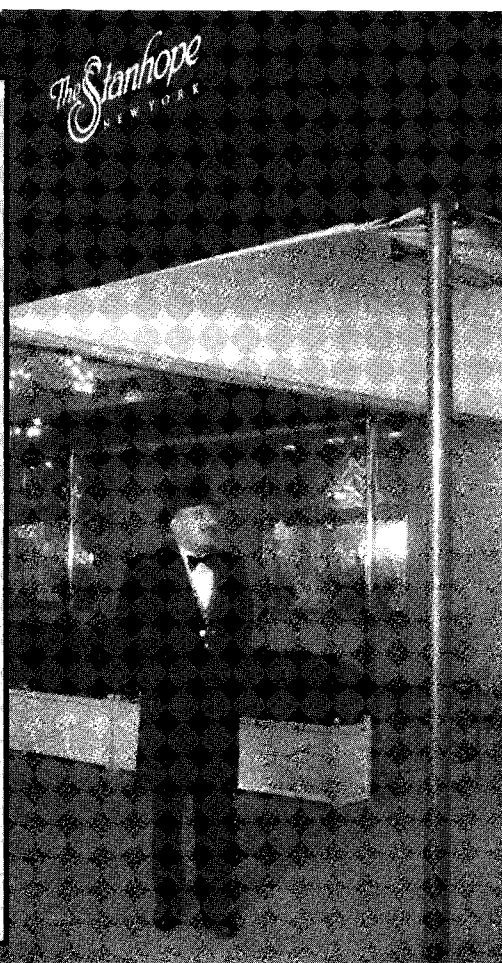
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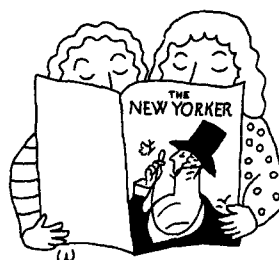
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FIGURES IN A MALL

People who say that Tonya Harding lives in Portland have missed the point. She comes from a place that's tougher and more intractable.

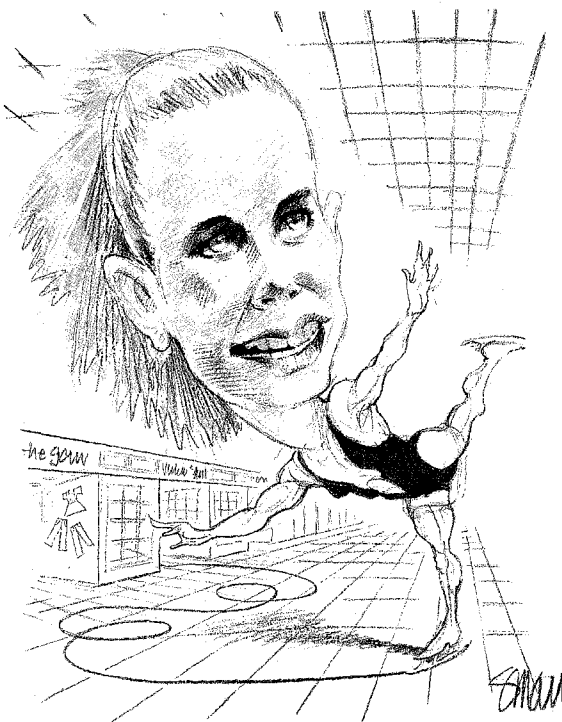
BY SUSAN ORLEAN

ONE of the last happy meetings of the Tonya Harding Fan Club took place at Nancy Welfelt's house, around her dining-room table. The meeting had actually begun at Clackamas Town Center—the mall, in Clackamas County, Oregon, where Tonya skates—on the morning of the day before Tonya's on-again, off-again ex-husband, Jeff Gillooly, began his sixteen hours of interviews with the

believe that Tonya had been completely uninvolved.

On the morning of the meeting, January 25th, as on most mornings since all the bad news, some of the club members went to the rink to watch Tonya practice. The ice was empty except for Tonya, who was bent over in the corner, fixing a skate. She was wearing a stretchy black sleeveless catsuit over a stretchy gray tank leotard. Every contour

of her body was outlined in black—her meaty back, her strong upper legs, with their blocky muscles. She stood up and started down the length of the rink, her skates cutting feathery grooves in the ice. Her lips were pressed tight, and her chin was thrust forward. Her expression was wan and stubborn. Her ponytail fluttered out behind her. No other part of her seemed to move, but she was crossing the ice with tremendous speed. A snatch of music came over the loud-speaker. At the end of the rink, where a hundred or so people were gathered, she turned sharply, bent her leg, and then spun until the ice beneath her skate began to make a sizzling sound. Suddenly she stopped, skated toward the other end of



Harding: A regular Clackamas County girl.

F.B.I. That was several days before Tonya announced that she knew about the plot to attack Nancy Kerrigan only after it had unfolded, and about a week before Jeff pleaded guilty, but several days after Shawn Eric Eckardt complained to the Portland *Oregonian* that Tonya had browbeaten him for not getting around to arranging the assault as quickly as she wanted. It was a golden moment. It was probably the last moment when the fan-club members could

the rink, spun again, pulled at the waist of her catsuit, then circled the ice once more. For an hour, she practiced pieces of her program—a spin, a leap, a movement of her leg or hand. The pieces were never fused together into something fluid or pretty. They were just explosions of motion between long silent moments, when Tonya would stand alone in the huge, blank rink, kicking at a frosty patch or tightening her skates. She didn't look happy, but she also

DAVID SMALL

didn't look rattled or embarrassed or shy. At the end of the hour, when she stepped off the ice, the club members told each other that she seemed composed and steady.

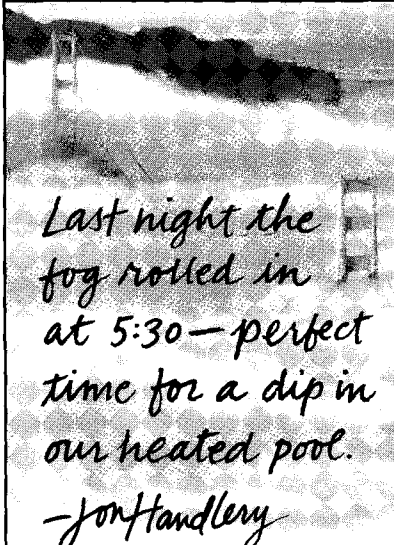
The club was meeting that day because the members had a lot of work to do. Since the attack, and since Tonya's victory at the nationals, the club, four hundred strong, had received hundreds of requests for membership information. Elaine Stamm, the club's founder and president, had printed up more copies of the flyer describing the memberships—ten dollars for adults, one dollar to join Tots for Tonya—and suggesting additional opportunities to support Tonya, by fund-raising, or by giving her cosmetics, hair care, and nail care, or by making calls about her to sports talk programs, or by mailing her encouraging cards. There were also scores of requests for Tonya buttons and bumper stickers, and for tapes of "It's Tonya's Turn," written and recorded by Linda and Greg Lewis, local songwriters who a few years ago composed a hit song about Desert Storm. Linda and Greg had stopped by that morning to make some last-minute arrangements with Elaine about the song. Linda was saying, "We're not skating fans so much, but we're Christians, and we thought this was the right thing to do."

The mall was a good place for the club to gather and get all this done. There really isn't a town of Clackamas. There are acres of Douglas-fir forest and grassy idle pastures, and balding hills now sprouting subdivisions, and ranchettes on lawns of chunky red mulch, and squat new apartment complexes with tan siding and shiny driveways, and featherweight trailers perched on rough concrete blocks, and there are tumbledown old farmhouses on weedy tracts waiting to be seized and subdivided, and there are little strip malls and fast-food restaurants and glassy health clubs and tanning salons standing alone in enormous parking lots, and there are bushy fields of huckleberry, blackberry, sumac, and salal, and there are pockets of businesses having to do with toys and mufflers and furniture, but there really isn't any town to speak of, or even a village to drive through. Unlike an old-fashioned town, which spreads out organically, Clackamas County's settled

areas look as if they had emerged abruptly, hacked out of the tangle of blackberry bushes and firs. Around the mall, new things are cropping up so fast that the place seems kinetic, as if everything had gone up, and could come down, in a day. Even where the county is overbuilt and busy, emptiness is the feeling it conveys.

Portland is half an hour's drive away from here. It is an old, compact city that was settled by Yankee merchants, who fashioned it after Boston. Portland is the largest city in Oregon, but it is of very little consequence to people like Tonya and Jeff and Shawn, who live in and rarely leave Clackamas and east Multnomah Counties. News reports that say Tonya is from Portland have missed the geographical and sociological point. The world that Clackamas County is part of starts somewhere in the Great Plains, skips over cities like Portland and Seattle, and then jumps up to Alaska—a world where people are plunked down on harsh or austere or overgrown landscapes and might depart from them at any moment, leaving behind only a few houses and some gear. Alaska, desolate and rugged and intractable, feels like an annex of Clackamas County, and Portland seems a million miles away. Alaska, not Portland, is also where many people from Oregon have often gone to get more land, or to make quick money by working for a summer in a fish cannery or on a logging crew. There is a Yukon Tavern in Clackamas County and a Klondike Jewelers, and at the nearby thrift stores you can find old table linens with Alaskan motifs—huskies, oil rigs, Eskimos—and old postcards of Alaskan landscapes and photographs of Juneau cannery crews and of log camps, scribbled with messages to the family back in Clackamas.

The winter weather in this part of Oregon is gray and drizzly, and the light is flat and filtered through a low ceiling of clouds. Occasionally, the clouds bust up, and it will rain in spats—you can be driving around and the rain will pour on your car but not on the car behind you. The most monumental thing in Clackamas County is Mt. Hood, a mostly dormant volcano, which is 11,235 feet high and is snow-covered year round. Mt. Hood has several active, constantly creeping glaciers. Otherwise,



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the only ice regularly found in the county is the skating rink at the mall.

CLACKAMAS TOWN CENTER is a giant mall, the largest collection of retail stores in the state of Oregon; the space it encloses, more than a million square feet, is so much bigger than any other enclosed space nearby that when the mall opened, in 1981, it provoked a little local hysteria. Rumors went around the county that a band of hippies or Satanists was kidnapping children and taking them into the mall rest rooms and either castrating them or cutting off their hair, then painting their faces and letting them go. Psychologists later attributed the rumors to the unease of people who were accustomed to being isolated and outdoors, as they always had been in this part of Oregon, suddenly making regular visits to a place that was crowded and contained.

There is very little irony in the name Clackamas Town Center. Anything that goes on around here goes on at the mall. There are stores, of course, and also conference rooms where community groups like Alcoholics Anonymous and the Egg Artists of Oregon meet. And there is the skating rink, which the developers put in to satisfy local requirements for recreational facilities. In 1988, the developers proposed replacing the rink with a carousel, but at the public hearing on the matter Tonya, who was only seventeen but already a nationally ranked skater, made a compelling plea to save it. The rink is Olympic-size, with big bleachers along one side. On the lower level of the mall, behind the bleachers, is a branch of the Clackamas County Library; a sign outside the door says, "Yes! This Really Is a Library!" On the upper level of the mall, ringing most of the rink, is the food court, which may make this the only place in America where an Olympic contender trains within sight of the Steak Escape, Let's Talk Turkey, Hot Dog on a Stick, and Chick-fil-A.

On the morning of the meeting, Elaine Stamm, the president of the club, watched Tonya practice for an hour or so. That morning, when Tonya first came out on the ice she was carrying a video camera to film the film crews who were in a press corral near the door to the skate shop. "Wasn't that cute?" Elaine said, on her way to the meeting

room. "Wasn't that brave?" She was setting out boxes of flyers and tapes and Tonya buttons when someone quietly took her aside to say there was a problem: somebody else needed to use the room. This was not a development as bad as, say, Jeff's guilty plea would eventually be, but it eroded morale. The club liked the idea of doing its work in the very spot where Tonya had developed into an Olympic contender. Nancy Welfelt, one of the members, suggested reconvening at her house, so the members got their coats, and fanned out through the parking lot to their cars, and formed a small convoy to the Welfelts'.

They drove up Eighty-second Avenue, past the Lovelier You Beauty Salon and the Beavers Inn and the Moneyman and the Junk-a-Rama, and then turned east, past Lincoln Willamette Funeral Directors, which had a digital sign flashing the time, the temperature, and then the message "Compare! Complete Chapel Service With Casket \$1,997." A few blocks west of Eighty-second Avenue, on the edge of Multnomah County, is the neighborhood known as Lents. This is one of the places Tonya lived when she was growing up, and it's also not far from where Gary Gilmore lived for a time. Lents was settled first by farmers and then, in the nineteenth-thirties and forties, by shipyard and sheet-metal workers; today it consists of narrow, pitted roads that peter out into gravel alleys, with houses so tiny that some look as if they had been built for dolls or chickens, or were really meant to be one-car garages. In the neighborhood nearer the mall, where Tonya lives now, the houses are scant, speckling open acreage that used to be farms and woodlots. In Lents, everything is shoved together; nearly every house is on a parcel the size of a napkin, hemmed with a high chain-link fence, and in the yard there is usually a motor home and a dog kennel, and a toolshed, and maybe a car chassis that someone has lost interest in fixing. Every block or so, squeezed between the houses, there is a church: New Testament Church of God and Christ, "Preaching a Living Christ to a Lost and Dying World"; the Church of Christ; the Bethel German Assembly of God.

The Welfelts' house is east of Eighty-second Avenue, in the Mt. Scott neighborhood, which is on the steep side of



"I dreamed Lucian Freud was coming to paint us."

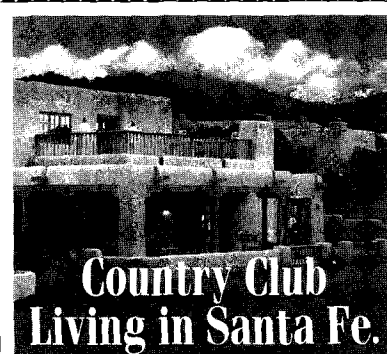
Mt. Scott, a small extinct volcano. On this side of Eighty-second Avenue, the houses thin out and are newer and nicer, with bright aluminum siding, and carports, and picture windows, and decorative screen doors. The convoy stopped at Nancy's driveway, and the club members lugged in the boxes of flyers and buttons and bumper stickers, and then pulled chairs up to the dining table. Along with Elaine, a former charm-school teacher, who has frosted hair and narrow, square shoulders and a striking imperial posture, and Nancy Welfelt, who has a cheery face and fading blondish hair, there were four other middle-aged women, and the husband of one of them: a jittery guy with wire-rimmed glasses. He never sat down at the dining table and never even took off his coat, and then suddenly left during the meeting to go visit his parents' graves at the cemetery across the street. Someone complimented Nancy on the view from her living-room window, and she said, "You want to see something? See out there? You can see Shawn's house. Shawn, the bodyguard. He lives behind me, with his parents." Everyone crowded to the window and looked in the direction Nancy was pointing, across the side of the hill and over the tops of some houses wrapped in fog.

One of the other women said, "Have you ever seen Tonya's mother's trailer? It's just up the road here, and it is meticulous. It is lovely. It is tidy. You would never even know it's a trailer."

"Trailer trash is what they call people out here," another woman said to me. She sat down and started tapping on the table with her fingernails. They were long and burgundy-colored, and each one had a different small image painted on it—a shooting star, a sun, a lightning bolt. She said, "There are plenty of people who think we're scum because we live out here on the east side. Well, I live in a very non-scum neighborhood. It's actually a so-called good neighborhood, but it's always going to be thought of as trash, because it's east side." She tapped. Her fingernails clicked: lightning bolt, star, sun.

"I wouldn't say trash," Elaine said. "I would say . . . I would say . . ." She paused. "Well, my heart just went out to Tonya when I first saw her skate. I just see that little gal out there, the abused child spanked by her mother with a hairbrush, and when they would do the up-close-and-personals for the Olympic skaters, they showed Tonya in her jeans at her little house fixing her car, and I could just feel her sink. When I started the club, the people I heard from were women with abusive husbands, and Vietnam vets who had come home and felt displaced, and they'd see that little gal and feel really good about themselves. So it's funny that people would think of her as trash."

"Scum," the nail woman snapped. "That's what they call us. It's a class difference—that's what all this mess is about Tonya. She's just a regular Clack-



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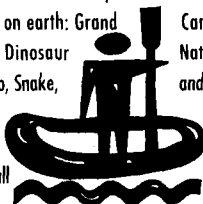
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amas County girl. In my opinion, she's a modern gal, what we would call a tom-boy. She can hunt, she can fix a car. She calls herself the Charles Barkley of figure skating, and she's right. She's a stud."

Another one of the women said, "I'll tell you, you know who I cannot stand is that Kristi Yamaguchi." Everyone groaned. She rolled her eyes, and went on, "She is just so prissy. Tonya is so tough. She is a stud! She really is!"

The nail woman said, "You know, there are a lot of us who look at Tonya and think to ourselves, There's a gal who pulled herself up, who had some tough times with her folks, and whatever, and she still did great by her dreams. I know what it's like to have dreams and to perform. When I was a kid, I was a performer. I was on that radio show 'Stars of Tomorrow,' and I got tons of trophies for my singing."

Nancy said, "You were a singer? You sang?"

"All the time—oh, yeah, all the time," she said. "I had just tons of trophies. I don't have them anymore. My dad threw them all out."

Elaine said, "Why did he do that?"

"Well," the woman said, shrugging and tapping, "we just don't get along."

TANYA UTBERG, the Clackamas County Fair and Rodeo Queen, said to me recently, "I think Clackamas County is a very warmy place," which makes it sound soothing and regular, but often it seems to be a more haphazard and disjointed place than that. The day I talked to the Rodeo Queen, I drove out to the neighborhood where Tonya Harding and Jeff Gillooly used to live, and where Tonya still lives. Her house is in a part of Clackamas County called Beaver Creek. Beaver Creek isn't shown on any street map—it's just an area, not far from a small city called Happy Valley, which is where Tonya's mother is currently living. Tonya's road in Beaver Creek is a skinny rib that runs along a foothill, past a spread of newish one-story houses. Tonya's house, an A-frame chalet, is at the end of a long driveway and is not visible from the road. At the end of her driveway were a white farm gate, a big homemade heart-shaped sign left by some fans, and several "No Trespassing" notices. A few miles farther along the road, not far from the Savage Mini-Mall, I stopped

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at a new housing development, and the real-estate broker gave me a tour of one of the houses. When it is finished, the development will be called Sunset Springs Estates. The broker didn't know what had been on the property before it was subdivided, but a few scraggly fruit trees out back provided a hint. In bright weather, the Sunset Springs houses will have a distant view of the wolf-fang shape of Mt. Hood and a close view of a new development called McBride Estates, and of a woe-ful old farm undoubtedly in line to have the earth turned up under it so someone can sow some more houses. The broker said, "Sunset Springs Estates are going to be real lovely places when they're done." Then he gazed out the window and said, "It is sort of funny around here. Everything is such a big mix-match. You have one kind of thing right next to another kind of thing, like lots of money beside poor. That's what I call a real mix-match. Things don't always fit together as well as they should."

TUESDAY and Thursday are Cheap-skate Nights at the skating rink—for four dollars, you can rent skates and skate for two hours. A big banner advertising Cheapskate Nights hangs above the ice, next to one, paid for by the fan club, that says "Home of Tonya Harding—U.S. Figure Skating Champion." Saturday evening isn't for cheap-skates, but it's the busiest night. On the Saturday after the fan-club meeting, the ice was packed. You can watch the rink from the mall's upper level, standing between a kiosk with a public-service poster that says "Support the U.S. Olympic Team: Go Shopping" and a small business called All About Names, which is set up on a rolling cart. For a couple of dollars, you can get printed on a number of different items, such as beer steins and key chains, or on a piece of fancy paper, a little legend about almost any name. I asked the woman working at the cart to do the name "Tonya" on pink paper with a drawing of a fairy castle, and she said, "Tonya? Ton-ya? Tonya? I've never heard of that before. What a nice, interesting name." That morning's *Oregonian* had had a story about Nancy Kerrigan on the front page for the seventeenth day in a row. The woman at the cart punched some but-

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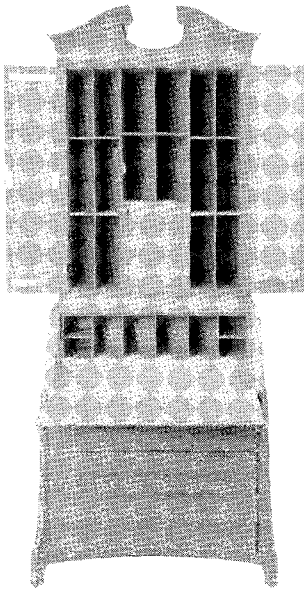
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tons on a computer, and after a moment the paper came out. It said that "Tonya" was Latin for "priceless," and that a Tonya was "a liberated spirit" who "has never settled down to any one thing... is attractive, lively, and tasteful... sets high expectations and fulfills them." Down below, kids were whizzing around showing off, or inching along the edge of the ice, clinging to each other in wobbly packs. A lot of the girls looked like Tonya, with long multilevel blond hair and a puff of bangs, eyes rimmed in black liner, and stocky bodies in inexpensive-looking clothes. In the center of the ice, a few skinny girls in Lycra skating dresses were practicing spins. Until recently, Tonya sometimes practiced during open-skate hour, picking her way through the crowd. Now she skates only very late at night, but for a long time she usually practiced in the mornings, when the ice was empty but the bleachers were filled with people eating tacos and gyros and Dilly Deli sandwiches and looking on.

Around here, kids go to the movies, or they drive up and down Eighty-second Avenue, or they hang out at the mall. If they work at it, they can get into trouble. A juvenile-court counsellor named Steve Houseworth told me that in the last two years kids in the county, like kids in counties all over the country, have become increasingly hedonistic, defiant, and angry, and that juvenile arrests have boomed. "Our big problem is with anti-social preplanned deviant behavior," he said. "We've got an explosion of anger, intimidation, and aggression issues. I think we'll see more of it, too, because the county is growing real hard and real fast." The county, he went on, is trying out a privately run anger-management program called Temper Talk, which offers counselling to juveniles charged with Assault 3 or Assault 4—causing harm to a person without intent or with intent, respectively.

The program director for Temper Talk, Derek Bliss, told me, "Kids here are looking for power and they want control. They're angry about dominance. They want to show the image and reputation of dominance." I asked him whether he recognized the likes of Shawn and Jeff and of Shane Stant, the twenty-two-year-old man who had been paid to attack Nancy Kerrigan. "Definitely," he said. "These are the

kind of guys who lose their temper but don't know how to *use* their temper. Shane, the one who confessed to actually doing the assault—he's a very big boy. He's not behind physically for his age group, but he's clearly behind empathetically. I'd bet there was a humongous amount of inconsiderate behavior in their lives before this assault."

On Saturday night, I talked with two young guys, D.J. Dollar Bill and D.J. Fast Eddie, who were standing on a platform beside the skate-rental booth, playing tapes over the loudspeakers and calling out for the kids to reverse directions, and then to speed up, and then to get ready to line up for games. Dollar Bill said he was a delivery driver for an auto-supply company. Fast Eddie said he worked in the produce section of a grocery store. Fast Eddie also said he could not comment on Tonya. "What I'm about is right here," he said, motioning to the ice, "and here is fun." He put on a Snoop Doggy Dogg song and then said, "We're going to play some great games later. We just finished a big one. It's the favorite around here. We break up into teams and compete in four events—the ringtoss, ice basketball, ice golf, and a finale, which is a snowball race with a snowball on your head. We call it 'The Olympic Ménage à Trois.'"

CELEBRATION NEW SONG FOUR-SQUARE CHURCH, a Pentecostal congregation, meets every Sunday in a room at the Holiday Inn in Gresham, a town just north of the Clackamas County line. The pastor of the church, Eugene Saunders, hadn't been seen in three weeks—that is, since shortly after the night that he was doing homework with Shawn Eckardt, the heavyset baby-faced bodyguard and self-described foreign-espionage operative, who was a classmate of Gene's in a legal-assistant training program at Pioneer Pacific College. That night, Shawn had bragged to Gene that he was involved in setting up an attack on a figure skater, and played a garbled tape of a planning session for him. It was that conversation—which Gene repeated first to a Pioneer Pacific teacher, a private investigator (who repeated it to the Portland *Oregonian*), and then to the authorities—that broke the case open. The publicity that followed was so overwhelming and relent-

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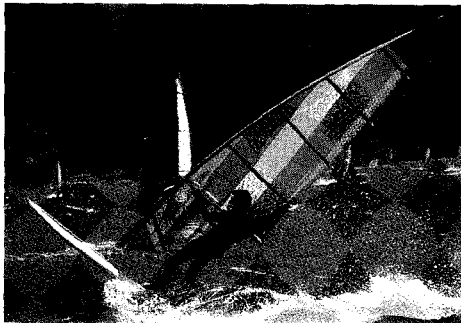
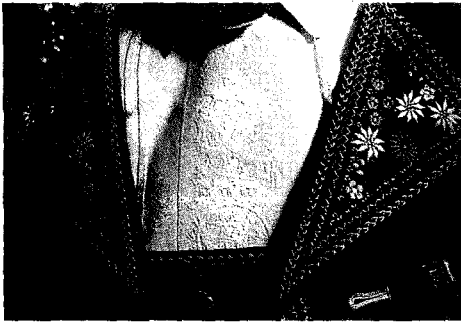
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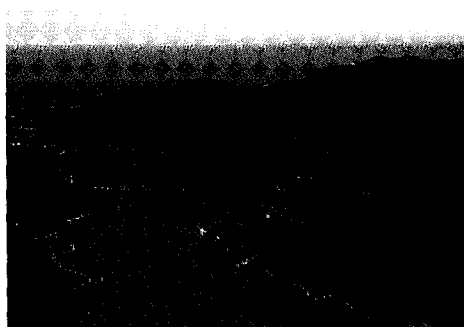
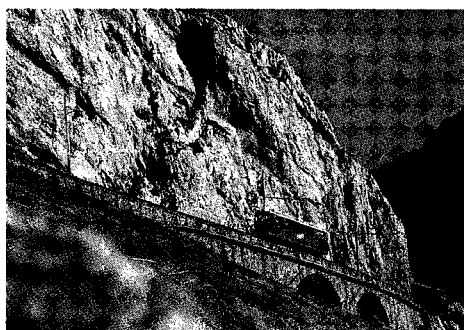
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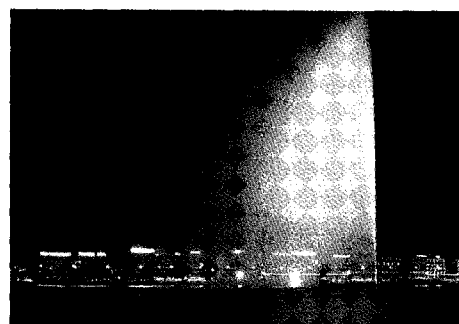
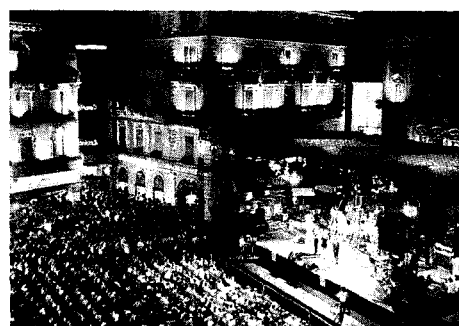
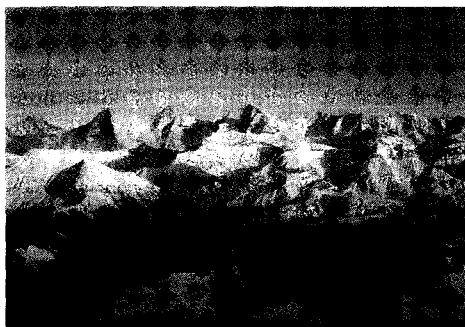
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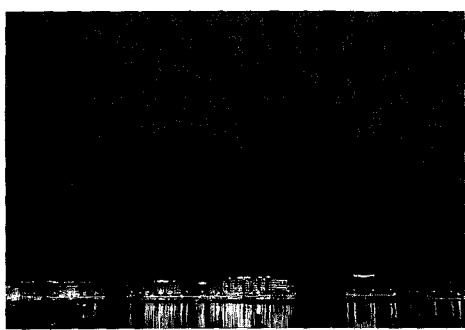
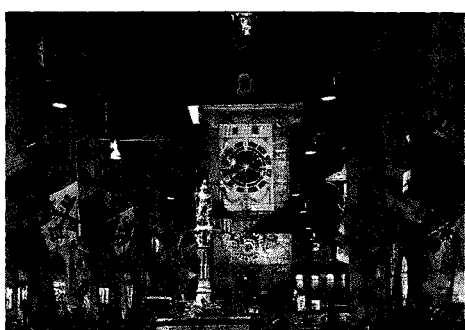


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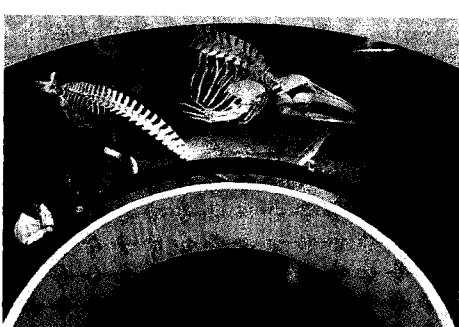
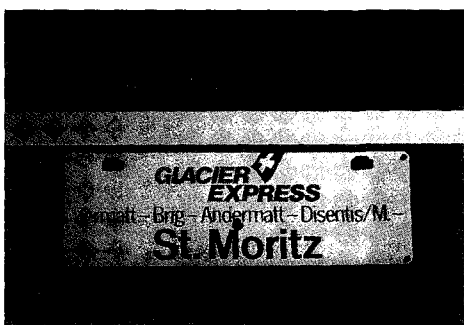
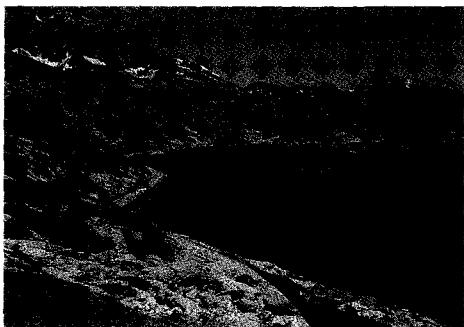


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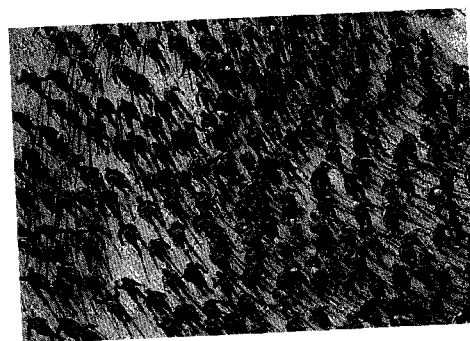
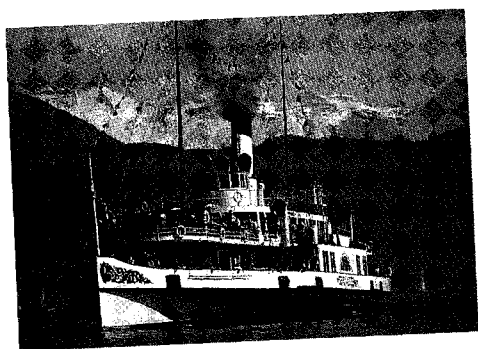




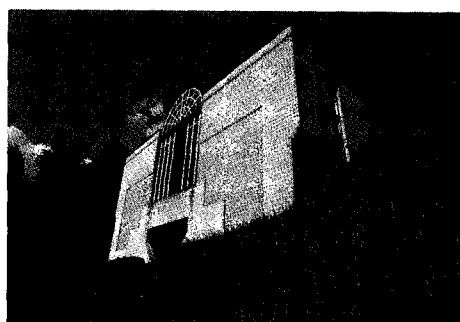
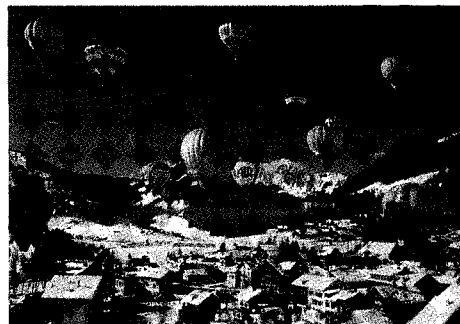
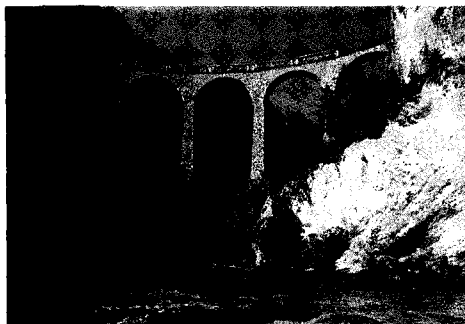
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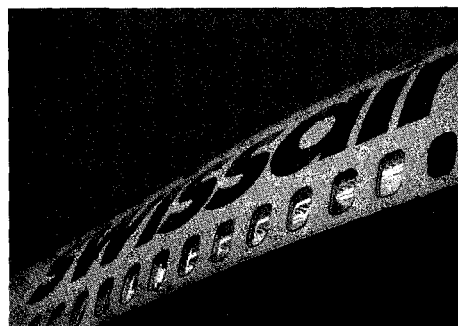
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less that Gene decided to go underground.

On Sunday, I went to church, and Reverend Saunders reappeared. In the newspaper box outside the Holiday Inn, the headlines were still all about Tonya. Inside, nineteen people were gathered in a meeting room, among them a weary-looking older couple with a strange, thin, shrill-voiced boy; a young woman with two restless red-haired children; a man with stringy blond hair that hung to his shoulder blades, sitting with a pretty woman who wore her hair in cornrows, and was the only black person I saw the whole time I was in Clackamas County; a ruddy-faced man with pinkish eyelids and full lips, wearing a worn-out chambray work shirt and holding in his lap a Bible and a Bible-study guide; a man, maybe around seventy, with greased-back black hair and thick glasses, wearing a plastic windbreaker and a short striped necktie. In the front of the small room, a big, bearded man holding a zebra-striped electric guitar began strumming and singing in a tender voice. Everyone rose, scraping back tan metal folding chairs. Someone turned on an overhead projector, and a handwritten lyric sheet flashed in a crooked rectangle across the wall and ceiling, and then the congregation sang. The room was new and drab; the floor felt hollow. Outside, it was pouring. The motel was so new that there was no lawn yet, or even mulch—only mud and construction equipment, and fresh sidewalks, which looked silvery in the rain. After one of the songs, the man with the greased-back hair stepped forward and began a rhythmic declaration from the back of his throat. He was speaking in tongues, and he went on for several minutes, shouting and sweating and slapping his thighs. Finally, he paused, wiped his brow, and then translated what he had to say—that Jesus was coming, that Jesus was watching, that anyone who followed Jesus and resisted Satan would never go astray.

When he finished, Gene Saunders came to the front of the room. He is a handsome, fleshy young man with small, crowded features; he was wearing a dress shirt and suspenders, and holding an open can of Mountain Dew. He said, "I know you've been wondering a lot of things—some of you have known where I've been, but mostly you've known that I just needed to take a break

from the publicity. We got calls from around the world. We got calls from Japan about this. I want to tell you folks a few things. First of all, you know that I am not Shawn's pastor. I think some of you read something saying that he was with us—that I was his pastor—and you were thinking, Hey, we don't know this guy. Well, we were classmates in school. I'm not his pastor." He chuckled. "I suppose he could use one now." People nodded, and bumped each other with their elbows. "Also, I want you to know I never changed my story. I always said I couldn't understand the tape. It was a garbled tape. It started getting into press reports that I could understand the tape, and then at the grand-jury hearing I testified that I couldn't, and everyone is asking me why I changed my story. I didn't. It was misrepresented that way."

Someone called out, "That was Satan working! That's how the enemy works—confusing us with things we didn't say!" Gene nodded, and sipped from the can. He strolled around the front of the room. "It's been tough for me, because I've had to neglect you and the church business during all of this, and I've had to make choices. I shouldn't say this in front of our treasurer, but I was offered fifty thousand dollars to tell my story to a television show, and I turned it down." From the back of the room, someone said "Reverend, we could sure have used that money!" and everyone laughed. Gene said, "Well, I turned everything down. We'll just have to keep fund-raising for ourselves. But, you know, that was real temptation."

"Why did they do it, Reverend?"

He looked down, kicking lightly at the carpeting. "Bitterness, I think. Bitterness that things weren't going their way."

The ruddy-faced man flipped his study guide open to Luke 14. "All the answers are right here," he whispered to me. He ran a fingernail across the page, to where it said, "Wanting a new car or hoping to be successful in your career is not wrong in itself—it is wrong only when you want these things just to impress others." He closed the book and then closed his eyes.

Gene finished speaking and shook everyone's hand, and said he would be back every Sunday unless things got too distracting again. ♦

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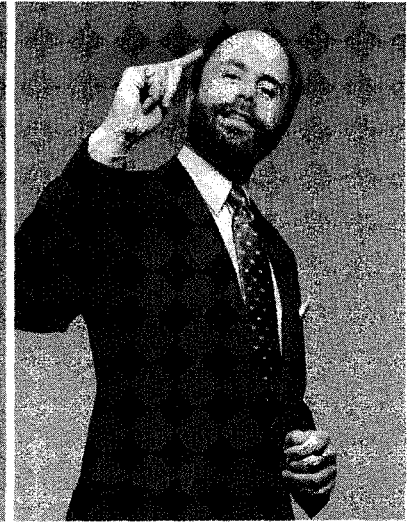
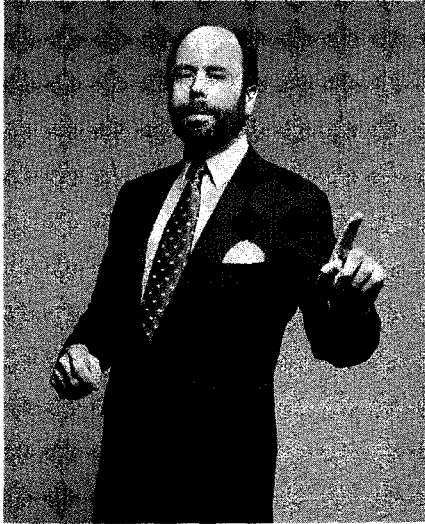
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BY FREDRIC DANNEN



ON April 3, 1991, Gerald Shargel, a criminal lawyer considered quite possibly the finest of his generation, a man of elegance in the courtroom, who has said he models his oratory on Martin Luther King, Jr., awoke to bad publicity. The front page of the *News* reported that he had run into trouble with the mafioso John Gotti. In brief, Gotti had threatened to kill him. The headline blared, "SHADDUP." An F.B.I. microphone hidden at the Ravenite Social Club, in Little Italy, a year and a half earlier had discovered Gotti raging against Shargel for talking too much to a *News* reporter. A tape of Gotti's tirade was kept under seal, and the *News* had just caught wind of its contents. Shargel represented several members of the Gambino crime family, and Gotti, the boss of the family, had noticed that Shargel's clients appeared to be getting favorable treatment in the *News*, while "everybody else is bad." One day, Gotti

said, "I'm gonna show him a better way than the elevator out of his office!"

Once again, colleagues of Jerry Shargel shook their heads and wondered why so outstanding an attorney, who, as one of them put it, could have been a venerable corporate lawyer—"the Arthur Liman of his generation"—had instead chosen so different a career path. Time and again, his penchant for Mafia clientele had placed him in jeopardy, less so from the mobsters themselves (Gotti has an operatic way of expressing anger, and it was unlikely that he truly considered tossing Shargel out of his thirty-second-floor window) than from the government. For the real danger lurking in Gotti's tantrum was that it played perfectly into a prosecution theory about Shargel—that he was not permitted to put the interests of his individual clients ahead of those of the crime family as a whole.

Shargel's fellow-lawyers were equally astonished to learn that he had visited

the Ravenite club several times, where he had been picked up on F.B.I. bugs talking legal strategy with Gotti. It seemed a terrible error in judgment for a lawyer to appear at a Mafia headquarters; it fostered an image of subservience. The day after Gotti lashed out against Shargel, for instance, Shargel went down to the club and made amends. The conversation was not recorded, but Gotti was overheard talking about it the following day: "Jerry said, 'Listen, John. You know I got one love—you.'"

In truth, Shargel, who is now forty-nine, does not convey even the outward appearance of a Mafia lawyer. He is over six feet tall, bald on top, with black hair around his ears and a trim black beard. In court, where he wears chalk-striped Polo suits with pocket squares, he is soft-spoken and deferential. Out of court, he is youthful and full of fun. The son of the proprietor of a paint-and-wallpaper store in small-town New Jersey, Shargel has been married to his college sweetheart

One of the best summations Shargel ever gave was for Jimmy Coonan, an Irish mobster with a penchant for severed limbs. "The idea came to me from listening to Martin Luther King's kitchen-epiphany sermon," Shargel says. (Photographs by Kevin Funabashi.)

for twenty-six years. They sent their daughter and son to the Dalton School, live off Park Avenue, and rent a summer home in East Hampton. Shargel used to teach law at New York University, and on high holy days he is an usher at the Park Avenue Synagogue.

Bruce Cutler, who is Gotti's personal attorney (he was also tape-recorded at the Ravenite club), has always made more sense as a Mafia lawyer; he has nowhere near the range of Shargel. This became apparent even to Gotti when in early 1990 he stood trial in New York state court with one of his Gambino soldiers, Anthony (Tony Lee) Guerrieri, on a charge of ordering the shooting assault of a union official. Cutler's bullying of witnesses—an approach that was dubbed “Brucification”—was not working and was exasperating the judge. (“The record shall reflect that Mr. Cutler threw Exhibit W,” he noted.) By the second week of trial, Gotti had demoted Cutler, leaving Shargel, who officially represented Guerrieri, in charge of the case. The prosecutor, Michael Cherkasky, says that he was unprepared for Shargel's “brilliance,” which he believes had a lot to do with Gotti's surprise acquittal.

The acquittal made Gotti's earlier tirade about Shargel savor of ingratitude, but there was much worse to come when the contents of several other Ravenite tapes were made public. It seemed that whenever Gotti was not discussing murder or labor racketeering he was complaining about his attorneys. Shargel and Cutler were “Muck and Fuck,” his “high-priced errand boys,” whom he paid “under the table,” and paid too much (three hundred thousand dollars to Shargel in one year to defend other family members, he said). “Was it you that put me on this earth to rob and make you rich and me poor?” he complained. “Gambino crime family? This is the Shargel, Cutler & Whattaya-call-it crime family!”

To a certain federal prosecutor, these pronouncements were no joke. John Gleeson is chief of the criminal division of the Brooklyn United States Attorney's Office, and, apart from an inconclusive investigation of David Dinkins for alleged stock fraud, most of his work has been in the field of organized crime. John Gotti, who lost his most recent case to Gleeson in 1992, called him a “bum”

and a “rat motherfucker” and a “fucking Irish faggot” and—equally inaptly, because Gleeson is a dull dresser—“Lord Fauntleroy.” Now forty, Gleeson is considered an excellent lawyer but something of a zealot. He is tall and trim, and looks like an angry Clark Kent. Gleeson took Gotti at his word—that he did pay the legal bills for the members of his crime syndicate, because the lawyers were actually working for the syndicate. “The reality,” Gleeson has written, “is that attorneys are as integral a part of the Gambino Family as any of its other members.”

The term that Gleeson uses to describe Shargel and Cutler, and other men he perceives as enterprise lawyers, is “house counsel.” (Not *consigliere*—Italian for “counselor”—a position in the administration of a Mafia family for which a law degree is scarcely a requirement. The misperception about the meaning of “*consigliere*” probably stems from the character of Tom Hagen, the family lawyer in “The Godfather.”) “House counsel” is a label that Shargel deeply resents, but it did not originate with John Gleeson. In 1984, Shargel was accused of having accepted a paper bag containing a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash from the Gambino captain Roy DeMeo to defend two of DeMeo's associates. Shargel was summoned before a grand jury, where he testified that the bag had contained only two thousand dollars, and that the money was to defend DeMeo. Shargel was unable to substantiate this claim, because he kept very few financial records—deliberately, he said, in order to protect his clients. No charges were brought against Shargel, but Judge Abraham Sofaer, in a vitriolic opinion, disqualified him from representing one of DeMeo's crewmen and questioned the propriety of his recordkeeping practices.

Shortly after Gotti was indicted in December, 1990, John Gleeson wove several Ravenite conversations in which Shargel and Cutler and a third attorney were mentioned, or were actually present, into an eighty-nine-page brief requesting that they be barred from representing Gotti and his co-defendants at trial. They should not be allowed to sit in the courtroom as defense attorneys, he argued, because the government was planning to portray them to the jury as participants in the enterprise.

Judge I. Leo Glasser granted Gleeson's motion. It was the second time a federal judge had disqualified Shargel from a trial on the house-counsel theory, and, to make it worse, Glasser was Shargel's former law professor.

Ever since the disqualification of Shargel and Cutler from the Gotti case, Gleeson has threatened to bring criminal charges against the two lawyers, for obstruction of justice or tax fraud. He seems to believe, for instance, that Gotti meant it literally when he said he paid his lawyers under the table. In addition to the Ravenite tapes, Gleeson has another resource—the cooperation of Gotti's former underboss and one of Shargel's former clients, Salvatore (Sammy Bull) Gravano. Last year, Gleeson's grand jury issued subpoenas to Shargel and Cutler for financial records. (Meanwhile, last month, Cutler was convicted of criminal contempt for making certain statements to the press in violation of a judicial order; he has not yet been sentenced, but he could face up to six months in jail.)

Bringing an indictment against a lawyer as prominent as Shargel would be a drastic step, but then there are few prosecutors as single-minded as Gleeson. Shargel denies any wrongdoing, and says he is prepared to defend himself vigorously. Even if no conviction resulted, an indictment would probably destroy his practice. As it stands, his name has been tarnished by two federal judges. How had so talented and intelligent a lawyer allowed himself to get so close to a Mafia family—so close that John Gotti saw him as an errand boy and John Gleeson as a conspirator? Didn't he know there would be consequences?

SHARGEL is a man of immense charm. He has a soft chuckle and the soothing voice of a bartender—a job he once had in college. In interview sessions, Shargel stretches out his long legs, which are occasionally clad in cowboy boots, puffs on a cigar (defense attorneys are great consumers of cigars), and seems the picture of contentment. He smiles a lot. Despite the beard and the bald top, he has a boy's demeanor. His conversation is sprinkled with “cool” and “neat” and “sucks.” Jeffrey Lichtman, a twenty-eight-year-old associate, recalls Shargel once running up to show off a pair of hard-to-get Knicks tickets, declaring,

"Aren't these neat?" Lichtman says, "Under the surface, Jerry is a twelve-year-old. He's such a sweet, funny, self-deprecating guy. You can tease him. It's amazing his ego is not bigger."

Shargel is proud of his equanimity. Many attorneys, he suggests, would have "crumbled" under the pressure of Gleeson's investigation. He has seldom been busier in more than two decades of practice, despite the fact that many of his recent clients have had to sign waivers acknowledging their awareness of the investigation. He possesses a trait that is enormously useful in a criminal lawyer: the ability to banish unpleasant

self-defense grounds, it turned out after some four hours—and spent the whole time brooding and making himself miserable. It caused him to relive a low moment in the Gotti assault trial of 1990, when he had two slightly different transcripts of the same tape read into the record, to demonstrate that transcripts can be unreliable. It turned out to have been a brilliant ploy, but at the time he believed he had made a tragic error, since both transcripts were damning. "Give me your gun," Shargel recalled telling Gotti. "I'm gonna shoot myself."

Shargel is so disarming that one must remember to be wary of his shrewdness.

with Shargel. (The two were spotted some months ago having lunch at Forlini's, an Italian restaurant near the Manhattan D.A.'s office.) "I like him enormously, he's very endearing. But he's so smart and manipulative that you always wonder if he's calculating the next move. Is his sensitivity real or is he trying to get an edge?"

At times, one suspects that Shargel is elusive even to himself. To defend a public enemy and delight in getting him acquitted, a criminal lawyer must bond in some way with the criminal. Defense attorneys can seldom account for this quirk of personality, and Shargel is no



MICHAEL COIRO, ATTORNEY: NOW SERVING TIME. "YOU'RE ONE OF US," GOTTI'S BROTHER TELLS HIM.



BRUCE CUTLER, ATTORNEY: DEFENDS GOTTI IN A MANNER BEFITTING THE DON. GOTTI CALLS HIM "THIS IMBECILE."



JOHN GLEESON, PROSECUTOR: INVESTIGATES GOTTI'S LAWYERS. "ATTORNEYS ARE AS INTEGRAL A PART OF THE GAMING FAMILY AS ANY OF ITS OTHER MEMBERS."

thoughts. And something else: a refusal to be intimidated.

Relaxed and happy as he seems, Shargel is a perfectionist, who works seven days a week and suffers from insomnia, especially when he is trying a case. Sometimes he gets up in the middle of the night and, not wishing to disturb his wife, Terry, scribbles furiously in the dark. The only time he appears to be in torment is when he believes he has made a mistake. A few months ago, in his summation in a rather routine assault case (the son of a former client had gashed a man's forehead with a beer mug at a pool bar), he forgot to mention a seemingly minor detail about the victim's bruise. He went out for a drink while awaiting the verdict—an acquittal, on

The pool-bar-assault trial provided an illustration. The prosecutor, a twenty-seven-year-old woman in the Manhattan D.A.'s office, was so outmatched by Shargel that Shargel feared the jury would sympathize with her, and he took every opportunity to belittle himself. At one point, he asked the judge's permission to read from a document labelled Exhibit F. The judge was puzzled. Was Shargel sure it said Exhibit F? "It might say something different if I put on my glasses," Shargel said. "Ah! Exhibit B." The jurors laughed, visibly charmed. But Shargel's weak eyesight was an act—and one he had used before.

"You have to be careful with Jerry," says Michael Cherkasky, the prosecutor in the Gotti assault trial, who is friendly

exception; when he is pressed, he speaks lamely of "anti-establishment" leanings. Shargel is the kind of guy who considers it hip to quote Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, or the Rolling Stones at every opportunity. (After winning a bribery case on Long Island, he turned to a reporter, tossed off some Dylan lines—"I'm going back to New York City/ I do believe I've had enough"—and then sped away in his Jaguar sedan.) "You can't do what I do and be an establishment person," he said one afternoon in his office. "You have to be the kind of person who wants to defy convention." As he spoke, he was dressed in his trademark navy chalk-striped suit, with a white pocket square, and he gestured with his cigar.

Shargel would be easier to figure if he

were more outwardly unconventional, a William Kunstler or a Bruce Cutler. He does have an irreverent sense of humor, and it shows in the trappings of his office. There are a pair of shoes in cement, and there is a piece of folk-art sculpture of an angel in a tug-of-war with the Devil, whose tail is wrapped around a tree stump. The walls are covered with Second World War posters cautioning secrecy. One shows a German officer reading a book embellished with a Union Jack, and it says "DON'T KEEP A DIARY—IT MIGHT GET INTO THE ENEMY'S HANDS." Shargel added that one to his collection after destroy-

diverse as heroin smuggling, assault with a deadly weapon, murder, vehicular homicide, money laundering, real-estate fraud, insurance fraud, and tax fraud. The reason he is so much in demand, despite all the controversy, is that in the upper echelons of the criminal bar there are trial lawyers and there are "law persons," but Shargel is among a very few lawyers who excel as both. The trial lawyers are the born actors, expert at demolishing witnesses and captivating juries but, as a class, often barely capable of writing briefs and arguing motions. The law persons, their brainier but less theatrical counterparts, handle those

and makes a point of always moving around the floor. It sends a message that "the courtroom is yours," he says, and forces the jury to watch him. "It's like acting, and the more crowded the courtroom is, the more I let loose. I love to use my body. I forget everything except the role I'm in. In a summation, I'll talk about what a witness said, and I'll jump up and I'll sit in the witness box: 'You remember, he sat right *here*!'" When Shargel addresses a jury, his voice quakes with passion, and there is an iterative rhythm to his words which he has picked up from listening to tapes of Martin Luther King's sermons. After Shargel



1. LEO GLASSER, JUDGE:

DISQUALIFIES SHARGEL AND CUTLER FROM GOTTI'S TRIAL ON THE THEORY THAT THEY ARE "HOUSE COUNSEL" TO THE GAMBINO FAMILY.



SALVATORE (SAMMY BULL) GRAVANO, UNDERBOSS: KILLS TEN PEOPLE FOR GOTTI, THEN TURNS GOVERNMENT INFORMER.



JOHN GOTTI, BOSS: SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE. "GAMBINO CRIME FAMILY? THIS IS THE SHARGEL, CUTLER + WHATTAYA-CALL-IT CRIME FAMILY!"

ing his diaries, to avoid the threat of having them subpoenaed by the government.

Last month, Shargel relocated his office to a suite occupied by Duker & Barrett, a civil-litigation firm. Some see the move as an effort to gain respectability, but Shargel says it was done to reduce his overhead, and that he has no intention of cutting down on his Mafia work. Shargel does not try civil cases. White-collar crime, however, has always constituted a large part of his practice; over the years, he has defended people such as the Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman and the real-estate tycoon Norman Dansker.

In the past two years, Shargel has been in court defending mafiosi, and numerous non-Mafia clients, on charges as

chores and, increasingly often, sit at the defense table throughout the trial as intellectual support. Shargel began as an appellate expert, and his knowledge of case law is encyclopedic. The most scholarly judges treat him as an equal. For five years, he taught criminal appellate practice at New York University Law School. He studies every slip opinion issued in a criminal case by the Second Circuit Court of Appeals.

He is also one of the best pure trial lawyers in town, known for the exceptional skill of his cross-examinations and for his physicality. Though he is far less flamboyant in private than many of his colleagues, something happens to him when he is in a courtroom. Tall and graceful, he acts with his entire body,

won an acquittal for Bill Banks, a former campaign aide to David Dinkins, on charges of grand larceny, a black juror said of him, "He must have gone to a Baptist church, because he sure can preach."

Shargel exudes so much happiness in private that it always comes as a surprise to observe his angry, aggressive alter ego in the courtroom. Like most good trial lawyers, he can manufacture hatred for government witnesses. The moment the prosecutor finishes his direct examination, Shargel leaps up from the defense table and projects his first question before reaching the lectern (to convey to the witness, he says, "Fuck you, you can't hurt *me*"). There is, he points out, an "elegant wrapping" to his attack, but cross-examination is invariably a cruel science.

"You've got to smell the weakness," Shargel says. "Where is this person vulnerable?" He is masterly at what trial lawyers call "control"—damaging a witness's credibility while simultaneously confining him to short answers, so that he cannot make harmful speeches about the defendant. Shargel rarely raises his voice; his weapons are wit and sarcasm. ("You sold drugs, right? . . . You *did* drugs, right? . . . You worked in gambling parlors, right? . . . Would you lie to get out of jail? . . . Never? . . . Because you wouldn't stoop to something like *that*, would you?")

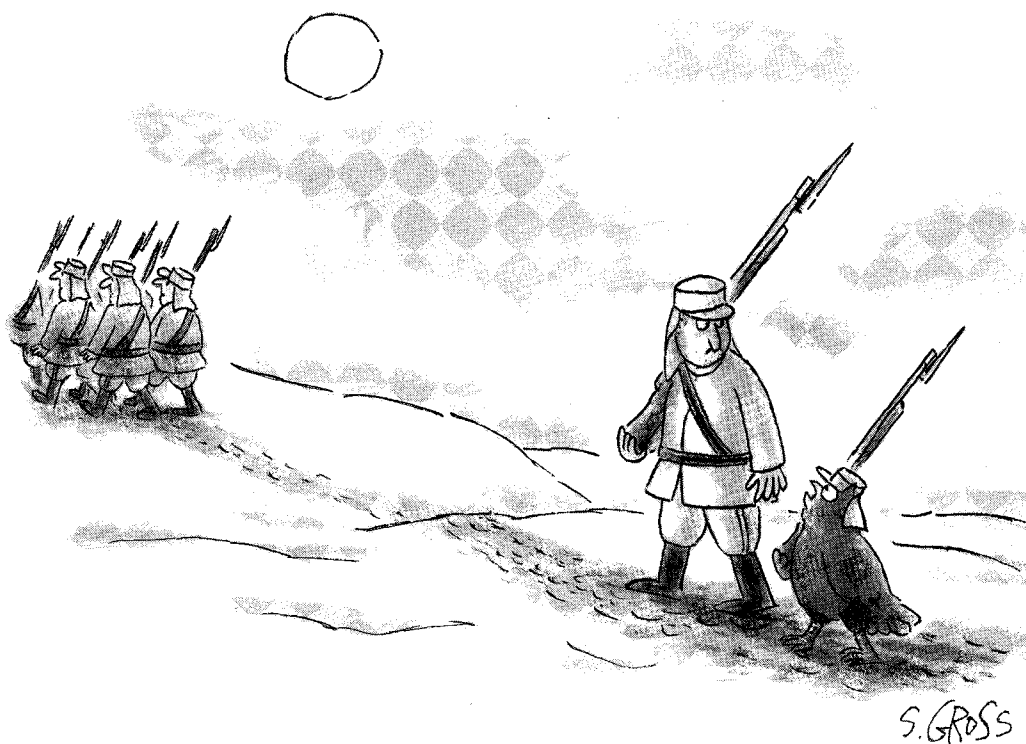
One of Shargel's proudest achievements was a merciless two-day cross-examination, in February, 1992, of Ronald Rivera, the key witness in *People v. Gambino*. On behalf of the Manhattan District Attorney's Office, Rivera, a state trooper working undercover, ran Chrystie Fashions, a garment factory in a loft on the edge of Chinatown. While his "employees" sewed children's jeans, elastic pants, pleated skirts, and other garments for various clothing manufacturers, Rivera gathered evidence that the sons of the late Carlo Gambino, Thomas and Joseph, had taken extortionate control of trucking in the New York garment industry. Shargel, who represented Joe Gambino, committed Rivera's daily reports to memory, and he made a fool

of Rivera by continually correcting his testimony: "Look at your report of September 7, 1988. . . . Does that refresh your recollection? . . . Look at September 30th. . . . One P.M., if you can't find it, Trooper Rivera." By the end of his cross, Shargel had thoroughly humiliated the state's star witness. ("How can I be accurate?" Rivera finally pleaded. "There's too many details.") Less than two weeks later, the District Attorney's Office agreed to an unusual disposition: Tommy and Joe would plead guilty to antitrust charges, pay several million dollars in fines, and agree to sell part of the Gambino trucking fleet and, in return, they would face no jail or probation. Shargel is still gleeful about his mauling of the trooper, but today he does not even remember the trooper's name. "I don't have any feeling one way or another toward that cop," he says. "He had a job to do, and I had a job to do, and I just did it better." He laughs.

The Gambino deal is one of the coups for which Shargel is best known, along with the Gotti acquittal, but he has won other surprising victories. In his 1992 defense of the real-estate developer William Romano, he played on the distrust that jurors often feel toward law officers. Romano had been arrested at Kennedy Airport by a customs inspector, after the inspector and another customs

officer claimed they had discovered more than three pounds of heroin strapped to his body. The first witness was the arresting officer. ("He was sweating a lot. . . . I removed the bulge from his back. It was a package in brown tape.") The other officer corroborated his testimony. The heroin was shown to the jury. Shargel argued that his client had been framed. He pounded on the fact that no photograph was taken of Romano wearing the heroin. He portrayed the arresting officer as greedy for a promotion. He called nine character witnesses for Romano, including a pastor. "Only if you accept with blind faith . . . that cops will never lie" could there be a conviction, he told the jury. Romano walked.

Shargel does not like to settle cases, although his reputation as a trial lawyer often enables him to strike good deals, even in the face of overwhelming evidence. One of his clients, the real-estate executive Robert Goldberg, tried to have his wife murdered so that he could run off with a Korean prostitute. On October 1, 1992, at the main branch of the New York Public Library, Goldberg met with Thomas Beltraz, a private detective who said that he would arrange the hit in exchange for eleven thousand dollars; Beltraz in fact was working undercover for the police. During the meeting, Goldberg gave Beltraz a down payment of twenty-five hundred dollars, and suggested that the hit man stalk his wife and her best friend at the shopping mall, and kill them both, to make it look like a robbery. He asked that the assassin wait a week, until after the Jewish holidays—because "there's gonna be a lot of friends and family around"—and said of his wife, "Look, the last thing I want is for her to be in pain. . . . I might hate her guts, but it's a human being." The entire meeting was captured on videotape and audiotape. Shargel was eager to try the case; he formulated what he called his "nerd defense"—that Goldberg was too pathetic to be a calculating killer. Last summer, however, Goldberg decided to plead guilty, and Shargel negotiated a sentence



"I'm trying to forget a pussycat."

that could have him out of prison in three years.

Shargel often takes unwinnable cases, and, not surprisingly, does not win them; even the best defense attorneys lose a lot of the time. His defense, in 1987 and 1988, of Jimmy Coonan, the leader of the Westies, the Irish mob that operated in Hell's Kitchen, ended in conviction and a seventy-five-year sentence for Coonan, although Shargel still counts it as one of his best efforts. Coonan's motto was "No corpus delicti, no investigation," and it was his practice to dismember the bodies of his murder victims and dispose of the parts in plastic garbage bags. By the time his case came to trial, a number of Westies had turned informant. One, Billy Beattie, described how Coonan took a serrated kitchen knife to the corpse of a loan shark and "whacked his head off." Another, Tony Lucich, testified that Coonan gave him a plastic bag containing the severed hands of a rubout victim, to store in the freezer, so that the fingerprints could be planted on a murder weapon. The star witness was Coonan's former No. 2 man, Mickey Featherstone, a paranoid schizophrenic who once tried to strangle his wife while hallucinating that she was a Vietcong agent. Featherstone said he had committed murders on Coonan's behalf.

"One of the best summations I ever gave was for Jimmy Coonan," Shargel says. "It had a great ending. I thought of it in the shower as I was getting ready to go to court. The idea came to me from listening to Martin Luther King's kitchen-epiphany sermon. You know, King is despondent, and he's sitting in his kitchen late at night, and he hears the voice of Jesus: 'He promised never to leave me, never to leave me alone, no, never alone.' In the Westies trial, there was such a focus on Mickey Featherstone, and his craziness, and how he kept hearing voices. So I said, right at the very end of the summation, 'Let me share something with you. Mickey Featherstone hears voices calling him back to Vietnam. Jimmy Coonan hears voices, too.' Everybody went silent. *What?*"

Jimmy Coonan hears voices, too.

He hears the voice of a Bill Beattie, saying, "I don't want to go to jail for life." Those are the voices that he hears. . . .

And he hears the voice of a Tony Lucich, who says, "You left me here on Tenth Avenue. I got problems with a drug case that

has nothing to do with you. . . . You left me behind. You promised never to leave me. . . ."

He hears those voices. . . .

And he hears the voice of a Mickey Featherstone, saying, "I loved you once but now I hate you. . . . He says, 'Jimmy, I'm drowning. I'm drowning. My life is going before me. . . . I need you because you are my ticket out of here. I loved you once and now I hate you. And you promised never to leave me!'"

These witnesses are reaching out from their prison cells, their cesspools of perjury . . . and they are trying to drag Jimmy Coonan down. They won't let him live.

And I am asking you to let him live.

"I had jurors crying," Shargel recalls. "I had tears in my own eyes. I loved it. Didn't work, though."

ATTORNEYS are not an admired species: in opinion polls, they rank somewhere below journalists. Even people who believe firmly in the right to counsel often begrudge lawyers like Shargel what they do for a living. It seems far too cynical. A criminal trial is a search for truth, yet the defense attorney does his best to confound that search even when he *knows* that his client is guilty. He takes the prosecutor's nice, orderly story about the defendant and attempts to obfuscate it with doubt and reduce it to chaos. He tries to make a witness who is telling the truth appear to be a liar. If he does his work well enough, the guilty party goes free.

Critics tend to forget that in our adversarial system it is defense counsel's prescribed role to be disingenuous if it will help win an acquittal for his client. Supreme Court Justice Byron White wrote, in *United States v. Wade*, "Our interest in not convicting the innocent permits counsel . . . to put the State's case in the worst possible light. . . . In this respect . . . we countenance or require conduct which in many instances has little, if any, relation to the search for truth." If the average person finds this precept hard to swallow, he can take solace in the fact that many prosecutors, and even many judges, cannot accept it, either.

Of the varieties of defense attorney, the Mafia lawyer presumably ranks among the very lowest in public esteem. By Shargel's estimate, there are, at most, fifteen lawyers in New York state who consistently defend major organized-

crime figures. In attempting to account for his membership in this small corps, Shargel speaks exultingly of "the action." He is at a loss to understand why Jay Goldberg, another top trial lawyer, rarely takes on a mob case and has spent far more time handling civil litigation, for the likes of Donald Trump. "Jay made more money than any of us," Shargel says. "But he missed the action."

Not that Shargel doesn't make good money. He has a reputation for charging high fees. When he is paid on an hourly basis—a practice he discourages—he bills at what he calls a "normal" rate of around four hundred dollars an hour. For the most part, he commands flat fees of five or six figures, depending on the case. He will not give details. By the typical

workingman's standards, Shargel is surely a rich man, but he is only occasionally ostentatious about his wealth. (A friend recalls, "I once went over to Jerry's apartment for pizza, and he couldn't pay the pizza man, because all he had was hundred-dollar bills.")

But Shargel appears to be telling the truth when he says that the action, rather than the money, is what motivates him. One of his formative experiences occurred when he was sixteen. By lying about his age, he landed a job as a soda jerk and busboy at the Lido Hotel, in Lido Beach, Long Island. Up to then, his social life had revolved around a Jewish community center in New Jersey, but at the Lido he was exposed to gamblers, politicians, garment-center tycoons, and what his childhood friend Bernie Diamond, who worked with him at the Lido, calls "Damon Runyon characters." Diamond says, "Jerry seemed to have an addictive fascination for the seamy."

This fascination remains the best explanation of why Shargel has found himself at the Ravenite, and also at numerous private gatherings with mobsters—at the wedding of Nino Gaggi's daughter, at Tony Lee Guerrieri's wake, sipping cappuccino in Little Italy with Joseph (Joe Butch) Corrao. When the subject of Shargel's proximity to his clients was broached, he at first took a belligerent, I'm-not-in-business-to-satisfy-the-government attitude. "I could never be John Gleeson's ideal of a criminal-defense lawyer," he said. "The government's at-





"Wait, I think he's just come in. I hear his theme music."

titude is absurd—they're saying I should *distance* myself from my clients. I'm not interested in distancing myself. My wife always says I fall in love with my clients. It imbues me with some serum to go into court and fight for a guy and have passion in my voice. You don't get that by saying, 'I'll meet you, but only between nine and five in my office. I'll speak to you, but I won't come to your wedding. I'll defend you, but if a member of your family dies I won't come to the wake.' What kind of retainer is that?"

However, Shargel also admitted to a visceral thrill in being close to the powerful and dangerous. "Sure, there's a thrill involved," he said. "Don't you think Bernie Nussbaum is thrilled to be in the car with Bill Clinton? If you are a person's lawyer, you provide counsel at the highest level, whether the client is John Gotti or Mick Jagger. The guy who feels most important at a rock concert is the lawyer in the third row with the backstage pass clipped to his belt. People were critical of me for going to the Ravenite Social Club. 'You're a lawyer. Why'd you go down there?' I went to the Ravenite Social Club because I *loved* to

go to the Ravenite Social Club. I loved the idea. I love the fact that when you represent someone you are automatically elevated to that person's level. So if John Gotti sits in the back at the round table at the Ravenite you can just walk in and walk past everybody and sit down at his table. You're elevated. If I was on Mulberry Street having dinner, I would want to go there; I'd look forward to going there; I was anxious to go there." He added, "Sometimes I would step back and imagine I was in a movie. Going to the Ravenite's cool because it's like a movie."

Terry Shargel does not share her husband's fascination. "I really had no interest in going to the Ravenite," she said one evening over dinner at the Shargels' apartment. She used to socialize with Jerry's Mob clients, and once attended a Mafia wedding ("I couldn't believe their names—Joe Butch and Danny Boy and Lucy Girl!"), but she stopped sometime in the mid-eighties. Terry is five feet four, auburn-haired, attractive, and tense. She deals in antique advertising posters, and the walls are covered with them. The apartment takes up an

entire floor, but it is a moderate size for a couple with two children. Johanna was born in 1971, and David is five years younger. Shargel took his daughter's name from Dylan's "Visions of Johanna." She recently graduated summa cum laude from Yale, and was accepted to Yale Law School, though her ambition is to be a journalist. David is studying for a pilot's license and, at sixteen, was already flying a Cessna, to his father's delight. The Shargels' cook, Bea, who served dinner, is one of their few extravagances. Besides renting the East Hampton summer home, they have two Mercedes-Benzes and a small boat called Defense Rests. "Jerry has always earned lots of money by my standard," Terry says. "We realized our dreams very young. Maybe our dreams weren't big enough."

The Shargels have a strong marriage. "They really love each other," Johanna says. "They still dream together, and move forward together. He makes her laugh. She supports him a hundred per cent." They are remarkably opposite in temperament, however. Terry says, "Jerry is friendly and sunny and outgoing; I make people uptight." Shargel, unlike his wife, is incapable of holding a grudge. His younger sister, Judy Shargel Greenberg, who operates a health-care agency, points out a quality in Jerry that is immediately discernible: he wants people to like him, and he will go to extraordinary lengths to repair a rift. One cannot help thinking that it must have been excruciating for Shargel to learn that Gotti was enraged at him. Yet when the subject of the "SHADDUP" incident came up at dinner Shargel was dismissive. "Was I nervous or upset when Gotti talked about throwing me out the, uh, not at all," he said. "I think I saw it for what it was—a momentary expression of anger. It wasn't something anyone would take seriously, except government agents without a sense of humor." And of Gotti's complaint that Shargel was

overpaid he said, "It would only have bothered me if it pushed a button: the guy's right, I can't perform in a courtroom, and I charge too much money. But I heard that tape after I played a major role in winning a case for Gotti, so I certainly didn't feel it was right. In large measure, I found it amusing."

Terry said nothing then, but in a subsequent conversation, out of earshot of her husband, she made her feelings known. "I wasn't fearful—that was just nonsense," she said. "But I had to ask, 'Why are we in this picture? Why are you defending this man who has nothing nice to say to you? Isn't there anything better than "shaddup"? It's so typical of John Gotti. Most of Jerry's clients adore him—they come up to me and hug and kiss me, because they've never had a lawyer who cared about them so much. I've met John Gotti, we've had coffee together, and he's very charming and witty and fast on his feet. But I'm not quite as fascinated as Jerry."

"SHADDUP" was not the only headline that the Shargels had to contend with. In the summer of 1991, segments of the Ravenite tapes were disclosed in court documents, and the tabloids had a field day. The *News* weighed in with "MY LAWYERS ARE 'RATS'" (one of Gotti's numerous put-downs) and, trumpeting Gleeson's investigation of Cutler and Shargel, "THE BOYS & THE HOOD." Terry's biggest concern was the effect of the publicity on David. "My son was a vulnerable age, thirteen or fourteen," she said. "He's a closed person and he doesn't discuss his emotions, so I really don't know even now how much he's affected, or if the kids in school are gossiping about his father." Shargel had taken his son to hear his opening statement in the Gotti assault trial, and then had tried vainly to coax a reaction from him ("So, what did you think of your father? Was he great? Or was he a potato?"). But lately, Shargel says, David is beginning to question him. "He'll see a news story on TV, and ask me,

'Would you defend that person?' Not just once but over and over."

Johanna has found it difficult to be the daughter of a Mafia lawyer. Her problem, she says, is not so much with the clientele—to whom she has been exposed since the age of one, when her parents took her to an Italian restaurant in Brooklyn to have lunch with acting Colombo boss Joseph Brancato—as with "the negative publicity, and people regarding my father as doing something wrong, and looking down on him. I felt my own reputation was somehow damaged." At Yale, she says, the fact that her father had defended Gotti was "the first thing a lot of people knew about me, including my boyfriend." When the investigation of her father hit the newspapers during what she ruefully calls "the Gotti summer" of 1991, Shargel did not discuss it with her in any detail. "He'd just give me a five-sentence summary," she says. "He doesn't like to talk about unpleasant stuff."

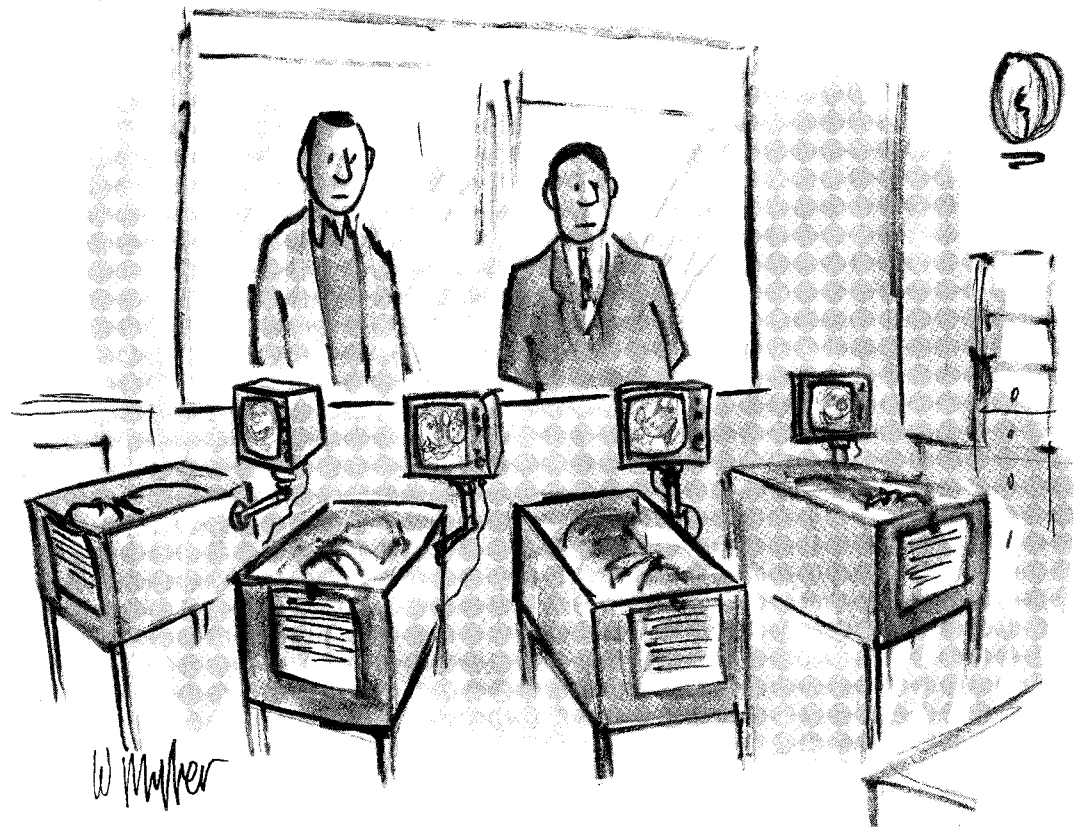
Shargel admits this. He says he is most comfortable socializing with other defense counsel, so that he doesn't have to contend with the usual cocktail-party question about how he is able to defend bad people and keep from making judgments about them. "I know the question's coming, and I try to avoid it at

almost any cost," he says. But after dinner, when the conversation continued in the living room, Shargel warmed up to the topic, as Terry listened in, with amusement.

"A lot of clients tell me they're innocent, because they think I'll work harder for them," he said. "That's not true. It's irrelevant. The question is: Can the State prove its case? The guy can be guilty as hell, but if I win an acquittal it means a fortiori that there was something infirm or wrong with the prosecution's case, and they weren't entitled to the conviction. I am intellectually satisfied and I am morally satisfied, because the system worked. I think I served society. On another level, I'm in it to win it. I was in a contest, and I won the contest. So, of course, I'm elated."

Did he ever feel compassion for the victim?

"No. I don't think about it. I'm detached. I've seen death of every kind and description, and it simply does not affect me. I once handled a murder case in Nassau County. They showed color photographs of a young woman who had been stabbed multiple times, and her body was found lying in a bathtub. That's as bad as it gets. I can look at those gruesome pictures with the cold eye of a surgeon. I just get to work. I



have to be divorced from the underlying acts, because a man who's charged with not only killing someone but disembowelling the person or cutting the person up into little pieces—it's a horrendous, horrendous act. Would probably make some people of weak stomach vomit. But if my mind is influenced by that act then I can't be a formidable advocate for that person. I mean, I guess I've had dinner with people who are perfectly charming, and I don't think, Geez, this guy was out slaughtering people."

Was this a conscious decision?

"No, just the opposite. I think it's probably subconscious. If it were conscious, it would mean that I filter out the thought and push it aside. I don't do that. The thought never gets to that process."

Terry said, "It's like we can't sit around thinking about people starving in India, because if we did we'd all be dysfunctional."

"Don't you see?" Shargel said. "I would start thinking, If I get Client X acquitted, he's almost certain to go out and commit a violent act again, because of his history. What would that mean? I can't sleep at night, I can't eat because, Jesus, I'm fighting for this guy, and he's gonna get out. That would have to affect the way that I work, and my summation or cross-examination might not be that vigorous. Not only does that sell out my client but, on a broader scale, it sells out the system. And you know what really sucks? Probably many of the people who call themselves criminal-defense lawyers judge their clients. I go in and fight as hard as I possibly can, and I don't worry about what's going to happen next. Because if I do, I'll lose my effectiveness."

SHARGEL gets his happy disposition from his father, Leo, whose paint-and-wallpaper store was in Somerville, New Jersey, ten miles from New Brunswick. That is where Shargel was born, on October 5, 1944, and where he grew up, with his younger sister, Judy. Although Leo did not go to college—Shargel was the first in his family to do so—he loved books, and Shargel's friends considered Leo an intellectual because he read the *Times*. Shargel's mother, Lillian, was "the planner and organizer in the family," according to Judy. (Both parents are still living but declined to be interviewed for this account; Judy

says they were badly shaken by the negative publicity in 1991.)

Shargel did not get good grades in school, and he says his parents never pushed him. Judy recalls that "he always knew he would be successful, and go places with his charm and personality." Shargel claims his tendency to defy authority began in school, where he was "a discipline problem" and "a wise-ass." When he reached the tenth grade, he was bused to Bound Brook High School, as one of perhaps a dozen Jewish kids in a class of two hundred and fifty. His best friend at the time, Ed Steckel, recalls the Italian boys as "working-class tough guys who drove big Mercurys and wore black leather jackets," and who picked on Shargel in the school bus and the locker room. "A number of years ago," Steckel says, "I said to Jerry, 'Isn't it goddam ironic? The very guys who used to fuck with you are now your clients.'"

In 1962, despite his poor grades, Shargel gained admission to Rutgers—just barely, because his mother worked there as a secretary. He majored in history, became the rush chairman of his fraternity, and drove a motor scooter. In his senior year, he got his job as a bartender—an experience as educational, he says, as anything he learned in class. By then, he was pinned to Terry Krapes, a speech-pathology major at Douglass College whom he had met at a school mixer. Reflecting fondly on the action at the Lido Hotel, Shargel saw himself becoming a *maitre d'*, but Terry nixed the idea. "I tried to explain that it wouldn't work, me being the wife of a hotel manager," she recalls. "I was too artsy for that—I wore black and hung out in cafés in Greenwich Village and smoked cigarettes. I figured I should at least be married to a professional man. And, since Jerry had no aptitude for math or science, the only option was law."

Shargel enrolled at Brooklyn Law School in 1966. Terry, a year younger, was completing her senior year at Douglass, and Shargel lived alone in the spare room of a Manhattan brownstone. He hunkered down and, for the first time, became an A student. The professor who taught him property law, Leo

Glasser, was then, as he is now, irascible, a brilliant scholar of the law, and a pedant. A quarter century later, as a federal judge, Glasser would brand Shargel a Gambino-family house counsel and disqualify him from the most recent Gotti case. "I remember he gave me an A in the course," Shargel says. "He graded me more harshly in the disqualification motion."

In July of 1968, during the summer before his final year of law school, Shargel worked as a student assistant in the Brooklyn United States Attorney's Office—the only time in his life he has sat at the government table. He had a chance to observe a number of legendary criminal defenders of the day, such as Henry Singer and Murray Edelbaum. When a prosecutor he assisted, John Leone, tried a routine truck-hijacking case against the defense attorney James LaRossa, Shargel looked longingly in LaRossa's direction. "John Leone was a good prosecutor, but in my heart I was bonding with LaRossa," he says. "I would have much preferred to be sitting at his table. The grass looked greener over there—no pun intended. I'm not talking about money. The prosecution table was drab and humorless, while the defense table seemed stylish and alive."

In January of 1969, Shargel joined LaRossa's law firm as a student clerk; he did legal research, wrote briefs, and parked LaRossa's Cadillac. By December, he had been admitted to practice law, and was made an associate. Shargel soon developed into LaRossa's law person, becoming an expert at appellate work—a desk job that involves poring over the transcript of a trial that has ended in a conviction and writing a brief to the Court of Appeals arguing why the conviction should be overturned.

Once in a while, Shargel would get a chance to try a case—usually if LaRossa had a scheduling conflict, or if a client couldn't afford LaRossa's fee. Shargel's first trial involved counterfeit cashier's checks. He lost. The second concerned a bank heist. "They showed that my guy was almost destitute and that shortly after the robbery he went on a trip around the world," Shargel recalls. "I got him acquitted."

In 1974, LaRossa made partners of Shargel and an older associate, Ronald Fischetti. LaRossa was gaining in prominence, helped in part by the pros-

FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO IN THE NEW YORKER





"How would you like to be queen for a day?"

ecutor Maurice Nadjari, who had a habit of indicting judges and public officials, then losing the cases or having the convictions reversed. LaRossa successfully defended the judge Ross DiLorenzo and the New York City tax-commission president Norman Levy.

By 1976, Shargel and Fischetti had grown tired of laboring in LaRossa's shadow, and they quit to form their own partnership. The wounds have since healed, all three men agree, but they were painful at the time. "I guess my ego was hurt that they decided to leave together," LaRossa says. As it turned out, Fischetti & Shargel lasted only two and a half years; in early 1979, they split to become solo practitioners.

Shargel was still better known as an appellate lawyer, and in June of 1979 he made national news in that capacity when the state Appellate Division overturned the murder conviction of his client Anthony (Tony Pro) Provenzano, and ordered a new trial. A suspect in the disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa, Tony Pro had been convicted of killing the Teamsters boss Anthony (Three Fingers) Castellito. Shargel argued successfully that the trial judge should have dismissed a juror who had a personal acquaintance with the prosecutor, rather than force the defense to eliminate her by using up a peremptory challenge.

Shargel came into his own as a trial

lawyer in 1981, when he defended Nicholas Barbato, the former Republican boss of Smithtown, New York. Barbato was accused of taking \$267,500 in kickbacks from Bowe Walsh & Associates, an engineering firm, in return for helping the firm win a sewer contract. Shargel portrayed Barbato, whose family owned a large vegetable stand, as an honest, simple farmer—"a man with soil under his fingernails"—but a former Bowe Walsh executive, Edward Higgins, testified that he himself had withdrawn money from a slush fund and delivered part of it to Barbato personally. In a closing statement that Shargel still considers one of his finest, he ridiculed Higgins' demeanor on the stand, noted grave inconsistencies in his testimony, and, in a King-like peroration, said of his client, "This is the system that he worked for, this is the system that he believes in, and this is the system that will set him free." Barbato was acquitted.

SINCE Shargel's first high-profile trial was a white-collar case, he might easily have developed a practice geared toward nonviolent crime. A lot of people view LaRossa as a Mafia lawyer, and assume that Shargel became one by having worked for him. The fact is that although LaRossa has represented a number of Mafia figures—including Paul Castellano, who ran the Gambi-

no family until December, 1985, when Gotti had him murdered—he has represented many more judges and lawyers. LaRossa is among the people who have been most critical of Shargel's visits to the Ravenite. "I can't defend Jerry's appearance in that goddam place," LaRossa says. "O.K.? I love him like a son, and I'd like to strangle him for doing it. I said, 'If you do it again, I'll come after you with a baseball bat.' And I would. Out of love. Jerry tried that case with Gotti, and he started to eat it up. He got intoxicated. It's as simple as that. Stupid. Stupid."

The man who describes himself as Shargel's other mentor, a lawyer named Michael Coiro, sees nothing

wrong in such visits—he has made several himself—but Coiro is in no position to give advice. In 1989, he was convicted of acts of racketeering—obstruction of justice and helping to stash the profits of a heroin deal—on behalf of the Gambino crime family. He got fifteen years—later reduced to eleven—then nine months more for perjury. To John Gleeson, who successfully prosecuted him, Mike Coiro is the very model of a house counsel—living proof of his theory about the way the Mafia can corrupt its lawyers. That Shargel has remained loyal to Coiro and provided him with free legal assistance has been interpreted as sinister by Gleeson.

Coiro, who is now sixty-three, is being held at the Federal Correctional Institution in Allenwood, Pennsylvania. This past fall, in a visitor's room there, dressed in a khaki uniform and sneakers, he reminisced about the days before he got into trouble—days when he was a defense attorney with a booming practice, and Jerry Shargel was a promising young man he had taken a shine to. Coiro looks a bit like the former Yankee shortstop Phil Rizzuto. As a lawyer, he was known for slapping his clients' backs and addressing everyone as "General." Jail has left him wistful but not bitter. "I'm not going to protest my innocence," he said. "I'm here."

Coiro, who grew up in the Borough

Park section of Brooklyn, among several of his future Mob clients, won a remarkably high percentage of his cases. "I had a knack with jurors," he said. "They just loved me." Shargel concurs, saying, "You could be caught in the cab of a stolen tractor-trailer with two guns in your pocket, and Coiro could get you acquitted."

Shargel was twenty-five, working for LaRossa, and living on Clinton Street in Brooklyn, near the criminal courts, when he met Coiro. Though married, Coiro had no children of his own, and he could show paternal affection for young people he liked; Jerry Shargel was one of them. Because Coiro had moved to Long Island, it was often difficult for him to appear in night court for arraignments; Shargel happily stood in for him. Before long, Coiro was recommending Shargel to his clients for appellate work if they should be convicted. (Among the referrals was Jimmy Burke, of the Lucchese family—the man portrayed by Robert DeNiro in "GoodFellas.") "Mike was really my first source of business," Shargel says.

Coiro also gave Shargel his entrée into the milieu of mobsters. "I said, 'Jerry, you sit in your ivory tower too much. I want you to see what the clients are really like,'" he recalled. "So we made the circuit. I brought him to Queens, and Brooklyn, and Manhattan, and opened up a whole new world for him—night clubs, supper clubs, the racetrack. There was a club on Queens Boulevard called The Suite, and I think it was the first time Jerry had been in a place like that. I introduced him around. At first, the fellas said to me, 'You know, Mike, he's an able guy, this *Mister Shargel*, but he comes on like an assistant U.S. Attorney.' I think I helped loosen him up a great deal. You have to remember, the fellas like to meet and talk with lawyers outside the office. They get a feeling of camaraderie—you're not afraid to sit in a bar and have a drink with them. 'Hey! This is Mike Coiro—he's my lawyer. This is Jerry Shargel.' The government frowns on that. They think it means you're becoming one of them."

One of the "fellas" that Shargel met was John Gotti. Gotti later employed a favorite put-down to describe Shargel in those days: "I remember Jerry when Jerry was an ambulance chaser." Gotti was not such a big shot himself at the

time—he was an acting captain—but, for all the myths that have grown about him, he was certainly charismatic. And a thug. It was during this period, he later recalled, that he broke a man's legs, ankles, and jaw, then pried a gun into his mouth and taunted him: "You wanna play anymore?"

As Gotti's lawyer, Coiro had served him well. In the late sixties, Gotti was busted twice for truck hijacking, and a charge of kidnapping was thrown in the second time, but Coiro managed to work out a plea that involved no additional jail for the second case. Gotti was never long on gratitude, however. One day in 1979 or 1980, while Coiro was dining at the Villaggio d'Italiano, a Mob-owned restaurant in Queens, with Jimmy Burke, Gotti walked in, and Coiro failed to greet him. Enraged, Gotti returned to his nearby hangout, the Bergin Hunt & Fish Club, and sent for Coiro. According to the trial testimony of James Cardinali, who did menial jobs at the Bergin, Gotti threatened to "stuff" Coiro "in the fireplace," but instead assaulted him verbally: "I found you, you were a fifty-dollar ambulance chaser! You are a piece of shit! You're supposed to run when you see me! You sit there with Jimmy Burke, don't get up to say hello to me, I'll kill you!" Coiro took it meekly—"I'm sorry, Johnny"—and, Cardinali related, "that was the end of it."

Gotti's crew, which included his brother Gene, a soldier named Angelo Ruggiero, and Ruggiero's brother Sal, trafficked in heroin. Sal had been a fugitive from three indictments since the mid-seventies, and on May 6, 1982, his chartered Learjet crashed off the coast of Georgia, killing him and his wife. Federal agents found Sal's hideout in New Jersey, and began watching Gotti's crew members more closely. It was difficult for them to sell heroin, and Angelo was worried because Sal's in-laws had been subpoenaed by a grand jury and he did not trust them.

Shortly after the plane crash, Mike Coiro was called in to help sort out these problems. He and Gotti's crewmen sat around the kitchen table of Angelo Ruggiero's home, in Cedarhurst, Long Island, never suspecting that the kitchen

was being bugged by the F.B.I. Coiro managed to obtain through bribery a confidential document from the Nassau County D.A.'s office—"Forewarned is forearmed," he said—and he was prepared to coach Sal's in-laws, who, as Coiro put it, were not "people like us," on how to lie to the grand jury.

On May 12th, Gene Gotti addressed Coiro. "We don't make out . . . that you're our lawyer," he said. "You're not our lawyer. You're one of us as far as we're concerned."

"I know it, Genie, and I feel that way. That's a honor."

On May 21st, Coiro and Ruggiero once again conferred in Ruggiero's kitchen.

"I got this fucking tail on me, Mike—it's unbelievable," Ruggiero said. "I can't go noplac, cause I'm being followed. . . . I might as well put heroin in my fucking hands than the money." Would Coiro hide the cash until the heat was off?

"O.K., no problem," Coiro said.

On August 23, 1983, Mike Coiro and seven Gambino soldiers, including Angelo Ruggiero and Gene Gotti, were arrested on heroin and obstruction-of-justice charges. Coiro was led, handcuffed, to his arraignment. His lawyer, Gerald Shargel, refused to accept a fee for his services.

IN January of 1984, Shargel took on a partner. Judd Burstein was the very image of a law person—barely thirty years old, he had receding curly hair and a high forehead, and wore big round glasses. His mother was a judge. A scholar of the first rank, Burstein took care of writing briefs, so that Shargel could concentrate on his trial practice. In March, Shargel threw a lavish party at the Harmonie Club to commemorate the partnership.

That month, Shargel was hit with a grand-jury subpoena. Walter Mack, a prosecutor in the Manhattan United States Attorney's Office, was investigating a faction of the Gambino family which had been headed by a short, fat former butcher's apprentice named Roy DeMeo. The DeMeo crew specialized in murder; DeMeo was the Mafia's favorite general contractor for jobs in which bodies had to disappear. A Brooklyn apartment served



as a slaughterhouse: dead victims were dragged into the bathroom, bled dry in the shower, stretched out on a swimming-pool liner in the living room, taken apart, and neatly packaged in cardboard boxes tied up with string. "Murder Machine," a recent book by Gene Mustain and Jerry Capecci about the DeMeo gang, estimates that there were more than two hundred victims. DeMeo disappeared on January 10, 1983, and was found a week later in the trunk of his Cadillac, shot to death. Walter Mack learned that Shargel had been the lawyer for DeMeo and several members of his crew. If DeMeo had paid Shargel's fees on behalf of those crew members—what are known as "benefactor payments"—that was evidence of the existence of DeMeo's criminal enterprise. Shargel was ordered to testify and to produce financial records. He moved unsuccessfully in district court to quash the subpoena, then appealed to the Second Circuit.

It was all too much for Judd Burstein, and within a few months he quit. Terry Shargel was furious, but Jerry, unable to carry a grudge, calculates that he has since directed over a million dollars in business to his former partner. Today, Burstein is one of the leading law persons of the New York criminal bar, and more than half of his practice is in civil litigation. He says he is baffled that Shargel's practice is so much narrower than his own. "Jerry doesn't care about being called a Mob lawyer," Burstein says. "I would. I don't want to be a Mob lawyer. I asked him once, 'You have the talent to be one of the leading lights of the bar—doesn't it upset you to be stigmatized?' He said no, because he likes what he does. It's almost paradoxical for somebody who is so great an artist—and Jerry is one of the finest trial lawyers I've ever seen—to have such relatively small horizons."

On August 13, 1984, the Second Circuit ruled against Shargel, forcing him to answer the subpoena. A week later, he appeared before the grand jury, refused on Fifth Amendment grounds to answer Walter Mack's questions, and declined to produce any records. Two days later, he returned to the witness box with immunity, and presented photocopies of check stubs—with dates and figures but no names—and three documents. One of the documents was a sales

SENTIMENT

All things that live die but even
rivers dry up or roll
out of their beds and rising lands

sometimes remove seas and ranges
snow tops all year wear down eventually:
the earth, of course, itself came

into being and must in time be cindered:
think of the shock, though, meanwhile,
of the minor changes, a friend in an

accident, being late to your son's
soccer match, a leaning tree in a
yard an old house has moved away from.

—A. R. AMMONS

receipt for a .12-gauge shotgun—a gift from DeMeo after Shargel had mentioned feeling unsafe at night in a summer home in Quogue. (DeMeo advised him to be careful with the gun, because "if anything happened to you, I couldn't live with myself.") Shargel testified that he was almost always paid in cash by his Mafia clients, and that he kept no records of who had paid him what. As for his appointment diaries, he had destroyed them shortly before receiving the subpoena, he said, in response to a Supreme Court decision, *United States v. Doe*, which provided no guarantee of privilege for such diaries.

Shargel did remember that in October of 1981 DeMeo had handed him a paper bag in front of Ferrara's, a pastry shop in Little Italy.

Q: What was in the bag?

A.: Money.

Q: How much money?

A.: I think some two thousand dollars. . . .

Q: What was that money received on account of?

A.: Continued legal services in connection with . . . Mr. DeMeo.

Q: And it's your testimony to us that no moneys received on that occasion were . . . for any services rendered . . . to Mr. Dordal, Mr. Gaggi, or anyone else? [Paulie Pinto Dordal and Nino Gaggi were two associates of DeMeo who were also represented by Shargel.]

A.: That's right.

This was very different from grand-jury testimony given five months earlier by Freddy DiNome, a former drag racer

employed by Roy DeMeo as a chauffeur. After DeMeo's death, a police detective and an F.B.I. agent had succeeded in "flipping" DiNome—making him an informant. He remembered driving DeMeo to Little Italy and witnessing the incident with the paper bag.

Q: Could you tell the grand jury what you recall about that? . . .

A.: We seen Jerry's car, Shargel, the lawyer. He had a . . . white Jaguar, four door . . . parked right in front of Ferrara's.

Q: And what happened?

A.: Roy handed him a big bag of money.

Q: And did you hear anything said between the two?

A.: Well, they were talking about Nino's case and they would also talk about Paulie Pinto's appeal. . . . He said, "I just gave [Shargel] a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Between [Nino] and Paulie, they're breaking me."

The grand jury returned indictments against twenty-four people in the mass-murder case, and the defendant who was represented by Shargel was a crew member named Richard Mastrangelo. In a brief submitted to Abraham Sofaer, the Manhattan federal-district-court judge hearing the case, Walter Mack moved to have Shargel disqualified from the trial. He argued that Shargel had become house counsel to the DeMeo crew, that his alleged receipt of benefactor payments was evidence of a criminal enterprise and so made him a potential witness, and that he might be less than vigorous in defending Mastrangelo, because he faced possible criminal

charges himself, including perjury.

Judge Sofaer issued his first opinion on March 5, 1985. He was largely sympathetic to Shargel, and called disqualification a "drastic step." Sofaer scheduled a hearing later that month to clear up the matter. At the hearing, Judge Sofaer personally questioned DiNome, and on May 1st he issued a second opinion, disqualifying Shargel from the trial in language that can best be described as scathing. Sofaer had measured the credibility of Gerald Shargel, member of the bar and former law professor, against that of Freddy DiNome, a fourth-grade dropout and pothead who had once chopped off the head of a neighbor's dog to settle a dispute. Evidently, he found DiNome more credible.

DiNome admitted that he had never seen the money inside the bag, and he had altered his story—now the amount was only a hundred thousand dollars. "That DeMeo actually passed \$100,000 in cash to Shargel in a paper bag . . . may be unlikely," Sofaer wrote. "Yet a jury may conclude that Shargel's story of having received only \$2,000 at that time is also unlikely. . . . Shargel's lack of any records of his income, and the manner in which he claims he is paid and keeps track of his money, may make jurors skeptical as to his veracity in general." A jury could find that Shargel's practice of not keeping records was "adopted at the behest of his clients," he wrote, so that they "could receive legal services the value of which clearly exceeded their income from legitimate sources."

Sofaer was also troubled by a story that DiNome told about the time he was incarcerated, before he agreed to flip for the government. During an unsolicited visit, the story went, Shargel had tried to find out whether DiNome was cooperating with the government, and had said he'd arranged for a lawyer to represent DiNome at no cost to DiNome. (Shargel suggested to Judge Sofaer that he had meant that DiNome's brother was going to pay the legal bills. DiNome scoffed at that: "My brother couldn't even pay attention.") Crew members were compelled to "use the lawyers that they assign to you," DiNome said. "This way, if you're doing anything wrong, they would know about it."

Sofaer wrote, "By picking a crew member's attorney, in addition to paying

him, a crew leader can require him to use an attorney who will . . . seek to keep his nominal client from cooperating, or from otherwise harming the crew's interests." Moreover, Sofaer noted, a second cooperating witness had corroborated DiNome's claims about benefactor payments to Shargel. In conclusion, he wrote, "Shargel's conduct raises a credible appearance of impropriety."

In early 1986, Freddy DiNome, who had been renamed Freddy Marino and deposited in San Antonio, Texas, as a protected witness, hanged himself.

Shargel naturally has bitter memories of the disqualification, but he recalls that Walter Mack, unlike John Gleeson, was just doing his job, and that it never got personal. Mack confirms that he and Shargel are friendly today, and that "we even joke about" the litigation. As for whether Mack ever seriously thought of prosecuting Shargel, he says simply, "It wasn't considered after Freddy died."

Shargel suggests that Judge Sofaer got taken. "That whole situation about benefactor payments turned on the word of unsavory scoundrels who sold themselves to the government and told pre-

posterous stories," he says. And, no doubt reflecting on Sammy Bull Gravano, now in John Gleeson's hands, he adds, "One of the most dangerous aspects of this practice is that every client you ever have is a potential enemy."

GRAVANO was apparently a born killer, though his homicidal nature is hard to figure. His family, in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, owned a dress business that employed fifteen people, and his early ambition was to be a hairdresser. But by the end of 1990 he had done nineteen murders—ten of them for his boss, John Gotti. In 1978, he killed Nick Scibetta, who was his brother-in-law: Scibetta's sister, Debbie, was Sammy's wife and the mother of his daughter and son. Gravano claimed that the murder was done on Mob orders, because Scibetta had become an informant, but there were persistent rumors of more personal motives. Scibetta's body was cut to pieces, and only one hand was recovered. It was buried at a funeral service attended by Gravano, who vowed to find the killer.

Gravano had first hired Shargel to



"I say it's seaweed, and I say the hell with it."

defend him in a bizarre tax case that stemmed from one of his murders. In June of 1982, Frank Fiala, the boss of a Yugoslav crew, threw himself a birthday party at the Plaza Suite, a Brooklyn disco owned by Gravano, who also had title to the building and land. Fiala offered to buy the property for a million dollars, and he put down six hundred and fifty thousand; then, when he attempted to withdraw the rest from foreign bank accounts, the deal stalled. On June 27th, Sammy Bull walked into his office, in the Plaza Suite building, and found Fiala, armed with a machine gun, behind his desk. Fiala ordered Gravano to be "nice" and make sure the deal went through; he had killed Colombians, he said, and "greaseballs" like Sammy would be "easy." That night, as Fiala left the disco, Gravano's crewmen ambushed and killed him. Gravano kept the six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and on his 1983 tax return he explained simply, "Deal was aborted by purchaser." He was indicted for defrauding the I.R.S. by failing to declare the income in 1982, and went on trial in August, 1985.

The jury was not to learn that Fiala had been killed—merely that he had died. The trial was assigned to Judge Glasser. Shargel described the late Fiala as a "nut" and a "whacko," who rode into town and offered an absurd amount of

money to his unsuspecting client, for whom the deal was "a dream come true . . . like the Lotto," and he explained, "Sam Gravano is from Staten Island . . . he didn't know about foreign bank accounts." Maybe Sam made a mistake on his return, Shargel said, but he was relying on the advice of his tax attorney. The attorney's testimony supported Shargel's thesis, and Gravano was acquitted.

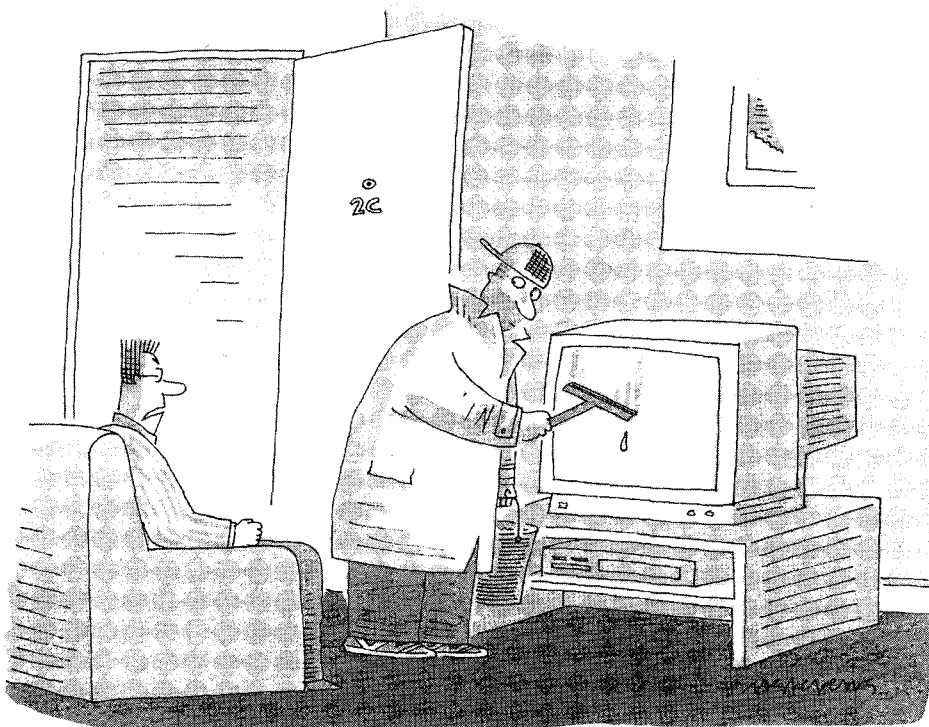
IT may have seemed misguided to go after a man like Salvatore Gravano with a simple tax case, but the practice had a history; even Al Capone had been taken down on his taxes. In the eighties, prosecutors began to wake up to the realization that far more effective weapons against the Mafia had existed for years. In 1968 and 1970, Congress had handed prosecutors two nuclear warheads, which had largely remained unused in their silos. The first was the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, which gave authority for court-approved electronic surveillance. The second was the Organized Crime Control Act, which included RICO, the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations statute. RICO enabled the government to attack the very structure of the Mob, by linking together even petty offenses, such as gambling and loan-sharking, as "predi-

cate acts" in a "continuing criminal enterprise."

One thing that the eighties will be remembered for is the rise of RICO and electronic eavesdropping, which began the decline of the American Mafia. Another is a dramatic worsening of relations between prosecutors and criminal lawyers, especially in New York. Perhaps there was a connection: perhaps, as prosecutors began to look at criminal organizations as a whole, instead of focussing on isolated crimes of individuals, they came to see defense attorneys as more active parts of the equation. No one knows the reason for sure, but the climate today is nasty, and it used to be collegial.

In this new, tense environment, John Gleeson, who became a prosecutor in 1985, appears to be a man for his time, whose rise, thanks to his combination of legal talent and righteousness, could have been foretold. The criminal bar's perception of him is best summed up in five words of Jimmy LaRossa's: "You can't make him laugh." In defense circles, Gleeson's nickname is the Jesuit. Shargel says he thinks that when Gleeson went to catechism class and heard the first Psalm, "Blessed is he who has not walked in the counsel of the wicked," he misheard it as "he who has not counselled the wicked."

If John Gleeson is a devout Catholic, it is one of many things he keeps to himself. Those who get to know him discover, often to their surprise, that while he looks clean-cut—he has dark, wavy hair, and he wears V-neck sweaters under his suit jackets, and tortoiseshell glasses that seem a size too large—he talks like an Irish cop: people he prosecutes are "mopes" and "pieces-a-shit." Gleeson was born in the Bronx, the seventh and last child of an Irish-immigrant father, Patrick, who moved his family to Westchester County when John was an infant. Patrick had never finished high school, and worked as a clerk for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York. In a recent letter, Gleeson noted that "discrimination against the Irish was overt and at its zenith" when his father arrived in New York, in the late twenties, and added that "although it took decades," Metropolitan Life finally awoke to Patrick's "natural abilities" and moved him into management.

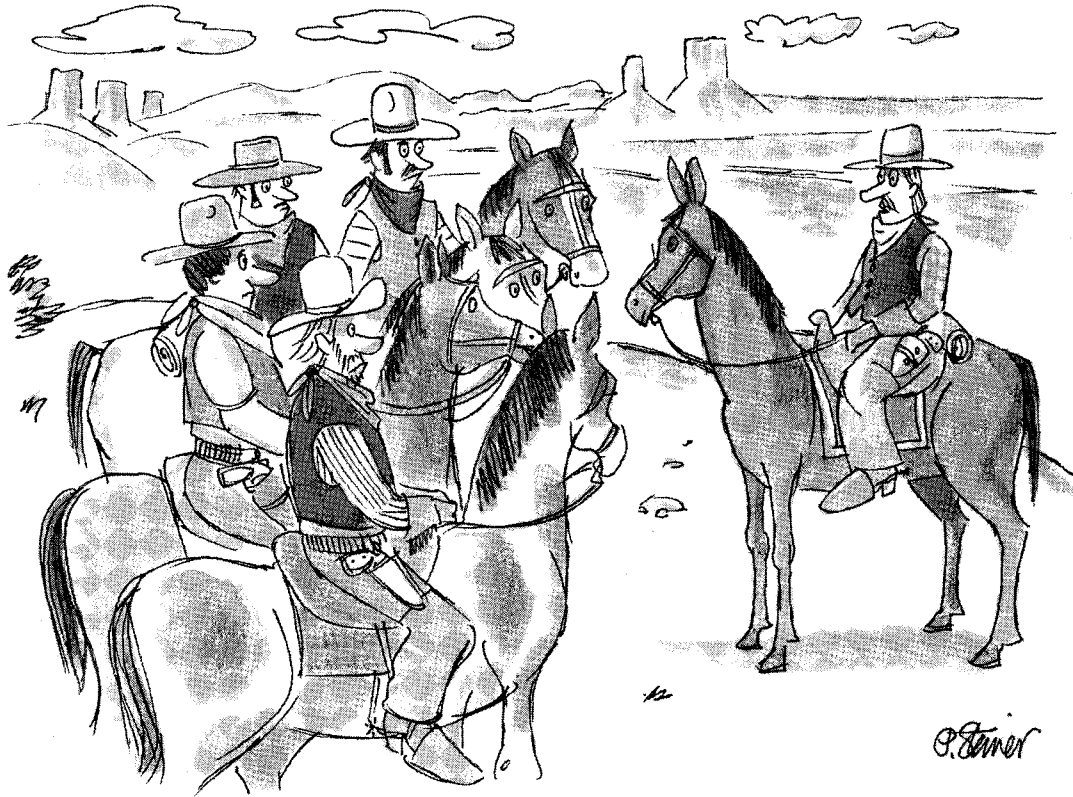


"Just a damned minute!"

John Gleeson excelled in high school as a scholar and an athlete—playing basketball, soccer, and golf—while earning money as a caddie at a local country club. His fellow-students voted him “cutest.” He went on to Georgetown University on an academic scholarship, majored in English, and met his future wife, Susan, a nursing student. After graduation, in 1975, Gleeson spent two years painting houses in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., and then studied for a law degree at the University of Virginia. He and Susan lived in Louisville for a year while he clerked for Judge Boyce F. Martin, Jr., of the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals. Gleeson discovered during his clerkship that he longed to be a prosecutor, but he took an indirect route, first accepting a job as an associate at the distinguished New York law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore.

Gleeson applied to the Manhattan United States Attorney's Office, then headed by Rudolph Giuliani, but he had to make do with a job offer from the Brooklyn office. He joined in 1985, taking a drastic cut in pay, to something less than forty thousand a year, and moved into an apartment in Brooklyn.

He was immediately teamed up with a prosecutor named Diane Giacalone on a multi-defendant RICO case called *United States v. Dellacroce*. Neil Dellacroce was the underboss of the Gambino family, and one of his co-defendants was a captain, John Gotti. The case was a hodgepodge of crimes dating as far back as the sixties—mostly acts of truck hijacking, gambling, and loan-sharking. In December of 1985, before the case came to trial, Neil Dellacroce died of cancer, and two weeks later John Gotti had the Gambino boss Paul Castellano murdered to settle an internal dispute. The case became *United States v. Gotti*, and the lead defendant was the most famous criminal in America. John Gleeson was thirty-two and Diane Giacalone was thirty-five.



“And one other thing—from now on, we’re the James Group.”

Giacalone liked Gleeson, although she considered him “the world’s worst dresser.” As she recalls it, “he owned three suits, all shiny and too small.” Apart from that, he impressed her. “No one works harder than John,” she says. “I worked as hard as he did, but not harder. He is absolutely committed.” Laurence Shtasel, another assistant United States Attorney at the time, recalls, “Night after night, I’d leave the office, and he’d be sitting there with headphones on, going over tapes of hard-to-hear conversations until he had them memorized.” The intense work took its toll. “There were times we nearly killed each other,” Giacalone says.

Giacalone believed that Gleeson, who had never tried a criminal case, should acquire some experience before the Gotti trial started. Arrangements were made for him to prosecute a few smaller cases, the first of which pitted him against Gerald Shargel. Shargel’s client, Giovanni Mazzola, was accused of being an intermediary in a heroin sale, but Shargel presented him as an unwitting Italian translator who believed he was involved in the sale of gold. Gleeson told Shargel that this was his first trial,

and repeatedly asked how he was doing. He soon found out: Shargel won an acquittal.

Gleeson never again tried a case against Shargel, but their next encounter formed the basis of his belief that Shargel was subservient to Gotti. Shargel had been retained to represent Armond (Buddy) Dellacroce, Neil’s son, in *United States v. Gotti*, but after his father died Buddy decided to plead guilty to one count of racketeering. Buddy was thirty years old, a drunk, and a cocaine addict; Giacalone unwisely agreed to recommend bail in return for his guilty plea, and he vanished before his sentencing date. (Three years later, he was found dead of a drug overdose.) When Giacalone gave her opening statement at the Gotti trial, on September 25, 1986, she ended by promising to offer compelling proof of the existence of the Gambino Mafia family—Buddy’s guilty plea. There was an uproar at the defense table. Within days, Shargel filed an affidavit with the court, asserting that he and Giacalone had an agreement that Buddy’s plea could not be used as evidence. Giacalone and Gleeson countered with affirmations calling Shar-

gel's affidavit false. In Gleeson's view, Shargel had been brought to task by an angry John Gotti, and ordered to swear to a false statement. Shargel calls that "preposterous," and says, "I've never submitted a false affidavit to a court in my life." Christine Yaris, a Shargel associate at the time, also insists that there was a deal, and that she was on hand when Giacalone agreed to it. There was no hearing to determine whether Giacalone or Shargel was telling the truth, because the judge, Eugene Nickerson, ruled that even if there had been a deal it had become void when Buddy jumped bail.

If Gleeson's view of Mafia lawyers was tainted by Shargel's affidavit, that was nothing compared with the experience of the trial itself. For anyone reading the transcript of the trial today, it is hard to fathom how Judge Nickerson allowed it to become what he himself called "a circus." Perhaps Nickerson believed that Gotti would be convicted anyway, and wanted to guarantee the appearance of a fair proceeding, but in fact, there was never any chance of a conviction, because, as was later learned, a juror had been bribed.

Gotti's lawyer was Bruce Cutler. He had been introduced to Gotti in 1985 by Mike Coiro, whose own legal problems made him unable to continue representing Gotti. Cutler, who is almost entirely bald and has a big, bulging, bench presser's body, once said he felt like "a candy ass" compared with his client, whom he called "a man's man," along with other rapturous praise. Cutler's style could hardly be more different from Shargel's: he does not control witnesses so much as bully them, and he seems to go out of his way to make enemies of judges and prosecutors. Cutler's antics at the Gotti trial have been well documented—slamming the indictment into a wastebasket, referring to Giacalone as a "tramp" and a "slut," and, in one of the weirdest episodes ever to occur in federal court, calling a thoroughly disreputable witness merely to humiliate Giacalone and Gleeson.

The witness was Matthew Traynor, a bank robber and self-described "liar and a dope fiend" from Ozone Park, Queens, the heart of John Gotti territory. Giacalone and Gleeson had once visited Traynor in jail, and found him in need

of medical care; Gleeson then arranged for Traynor to see a doctor at Beth Israel Medical Center, where Gleeson's wife, Susan, was a nursing supervisor. Ultimately, Giacalone and Gleeson had determined that Traynor was too awful to put on the stand as a witness against Gotti, but Cutler called him as a defense witness in February, 1987, six months into the trial. In blatantly perjured testimony, which grew odder as he went along, Traynor said that Giacalone had asked him to "frame" Gotti and the other defendants, because she, too, had grown up in Ozone Park, and Italian men from the neighborhood "had ridiculed her about being skinny." Traynor went on to say that Giacalone was keeping another of her witnesses high on heroin, and he wanted to be "blocked out" on Valium and codeine (which happened to be the medication prescribed for him at Beth Israel). He also wanted to "get laid," although Giacalone could not help him with that; instead, Traynor said, she tossed him a pair of her panties and told him to "facilitate" himself.

Throughout Traynor's testimony, Giacalone had sat quietly, scribbling notes. She asked John Gleeson to cross-examine him, and he did so with the controlled anger that is his hallmark. Traynor did his best to unnerve Gleeson, berating him for "asking stupid questions," calling him "a meek little mouse" and a "lowlife," and noting that "there are people probably got a nicer suit on than you." Gleeson unwisely brought up the panties story, and then Traynor happily heaped on more detail: "She . . . told me, sniff them and jerk yourself off in the bathroom . . . and they smelled like deep-fried scallops."

Gleeson was dealt the lowest blow when defense counsel, hoping to prove that Traynor's medication was obtained improperly, served a subpoena on Beth Israel for the job records of Susan Gleeson. Judge Nickerson immediately quashed the subpoena, pronouncing it "off the wall," but Gleeson was livid. "The subpoena on his wife—that was it," Jeffrey Hoffman, one of the defense attorneys, recalls. "I had a good relationship with Gleeson up until that point, and because of that I was designated as the guy who dealt with the prosecution. Even though the subpoena was quashed,

I couldn't talk to him after that. He was just . . . gone. Nothing. Ceased."

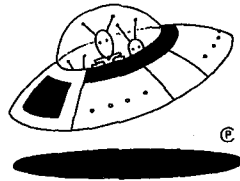
About seven months after jury selection had begun, both sides finally rested and gave summations. The defense attorney Richard Rehbock accused Gleeson of filing a false affidavit to obtain the medical care for Traynor, and in his rebuttal Gleeson's self-control finally cracked: "You should take that accusation," he told the jury, and "shove it down the throat of defense counsel." On March 13th, the jury announced that it had reached a verdict. As Diane Giacalone and John Gleeson stared into space, the jury foreman pronounced "Not guilty" fourteen times, freeing each defendant on each of two counts. The Brooklyn United States Attorney's Office was stunned. Giacalone soon left the legal profession for a job in the private sector; Gleeson stayed.

"I don't think John or I would ever look at the world exactly the same way," Giacalone says now. "It was a lesson for both of us—that some people are willing to do anything. You'll never be innocent again after something like that, never be innocent again."

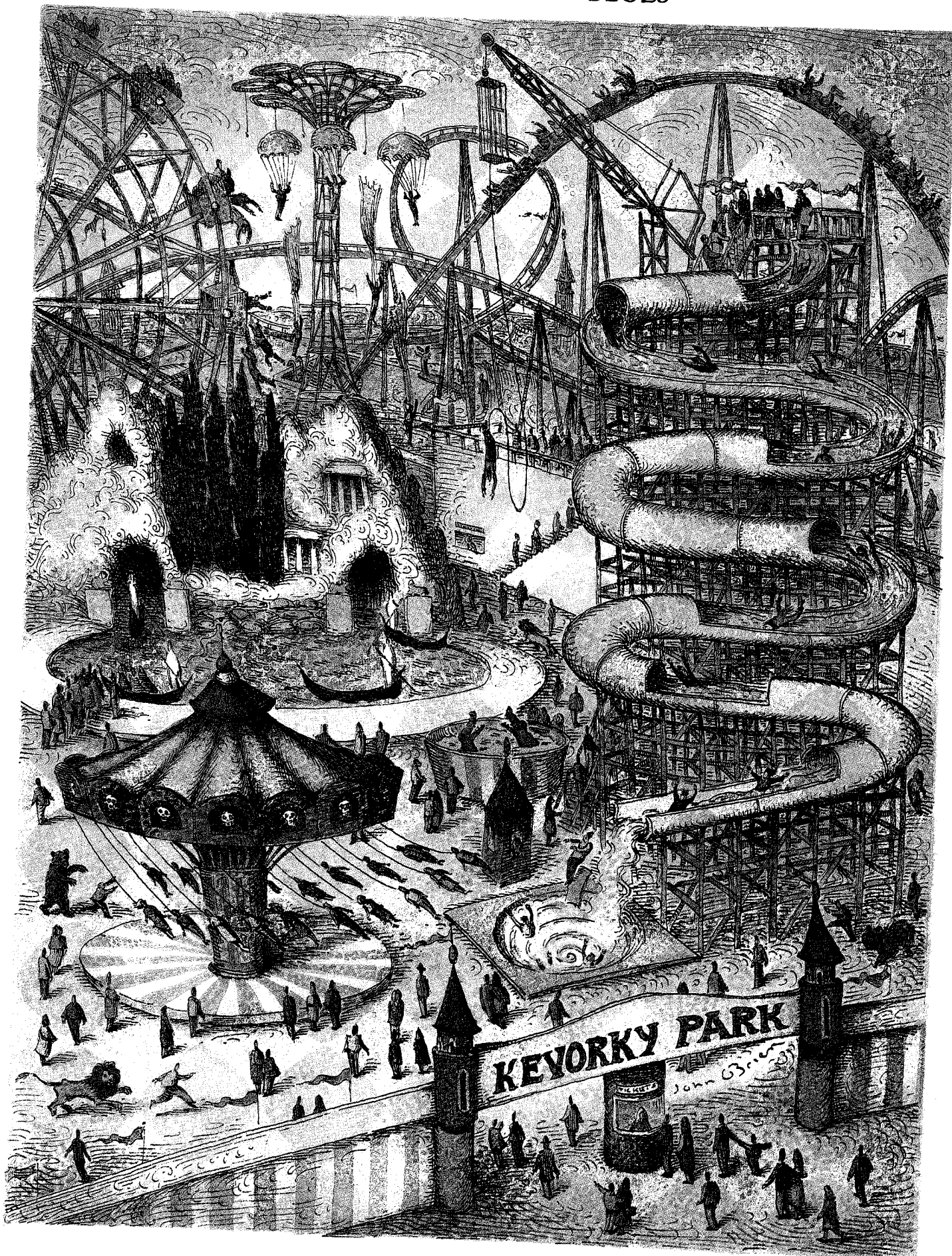
SHARGEL'S reputation as a trial lawyer continued to grow, and in 1988 he became the lawyer for the Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman. Friedman, a thick-waisted man with a goatee and a nasal Bronx accent, had already lost a federal RICO case, and been sentenced to twelve years for improperly inducing the Parking Violations Bureau to buy handheld computers in which he had a financial interest. Now he faced a state indictment for bribing a general in the New York National Guard to recommend his computers to the Guard.

When Friedman hired Shargel, he was headed for the federal penitentiary in Springfield, Missouri, a relatively congenial setting compared with prisons in New York, such as Attica and Rikers Island. The Manhattan District Attorney made Shargel an offer: if his client pleaded guilty, he would not face any state time. Friedman mulled the offer, but he could not take it. "It would have been the only time Stanley Friedman stood up and said, 'Yes, I did it,'" Friedman says today.

Shargel tried the non-jury case in front of Judge Marie Santagata, who rejected Shargel's central thesis—that the



END THE WINTER BLUES



bribe was in fact a legitimate lobbying fee—and found Friedman guilty. By now, Shargel and Friedman had grown fond of each other, and Shargel's voice cracked with emotion as he pleaded with Santagata to reject the District Attorney's demand for more jail: "Stanley Friedman is a broken man—shamed, disgraced, and humiliated. He is a man who is saying, 'I showed compassion in my life, and I am entitled to it now.' But what does he get instead? 'Hit him more! Hit him again! Give him more!'" Judge Santagata was unmoved; she sentenced Friedman to the maximum term—two and a third to seven years—to be served consecutively with his federal time. Shargel appealed. The conviction was upheld, but the consecutive sentence was vacated as "unduly harsh."

Friedman was paroled in 1992, after serving four years. "A lot of people say, 'He got twelve years and he only served four,'" Friedman says. "I shudder when I hear 'only.' Unless someone served time, they shouldn't say 'only.'"

Friedman is unstinting in his praise of Shargel: "A lot of lawyers would feel, 'This is not a major case—even if I win it, the client doesn't get to go home. Jerry fought for me as if my whole life was riding on it. He read every document, he knew what the law was, he summed up terrific, and we got buried. The deck was stacked against us. That judge, it was very lucky that the statute didn't provide for the death penalty—she would probably have given me that. Before the trial started, the D.A. brought me from Springfield to Rikers Island. I spent ninety-one days there, and it was more traumatic than the four years in federal prison. It's a terror camp. People walk around with razor blades under their tongues, so they can give you a quick slash if the occasion arises. The buses you ride back and forth to the courthouse are death traps ready to explode any minute. And it's degrading and torturous for visitors. Jerry would come to visit me at least once a week at Rikers, and it cost him practically the whole day. And, even though he never said this to me, he knew I was tapped out, and I know I got a tremendous break on his normal prices. We are now friends."

Like Shargel, Friedman was an attorney educated at Brooklyn Law, but he

says he can understand it if Shargel is also friendly with his Mafia clients. "The government put me in with the Fat Tony Salernos of this world for four years, and I played bocce with them, and I saw them in the hospital when they were sick and dying, and you establish a relationship, because they're human beings who cry when they're hurting, and who have wives that visit them. Sometimes circumstances dictate your friends." Shargel's attraction to Gotti makes particular sense to Friedman. "From the beginning of time, power is sexy," he says.



IN January, 1989, Gotti was indicted by the Manhattan District Attorney's Office for allegedly ordering the shooting assault of John O'Connor, a carpenters' union official. The F.B.I., which had only a peripheral role in the case, placed a number of bugs in and around the Ravenite Social Club. On five nights during the winter of 1989 and 1990, shortly before the assault trial began, Gotti caucused in an apartment two stories above the Ravenite with his underboss, Sammy Gravano, and his consigliere, Frank (Frankie Lo) Locascio, as the F.B.I. listened in. There were about a dozen conversations recorded in the private hallway behind the back door of the club, and many more recorded in the club itself.

On November 8, 1989, a legal problem had arisen. The late Carlo Gambino's son Tommy, a captain in the family, was about to go on trial for perjury and obstruction of justice, and Gotti and two of his captains, Joe Butch Corrao and George (Fat Georgie) Remini, had been subpoenaed to testify. As far as Gotti was concerned, this was blatant harassment. It was against his rules to testify, so the three of them would simply have to "do a contempt" and go to jail. Gotti seemed more upset that Bruce Cutler, Jerry Shargel, and Mike Rosen, the lawyer for Tommy Gambino, had failed to understand that this was the only acceptable course of action. The three lawyers had met, he said, and determined that Tommy Gambino should plead guilty, to spare Gotti the "aggravation."

That evening, Gotti sat in the club with a group of his men—Joe Butch, Frankie Lo, Jackie Nose, Joe Watts, and

two who were unidentified—and expounded on a favorite theme, the perfidy of lawyers. "I hate them," Gotti said. "You know why I hate them? They don't give a fuck about us seriously. . . . Otherwise, they wouldn't live on Park Avenue. They'd live down on Houston Street."

Bruce Cutler—or, as Gotti called him two days later, "this imbecile"—should have known better than to suggest that Tommy plead guilty, Gotti said. (Gotti apparently sanctioned guilty pleas only for what he called "malicious moper"—minor offenses that had nothing to do with the existence of La Cosa Nostra and did not affect other members of the family.) Gotti related that he had told Cutler, "Now, you tell Tommy to fight it. Break their fuckin' holes, like he, I know he could. And don't worry about us going to jail. Me No. 1! I like jail better than I like the streets." Later, in the hallway, he added, "Get my cell ready! Get Joe Butch's cell ready! And get Fat Georgie's cell ready! And nobody is taking the stand! Tell them to go fight!" Cutler, he said, had protested that his duty was to protect Gotti but had been told, "No, your duty is to listen!"

Gotti was also disappointed in Jerry Shargel. Fat Georgie Remini, a loan shark and numbers runner, who owned a Staten Island fruit-and-vegetable stand called the Top Tomato, was Shargel's client, and he did not want to go to jail. Gotti related a conversation in which Shargel tried to consider other options for his "friend."

Gotti claimed he had told Shargel, "*Minchia!* Show some compassion. Show some interest. Think about it before you talk. Go for a walk or something. Maybe you ain't the fastest-thinking guy in the world. Then come back. 'Listen,' " he said, mimicking Shargel, " 'I wanna talk to my client, and my friend. These are my friends, and beside being my client . . . ' Who the fuck are youse? Who you working for? Did I tell you to do this? . . . If Georgie's on the case alone, you on a case by yourself, it's a malicious moper, drunken-driving case, you'll get sixty days, you wanna take a plea? Take a plea. You got no right and—and jeopardize other people. Who the fuck are youse?"

Three weeks later, Remini appeared in court with Shargel, refused to testify, and got sixteen months. Gotti has since

been convicted of obstructing justice in the Remini matter, and John Gleeson clearly sees Shargel as a conspirator. Shargel, he has written, "was in fact implementing Gotti's desire to corruptly prevent Remini's testimony." If this is the basis of Gleeson's would-be obstruction case against Shargel, it seems weak. Remini did not need Shargel to explain to him a soldier's duty to the enterprise. On November 10, 1989, he got his instructions directly from Gotti: "Do what I tell ya." But the November 8th tape offers unequivocal proof of Gotti's state of mind. In his perception, at least, the enterprise as a whole was Shargel's client, and not George Remini, and a year and a half later Judge Glasser focussed on the damning phrase "Who you working for?"

MICHAEL COIRO's trial began on November 14, 1989—seven years after a bug caught him scheming with John Gotti's crewmen in Angelo Ruggiero's kitchen. Coiro's case had been delayed by complex legal motions. Shargel had been his lawyer all along, but now Shargel was in the middle of another trial, and Judge Joseph McLaughlin refused to postpone Coiro's trial any further. Coiro says that he turned to Gotti for help, and that Gotti got him Bruce Cutler. (Cutler denies that Gotti was involved.)

The prosecutor was John Gleeson, but a very different John Gleeson from the hectored junior assistant in the federal Gotti case. Two and a half more years of trial experience had left him seasoned and confident. Bruce Cutler was the same Bruce Cutler. "My yelling days are over," he assured Judge McLaughlin just prior to his opening statement.

"You were doing a pretty good imitation right there," McLaughlin said angrily.

Gleeson addressed the jury: "We're here because Mike Coiro was completely and thoroughly corrupt. He became one of them." Ninety per cent of the proof in the case, he said, would come from government tapes.

The trial went badly for Cutler, who is at his best in cross-

examining informant witnesses. When it came time for Cutler to put on his defense case, he handed the judge more than a hundred pages of transcript, all out of order, of tapes he wished to play. For the next four and a half hours, the jury was kept waiting as McLaughlin gave Cutler a dressing-down. Cutler's tapes were "irrelevant junk," he said, and the transcripts should have been given to him "far earlier than today."

CUTLER: Your Honor, maybe I am missing what you are saying.

JUDGE: You are missing a body of knowledge called the law of evidence. . . . I suggest you take a course. . . .

CUTLER: Judge, I didn't know you wanted all of these things done beforehand. . . .

JUDGE [booming]: Are you accustomed to keeping juries sitting out there for three or four hours?

Cutler was left with no defense case apart from two short stipulations. Gleeson, in his summation, encapsulated his

theme: "Just because you're a criminal lawyer, you can't be a criminal?" Earlier, Cutler had described Coiro as having "an unusual practice, a full-service practice," and Gleeson delighted in taunting Cutler with his own words: throughout his summation, he referred to Michael Coiro as "our full-service lawyer."

On the following day, November 29th, the jury was still deliberating Mike Coiro's fate, but at the Ravenite Social Club Gotti was concerned with his own. His trial in the O'Connor shooting-assault case had not even begun, and now a corrupt police detective had passed him the news that both federal and state prosecutors wanted to try him for the murder, four years earlier, of Paul Castellano.

Gotti stood in the private hallway behind the club with Joe Butch. "Why don't you call Jerry out?" Gotti said.

"Jerry!"

From inside the Ravenite club,



Shargel stepped out into the hallway. "Say the state wanted to go after me . . . for murder," Gotti said. "But the feds want to for the same thing. Does that make sense they would do it at the same time? Do the same charge, two different places?"

"They've done it," Shargel said. "They've done it in, uh, Stanley Friedman."

The next part of the conversation was only partly audible, but Gotti apparently wondered what statute the feds might use against a hypothetical "guy like myself . . . I'm not saying me" who had killed a person for advancement.

"There's a statute called 'committing murder in furtherance of your position,'" Shargel said. Then he asked, "Who was the guy?"

"Nobody," Gotti said.

There was laughter on the tape.

"Furtherance of your position, huh?" Gotti said. "That's nice."

Shargel said he would check to see "if that statute was in effect in December '85"—the month Gotti had Paul Castellano killed.

"Yeah . . . I'm curious," Gotti said. "Not for myself."

The next day, Coiro was convicted on

all counts. Although he was released pending sentencing, he did not go home after hearing the guilty verdict; instead, Cutler escorted him straight to the Ravenite club. Coiro walked upstairs to the apartment for a private meeting with John Gotti, Frankie Locascio, and Sammy Gravano, and three hours after Coiro was convicted of obstructing justice Gotti was asking him to obstruct justice again.

"Mike," Gotti said.

"Yeah, John."

"First, you know, we're sorry."

"Thank you."

"I don't have to tell ya how sorry we are."

"Oh, John."

Gravano found Coiro a seat, and Gotti said, "I think he's gonna give you ten years. And maybe look for you to do three or four."

"I'll do it, John."

"So, you know, Mike, you got no choice."

Presently, Gotti moved on to his own problems. "I've been told by a source that that pinch is coming down. It's gonna be a joint pinch"—both the feds and the state. "I think that the thing is imminent." Gotti understood that Coiro had a corrupt source of information in law

enforcement—"I never once asked you who he is," he pointed out—and he hoped the source could provide the names of Gambino captains also slated for indictment. "Can you see this guy—pronto?"

"Tomorrow."

Coiro went back downstairs, leaving Gotti alone with his underboss and his consigliere.

"Fuckin' heartbreak, you know why?" Gotti said, and then he explained why: Here was a lawyer, not even a made man, facing jail more calmly than some of his captains. "Fat Georgie, did fourteen hours in jail, crying fuckin' bum!"

Gotti had underestimated Coiro's sentence by five years, and John Gleeson would see to it that Coiro got even more time. A year later, Gleeson subpoenaed Coiro to testify before a federal grand jury investigating the Gambino family. He asked Coiro repeatedly if he had ever gone upstairs to any of the apartments above the Ravenite to confer with Gotti, and Coiro denied repeatedly that he had. Confronted with the apartment tape, Coiro pleaded guilty to perjury, and got twenty-seven additional months, which was later reduced to nine months.

GOTTI was a rich man, with an illegitimate yearly income running well into the millions, but on January 4, 1990, sitting in the Ravenite apartment with Sammy Gravano and Frank Locascio, all that Gotti had to say about his lawyers was that they were too greedy.

"You know, these are rats, er, Sam. And I gotta say, they all want their money up front. And then you get four guys that want sixty-five, seventy-five thousand apiece, up front. You're talking about three hundred thousand in one month, you cocksucker!"

The night before, Gotti said, he had stood in the hallway with Jerry Shargel, discussing Shargel's fee for representing Tony Lee Guerrieri—Gotti's co-defendant in the O'Connor case, which was scheduled to begin in two weeks. "You know what it felt like? You, standing there in the hallway with me last night—and you're plucking me! 'How are you?' Tony Lee's lawyer, but you're plucking me. I'm paying for it. . . . Where does it end? Gambino crime family? This is the Shargel, Cutler & Whattaya-call-it crime family?"



"To be honest with you, Jeanette, I'm looking for a no-load relationship."

"They wind up with the money," Gravano said.

"They're overpriced, overpaid, and, and, underperformed," Locascio said.

His lawyers could not win cases, Gotti said, because of "a bullshit agreement" that he believed existed between them and the prosecutors: "They don't fuck with youse, and youse don't go all out in court."

"You know and I know that they know that you're taking the money under the table," Gotti said. "Every time you take a client, another one of us on, you're breaking the law. . . . If they wanna really break Bruce Cutler's balls, what did he get paid off me? . . . I paid tax on thirty-six thousand dollars. What could I have paid him?"

Gotti said he told Shargel that the least he could do was find out when he was going to be arrested for the murder of Paul Castellano.

"I say, 'Go find out information—what's going, when, when the pinch is coming, you cocksucker! We're making you an errand boy—high-priced errand boy. Bruce, worse yet!' They got a routine now, the two lawyers. Muck and Fuck, I call them. When I see Bruce: 'Hi! Jerry loves you!' he says. 'He's in your corner a hundred per cent!' When I see Jerry: 'Hi! Bruce loves you! He's in your corner a hundred per cent!' I know youse both love me." There was laughter. "Dumb fucks, you know?"

"They must really like ya," Gravano said.

"Sure, Sammy. What's not to like about us?"

MICHAEL CHERKASKY, the chief of the rackets bureau of the Manhattan District Attorney's Office, found a dramatic gesture with which to open *People v. Gotti*. Tall and rail thin, Cherkasky had won forty felony jury trials and lost one in his career as a prosecutor. He now explained the government's theory of the case: The carpenters' union official John O'Connor had sent vandals to wreck Bankers & Brokers, a restaurant then owned by the Gambino family and built with non-union labor. Members of the Westies, acting on behalf of the Gambino family, had shot O'Connor four times in the legs and buttocks. Cherkasky marched over to the defense table, pointed his finger, and said, "This man, John Gotti, the head of the

Gambino family, ordered that assault."

To prove it, Cherkasky was going to put informants on the stand and also play tape-recorded conversations. A few of the tapes were highly incriminating but suffered from a serious drawback—poor audibility. The key tape covered a conversation between John Gotti and Tony Lee Guerrieri on February 7, 1986, at an annex to the Bergin Hunt & Fish Club. O'Connor was discussed by name, and then Gotti supposedly said, "We're gonna—gonna bust him up." But unless one had faith in the state's transcript—and it was the defense strategy to undermine that faith—there was room for doubt.

Shargel and Cutler, who remain close friends today, had never before tried a case together. But John Pollok, the law person at the defense table, had worked with Cutler, and the experience was not a pleasant one. He and Cutler were an odd couple: in contrast to Cutler, with his weight lifter's physique, Pollok was a round, jovial appellate specialist who wore polka-dot suspenders and seemed to be always munching on snacks. They had represented different defendants in *United States v. Tutino*, a narcotics-conspiracy case, and had nearly come to blows when Pollok filed a motion for a separate trial, on the ground that Cutler's judge-baiting had prejudiced his client. Gotti had read a transcript from the Tutino trial and now spoke to Pollok about reigning Cutler in. "He made it clear that one of my roles was to make sure that Bruce didn't do that again," Pollok says. "I have come to like Bruce, I enjoy Bruce, and I think he's a nice fellow. But our strategy was to keep Bruce quiet, to keep him away from the judge."

Cutler and Judge Edward McLaughlin (not related to Joseph McLaughlin, the judge in the Coiro case) clashed anyway. A number of times, McLaughlin sustained objections and Cutler ignored him and barrelled on ahead. "Do I have to talk over you for the rest of the afternoon?" McLaughlin demanded irritably.

By the second week of the trial, Gotti, too, had lost patience with Cutler. Despite his best efforts, Gotti had been unable to rig the jury, and the Ravenite tapes revealed that he believed

he could be convicted of the charges, which could bring him a sentence of twenty-five years to life. "From ten feet away," Cherkasky says, "I could hear Gotti saying something like, 'What the fuck is Brucie doing?'" And Pollok says, "As the trial wore on, Bruce became a more and more remote second to Jerry in terms of responsibility. Jerry did ninety per cent of the cross, and Bruce would mop up."

Shargel considers his cross-examination of the first witness, Vincent (Fish) Cafaro, one of his best. A slight, partly bald man in glasses who had been a captain in the Genovese family, Cafaro had originally agreed to flip after being arrested for rack-

eteering in 1986, but then he had changed his mind, and two disappointed federal prosecutors had him sent to "the hole"—a small isolation cell at Otisville prison, in upstate New York, where conditions were abominable. Shargel proposed that after his ordeal Cafaro would say anything to please the government.

At the defense table, Shargel had thousands of pages of documents on Cafaro, including all his prior sworn statements, and he caught Cafaro in numerous inconsistencies. During the cross, Cherkasky kept rising to object, and was repeatedly overruled; finally, he stood up and was momentarily speechless. "Is he leaving?" Shargel asked. Cafaro, in his direct examination, had described his induction ceremony into the Mafia, and had mentioned that there was alcohol on the table. Shargel asked what it was for. "When they prick your finger, it bleeds, and you use the alcohol to stop the blood," Cafaro said. Shargel gave him a Jack Benny look, and said, "In other words, you were going to get into the Mafia, but you didn't want to infect your finger?"

Shargel made Cafaro revisit the torment inflicted on him by federal prosecutors, and when he was through Cafaro sounded like a broken man.

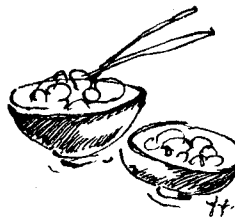
Q.: You hated those prosecutors, didn't you?

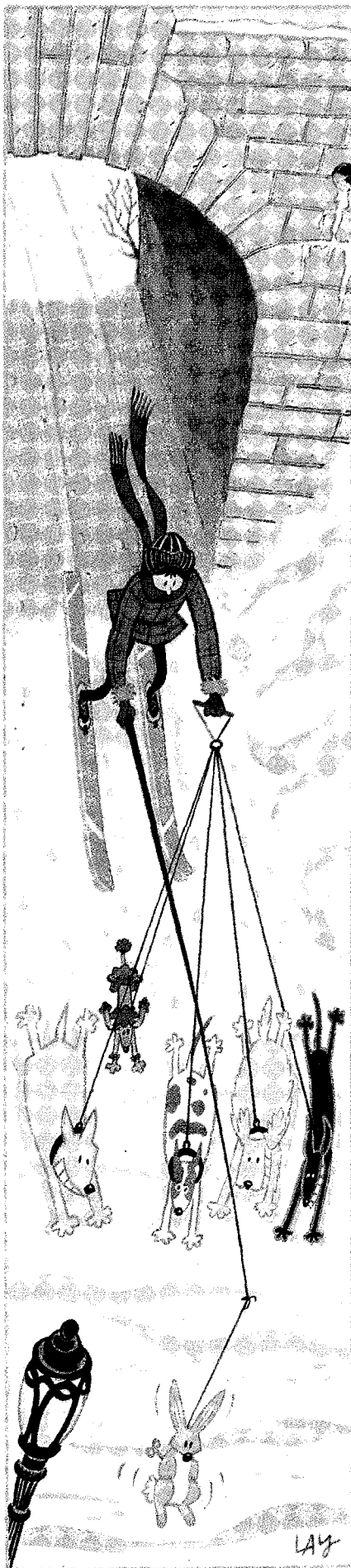
A.: I still do.

Q.: You wished they'd get leprosy, didn't you?

A.: Yeah. . . . Small holes. And get bigger and bigger. . . .

Q.: Month after month, you were in this six-by-eleven cell, right? . . . These two men, representatives of the United States





government... were torturing you?... There were times in the winter when you were freezing to death?... And they didn't give you proper clothes?... Just a jumpsuit?... You didn't even have socks?... And your feet were cold?... That was in the winter, but then the summer came... you're in that cell... and the door is closed, and the guard's saying, "Lock down! Lock down!" and you can't breathe because there is no air?

A.: Right.

Shargel came up with several plays for attacking the tapes, and one was particularly effective. Edward Wright, a police investigator, had reviewed the tape transcripts, and he had revised one of them after repeated listening over the years, adding the name Jimmy Coonan. Shargel set out to prove that the revision was the product of wishful thinking. He walked over to the blackboard and wrote "Psychic." He asked Wright to define the word, erased the board, and wrote "Sidekick." Then he sprang his trap: "Do you understand that I just pronounced 'sidekick' and 'psychic' exactly the same?... Is it not true, Investigator Wright, that you may hear what you want to hear when you're listening to that tape?"

The jury deliberated three days and acquitted Gotti and Guerrieri on all counts. Several jurors told *Manhattan Lawyer* that they were sure the defendants were mobsters but that the unreliability of the tape transcripts had given them reason to doubt the specific charges.

"When we were going to trial, our whole focus was on Bruce Cutler, because he had made the previous Gotti trial into a circus," Cherkasky says. "We succeeded in defanging Bruce, and then found we had to deal with Jerry's brilliance and sarcasm, which we weren't prepared to do. In retrospect, we should have tried Gotti alone and just had Cutler there." Cherkasky shakes his head when the subject of the criminal investigation of Shargel comes up. "It's a shame. The guy is just so talented."

ON March 29, 1990, John Gotti and Bruce Cutler spoke in the hallway of the Ravenite Social Club. Gotti was worried. One of the backup shooters in his murder of Paul Castellano was a soldier named Anthony (Tony Roach) Rampino, who had been arrested in 1987 for selling heroin and sentenced to

twenty-five years to life. Gotti had learned that Rampino was under subpoena to appear before a federal grand jury investigating the Castellano homicide, and, while he believed that Rampino would commit contempt rather than testify, he wanted Cutler to meet with Rampino's lawyer, David DePetris, just to make sure.

"He feels he wants to take the contempt," Gotti said. "But still you—you wake him up, open his eyes..."

"I understand," Cutler said.

"Tell him we don't need another phony junkie battin' against us. O.K.?"

"I understand."

The discussion turned to Raymond Patriarca, Jr., the head of the Patriarca crime family, of Rhode Island. Gotti said that if he needed to communicate with the family Cutler and Raymond's lawyer could act as intermediaries. "So I'm gonna send him a message, that if I ever wanna get a message through to them, or from them, we'll do it through you," Gotti said.

"O.K."

Five days later, Rampino refused to testify and was held in contempt.

JOHN GLEESON was given his chance for a rematch with Gotti in late 1990, when the Justice Department awarded the Ravenite-tape case to the Brooklyn United States Attorney's Office. By then, Gleeson had been promoted to head of the office's organized-crime-and-racketeering section. On December 12th, Gotti was arrested, along with Salvatore Gravano and Frank Locascio, and charged with, among other things, participating in the murder of Paul Castellano.

At that time, federal judges were usually assigned to cases at random by having their names pulled, like bingo balls, from a wheel in the clerk's office. The judge selected to hear the Gotti case was Shargel's former law professor, I. Leo Glasser. Shargel learned the news from Gleeson in a late-night phone call. "I was elated," Shargel recalls. "Gleeson was bummed out."

There were several reasons for this. Shargel had defended Sammy Gravano in front of Judge Glasser once before, to an acquittal. It was no secret that Glasser treated Shargel like a favorite pupil in a Talmud class: whenever Shargel tried a case in his courtroom, Glasser kept him

late to discuss arcane points of law. Beyond that, Glasser had a reputation as a liberal: in a civil RICO case against the Bonanno crime family, he had lashed out against the government for over-zealousness.

Glasser, who is sixty-nine, is considered one of the most scholarly judges on the federal bench, and also one of the most cantankerous; he is constantly pulling off his glasses and forcing a pained smile to register impatience. He was appointed a federal judge in 1981, after five years as the dean of Brooklyn Law School and, earlier, eight years as a Family Court judge. Tough as he is on lawyers, he generally finds it excruciating to have to impose long prison terms.

On January 18, 1991, John Gleeson submitted to Judge Glasser the long, indignant brief in which he quoted extensively from the Ravenite tapes and moved for the disqualification of Gerald Shargel, Bruce Cutler, and John Pollok from the Gotti trial on the ground that they were all house counsel to the Mob. Glasser granted the motion, and handed down his opinion on August 1st. The language of the opinion was almost as angry as Gleeson's, and some readers thought they detected the anger of a man who felt betrayed. (Glasser insists, however, that he "intended nothing personal against Shargel," whom he calls "perhaps one of the best criminal-defense lawyers I've ever seen.") Glasser wrote that "the only conclusions to be drawn are that the lawyers represent not merely an individual client, but the enterprise with which that individual is associated and receive instructions calculated to further the interests of that enterprise." The tape excerpts "reflect Gotti's resolve that the lawyers understand that their concern must be not only for their client, but that they 'got no right [to] jeopardize other people' by their representation," and Glasser quoted Gotti as asking Shargel, "Who you working for?"

Glasser found evidence that Gotti had paid all three lawyers to represent people other than himself, writing, "That benefactor payments have indeed been made to Shargel, Cutler and Pollok is a conclusion the jury can readily and justifiably reach." On January 4, 1990, Gotti spoke of paying Shargel to defend Tony Lee Guerrieri, and elsewhere on

the tape he claimed he had told Shargel, "I gave youse three hundred thousand in one year. Youse didn't defend me. I wasn't even mentioned in none of these fucking things." Gotti also spoke of paying "thousands of dollars" to John Pollok—or, as he called him, "this fuckin' Pollok"—to handle the appeals for two Gambino-family members. The only evidence Glasser cited that Cutler got benefactor payments came not from the tapes but from an assertion by Michael Coiro that he had never paid Cutler to defend him.

Glasser agreed with Gleeson that Gotti's statement about paying his lawyers "under the table" was admissible evidence to support the tax-fraud charge in Gotti's indictment. He wrote, "A jury might well conclude . . . that the lawyers aided and abetted Gotti's tax fraud by not reporting the moneys he pays them. The clear implication that they, too, were committing crimes—'Every time you take a client, another one of us on, you're breaking the law'—gives rise . . . to a serious potential for conflict which justifies disqualification."

Glasser ignored a few of Gleeson's charges. Gleeson described Shargel as a "conduit of information to John Gotti," without citing any information that had been obtained illegitimately. Gleeson also alleged that Gotti and Gravano "placed" an attorney in Shargel's firm. Shargel hired Nicholas Gravante, Jr., the son of the tax lawyer who testified at Gravano's 1985 tax trial, after Gravano and Gotti mentioned that Nick, Jr., was looking for a job. Gleeson's suggestion of something sinister in Gravante's hiring seems frivolous. Gravante graduated with honors from Duke and Columbia Law School, had been offered a job as an assistant United States Attorney by Rudolph Giuliani, and, when Shargel hired him, was an associate at Cravath, Swaine & Moore—Gleeson's former law firm.

Bruce Cutler says that it would be unwise for him to discuss the disqualification—"Don't start me off, because I have strong feelings about it"—but he does contend that he was never paid by anyone to represent Coiro. "I did it because it was the right thing to do," he says.

John Pollok also denies receiving

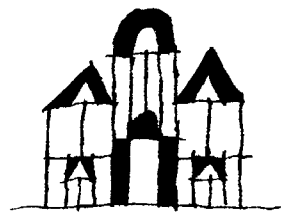
benefactor payments; regardless of what Gotti said on tape, Pollok asserts, "he never paid me for anything." He is angry for subjecting himself to the disqualification in the first place. "As the law person, I could have opted not to sit in the courtroom, but my ego got the better of me," he says. "In one short, swift affidavit by an assistant U.S. Attorney who didn't even know who I was, and one decision by a court, my reputation was destroyed."

Within three months of Shargel's disqualification as Sammy Gravano's lawyer, Gravano decided to turn informant. Gravano's defection remains a source of anxiety for Shargel. One afternoon, while having a drink with the attorney Jeff Hoffman, Shargel suddenly asked, "How long do you think Gravano was in the government offices before the subject turned to me? Fifteen minutes?" Shargel has an additional reason to lament Gravano's cooperation agreement. Lawyers are not permitted to cross-examine their own former clients, so Shargel cannot participate in numerous cases in which Gravano is a scheduled witness. "This guy has cost me a small fortune," he says.

Shargel admits that he expected all along to be disqualified but says he was stunned by the "tenor and tone" of Judge Glasser's decision. "I told myself, He won't do it like Judge Sofaer; he'll just gently ease me out the door. Instead, he kicked my ass down the stairs."

Shargel says he has never had a full opportunity to answer the charges in the disqualification, and will not do so now, because, in the event that he is indicted, it would be foolish to give away his defense.

If Shargel is indicted for taking money under the table, or for some other crime suggested in the Ravenite tapes, he can probably be expected to challenge the reliability of Gotti's pronouncements. Gotti is not always to be taken literally. To give one example, in the tape dated January 4, 1990, Gotti complained about Shargel "plucking" him the night before for his fee to defend Guerrieri. But the January 3rd conversation was also recorded, and when Shargel named his fee—seventy-five thousand dollars for the two-week trial—Gotti seemed to wonder if that



was enough. "That's for the whole ball of wax?" he asked, and then added, "Win the fuckin' case, I'll buy ya a house. I got money."

Still, Shargel has never raised a credible defense against the charge of being a house counsel. Whether or not he was plucking Gotti, he was being paid by the boss of the family to represent one of his soldiers, and so was lending credence to Gotti's claim that he paid Shargel to defend other soldiers. And in return for this supply of business Gotti clearly expected Shargel to place the interests of the enterprise first. Shargel is unwilling to acknowledge the obvious conflict of interest, and his rationale is unconvincing: "If I represent the treasurer of a corporation, and he wants to do what the C.E.O. says, then I'm trying the case the way the treasurer wants." But what if the underling does not want to obey the boss? "I've never had that situation," Shargel says.

AT Stub's Bar & Restaurant, in Brooklyn Heights, John Gleeson drank a mug of beer, watched a Knicks game out of the corner of his eye, and chatted—cautiously at first, then more and more animatedly—with a member of the press. After the disqualification, Gleeson had gone on to win the case against Gotti and send him to prison for life without the possibility of parole. Following the conviction, Gleeson turned down numerous requests for interviews; he does not seek publicity. He just wanted to do his job, he said, and continue the fight against the Gambinos, the Luccheses, and the Colombos—a fight that the federal government appears to be winning. "From a prosecutorial standpoint, we're slaughtering 'em," Gleeson said. "We're kickin' ass and takin' names."

After another conversation at Stub's, several weeks later, Gleeson agreed to a formal interview at his office. On the appointed day, he apologized for being late, but he had been tied up with Zachary Carter, the new Brooklyn United States Attorney. He failed to mention that Carter had just promoted him to head of the entire criminal division. Gleeson's office was messier than one might have expected. "Read anything on my desk and I'll kill you," he said, in such a way that it was not quite funny. He listened to the first question,

pondered it for a long time, then announced that the interview was over. He said he did not care to be dragged into a debate about house counsel, because it might "dignify" the views of those who are house counsel. He made it clear that he regretted the frankness of his conversations at Stub's, and that he would prefer to be left out of this account altogether.

Even at Stub's, Gleeson's most persistent topic had been his distrust of the news media to "get it right." He went on at some length about a newspaper column by Murray Kempton that had described John Gotti as "a statesman."

"Don't get me wrong," Gleeson said. "I don't care that much. I've got my job, and I love what I do—it's public service to the max. But, you know, I walk to sidebars"—conferences with the judge that are out of earshot of the jury—"and John Gotti is calling my wife a junkie and my mother a whore and me a faggot. I mean, I've prosecuted a lot of pieces-a-shit. And never have I prosecuted anybody with less class than John Gotti. Just a completely classless thug. And the press doesn't want to see it. When he got convicted, he was a 'statesman.' He took it nobly. I mean, he is something unique—I'm one of the first to admit that. He had a level of charisma and a way of commanding attention, not just within the Mob but within a courtroom. But he's a punk, you know?"

On a similar note, it had irritated Gleeson to read over and over again that Bruce Cutler had won an acquittal for John Gotti in the case that Gleeson had tried with Diane Giacalone. After all, he pointed out, a juror had since been convicted of taking a bribe. "Bruce is an interesting guy," Gleeson said. "He's a terrible fuckin' lawyer. Just terrible. I mean, the irony of the whole disqualification thing is that it was perceived as a tactical effort to get Bruce out of the case. All along, we thought, If tactics were the

guide here, we'd be gettin' Jerry out and leaving Bruce in. The press? It's to get Bruce out. We were dyin' to get to convict Johnny with Bruce at his side. Who wouldn't be?"

Gleeson agreed that the disqualification motion had been a gamble, because of Judge Glasser's fondness for Shargel. "Oh! Jerry walked on water in that courtroom. One of the risks of that motion was that someone—it was gonna be either Jerry or me—was gonna lose a lot of capital in that courtroom once that motion was filed. And a lot of people were bettin' it was gonna be me. But the thing that nobody appreciated—and I don't mean this in a demeaning way—is what a slave Judge Glasser is to the law."

Nothing seemed to upset Gleeson more than to hear himself described as a zealot by members of the criminal-defense bar. What they really were trying to say, Gleeson claimed, was that he refused to compromise his standards in the name of collegiality. "There are prosecutors who are committed to public service, and there are prosecutors who envision themselves three years from now being a colleague of these people," Gleeson said. "I'll never be a fucking colleague of these people. I don't want to be. So I don't really give a shit what they think. Maybe it was the case five or ten or fifteen years ago, as part of some brotherhood thing, that prosecutors wouldn't apply the facts of the law and seek the relief that was appropriate. Maybe there was enough collegiality so that even though Jerry has taken a lot of money under the table, according to his client, the prosecutor would look the other way. I suppose there are prosecutors now who are gonna say, 'O.K., Jerry. Fine.' But I don't happen to be one of them. It's not that I don't like Jerry. I like him a lot. But the law's the law. And the facts are the facts."

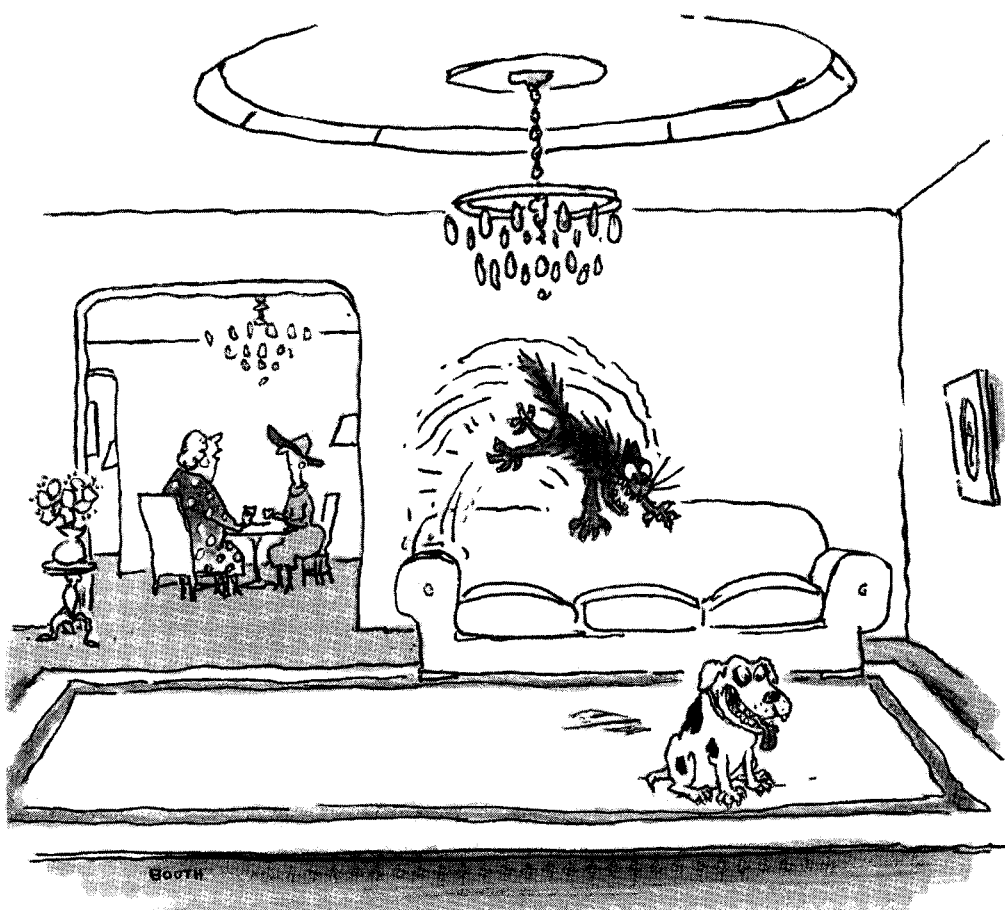
"HOW did I allow this to happen to me?" Shargel says. He considers the question. "I guess it comes with the territory. You can't be in this business if you're timid or afraid. I'm not timid and I'm not afraid. Have I been willing to do things that other lawyers are unwilling to do? Absolutely. Have I been willing to go the extra yard for a client? Absolutely. And am I willing to engage in conduct that may be subject to a negative inter-



pretation? Yeah, absolutely. Clients hire me because I'll do anything that the law will allow, without concern for how it's gonna make me look. So if you're asking me, Why has so talented and able a lawyer put himself in these compromising positions?—that's why. Because I think I'm doing what a real criminal-defense lawyer should do. I don't practice law by covering my own ass."

For his own part, Shargel insists that his notoriety has not come at too great a price. "Terry once asked me an interesting question," he says. "If someone came to me and said, 'We can turn back the clock, and you were never involved in the 1990 Gotti case, and therefore you were never on those tapes or in those headlines, and you never suffered the indignity of Judge Glasser's opinion'—would you take the offer? And, even with the luxurious benefit of hindsight, the answer is no. It was too exciting to be in that case. And I'll tell you something else. If John Gotti's conviction were reversed, and he were sitting in the Ravenite club six months from now, I'd go there again."

When asked about the price of his notoriety for his children, Shargel grows reflective. "I think about that," he says. "And when I do think about it it bothers me, because I cherish the relationship I have with my kids. I don't believe they are, at bottom, ashamed of me. Things have happened that are painful, but that's life. And, in a certain sense, I think it builds strength and character. I grew up in a bucolic New Jersey setting, in a typical fifties tract house, with a Chevrolet, and plastic on the furniture. I didn't know anyone in my entire childhood who had ever been to jail. I never even knew anyone who had been divorced. My father was as steady and conventional a man as you could ever find. He'd never do something that would embarrass me. And, to tell you the truth, I'm not sure I benefitted from all this. I don't think a Beaver Cleaver childhood is something



"I feed the cat nothing but veggies."

I wanted to give to my kids. Maybe you can say I have a screw loose. Maybe it says I'm not the perfect father or the perfect husband, because I've brought some degree of grief or anxiety to my family. But I would do it again. I'd do it again."

THE weekend after John Gleeson was promoted to head of the criminal division, the Shargels relaxed at their summer home in East Hampton—an airy post-and-beam construction, of unfinished wood. A Neil Young tape was playing on a boom box. Jerry Shargel was dressed in shorts and Top-Siders, and was jaunty, as usual. Terry wore a black one-piece swimsuit, and was nervous, as usual. The previous morning's *News* was lying on a side table, and a story on page 3 reported that Bruce Cutler's cancelled checks and bank records had just been subpoenaed by Gleeson's grand jury, and those of the "high-powered attorney" Gerald Shargel would not be far behind.

Shargel made light of it, and Terry did, too, but Gleeson seemed almost to hover over them, and presently they fell to talking about him. Terry said she was worried about "the way Gleeson ticks" and "what he has to prove."

Shargel tried to reassure her: "I don't think Gleeson could withstand the embarrassment of losing. If he allowed himself the possibility—"

"Gleeson is so self-righteous, can his mind accept the possibility that he might lose?" Terry said, interrupting. There was a pause, and then she touched her husband's hand and said, "You're alive."

Shargel left to run a few errands, and Terry's anxiety overflowed: "Can I conceive of Jerry being indicted? I can talk about it. Jerry's indicted today—how will I wake up tomorrow morning? It's very difficult. But I know we can handle it. Nobody's going to die. The worst thing that could happen is that Jerry and I would be separated. Maybe that's denial, but I don't know any other way to live." ♦



BY EVER MEULEN



FICTION

GRANDPARENTING

BY JOHN UPDIKE

THE former Maples had been divorced some years before their oldest child, Judith, married and had a baby. She was living with her husband, a freelance computer programmer and part-time troubadour, on the edge of poverty in Hartford. Joan Maple, now Joan Vanderhaven, told Richard Maple over the phone that she and Andy, her husband, were intending to go down from Boston for the birth, which was to be induced. "How ridiculous," said Ruth, Richard's wife. "The girl's over thirty, she has a husband. To have her divorced parents both hovering over her isn't just silly, it's cruel. When I had my first baby I was in Hawaii and my mother was in Florida, and that's the way we both wanted it. You need *space* when you're having a baby. You need *air*, to *breathe*." Remembering her own, efficiently natural childbirths, she began to pant, demonstratively. "Let your poor daughter alone. It's taken her ten years to get over the terrible upbringing you two gave her."

"Joan says Judith wants her there. If she wants Joan, she must want me. If I let Joan go down there alone with Andy, the kid will think Andy's the grandfather. The kid will get—what's the word?—imprinted."

Ruth said, "Nobody, not even an hour-old infant, could ever think Andy Vanderhaven is one of your family. You're all ragamuffins, and Andy's a fop." Richard had long ago grown used to Ruth's crisp way of seeing things; it was like living in a pop-up book, with no dimension of ambiguity.

But the thought of letting his first grandchild enter the world without him near at hand was painful. Judith had been born in England, and had been tightly swaddled when he first saw her—a compact package with a round red face. She was the first baby he had ever held; he had thought it would be a precarious experience, shot through with fear of dropping something so precious and fragile, but no, in even the smallest infant there was an adhesive force, a something that

actively fit your arms and hands, banishing the fear. The hot wobbly head, the wandering eyes like opaque drops of celestial liquid, the squinting little face choleric and muscular with the will to live. *We're in this together, Dad*, the baby's body had assured him, *and we'll both get through it*.

And they had, through diapers and midnight feedings, colic and measles, adolescent tears and fits of silliness, flute lessons and ski lessons, grade school and high school, until at last, ceremoniously attending an entertainment by the graduating seniors, Richard had been startled by how his daughter, as one of a leggy troupe of leotarded dancers, had in synchrony with the others struck a concluding pose and stared unsmiling out at the audience. All their eyebrows were raised inquisitively. They were asking, *What are we?* And the answer, from the silently stunned audience, had become: *women*. Richard had never before quite so distinctly seen his daughter as a body out in the world, competing, detached from his own. And now her body was splitting, giving birth to another, and he'd be damned if he'd let Joan be there having their baby all to herself.

Driving down Route 86 into the blinding splinters of a sunset, he heard the disc jockey crow, "Get your long johns out of the mothballs, Nutmeg Staters, we're going to flirt with zero tonight!" It had been a dry January so far, but what little snow had fallen had not melted, because of the cold; tonight was to be a record-setter. The station played country music. Hartford had always struck him as a pleasantly hick city, a small forest of green-glass skyscrapers on the winding road to New York; when you descended out of the spaghetti of overpasses, there was a touching emptiness, of deserted after-hours streets and of a state capital's grandiose vacancies. It was a city with nobody in it, just a few flitting shadows, and some heaps of plowed snow. The hospital complex included a parking garage, but he circled the inner-city blocks until he found a free

meter. Not yet six o'clock, it was quite dark. Richard hurried through the iron air to the bright lights of the warm hospital spaces. He was the last of this particular extended family to arrive, and the least. A receptionist and her computer directed him to the correct floor, and after he had sat in the waiting room long enough to skim the cream from two issues of *Sports Illustrated*, Joan hurried out to him from some deeper, more intimate chamber of the maternity wing like a harried hostess determined to make every guest, however inconsequential, welcome.

She had put on weight with her contentment as Mrs. Vanderhaven—Andy evidently didn't impose the slimming stress of her first marriage—and wore a beltless yellow dress, with small flowers, that seemed old-fashioned, a back-to-nature dress from the sixties. Her face, broader than he remembered it, was rosy with the event overtaking her—she was becoming a grandmother—and the tropical warmth of the hospital air. "We didn't know if you'd be coming or not," she explained.

"I said I would," Richard protested, mildly.

"We didn't know if Ruth would let you."

"How would she stop me? She thought it was a terrific idea. 'Give them all my love,' she said."

Joan gave him a quick, blue-eyed glance, uncertain, as she often had been, of how ironical he was being. She seemed in the years since they were married to have lost her eyelashes, and her hair had turned gray above her wide brow. Factually she said, "They broke the waters an hour ago, and now we're just sitting around waiting for the contractions to take hold. Judy is in good spirits, though a little apprehensive." This last description seemed to fit Joan as well; she was shy with him. Their telephone conversations, which, on the excuse of the children, had persisted long into their second marriages, had dwindled these last years; months of silence between them went by now, and he did not know

when he had last been as alone with her as he was in this hotly lit waiting room, with its rows of plastic chairs in alternating colors and its yammering television set up near the ceiling. It was the Sunday of the Super Bowl, and the announcers were revving up excitedly; even the female members of the news teams were supposed to be excited. Joan had been bending over awkwardly, to look him in the face, with her hands braced on her thighs, and now, perhaps in response to a pang in her back, she sat down suddenly, in the plastic chair next to his. His chair was dirty cream in color, hers scuffed orange. The molded shapes were for narrow people, and Richard and Joan had to edge away to avoid touching rumps.

"Who wouldn't be apprehensive?" he asked. "And who is 'we'?" He had taken off his overcoat but was still wearing a tweed sports jacket, and uncomfortably felt the heat of her proximate body.

But Joan seemed to be rapidly relaxing. "Oh," she said, "Paul, and Paul's sister—she's a nurse, as you know, but not at this hospital, but they let her come sit with us, in the pre-delivery room—and Andy and me. And of course Judy and the little stranger."

"Some crowd," he said. "How's Paul acting?"

His son-in-law, whose blond hair was already thinning in front, wore a ponytail, and had always seemed to Richard insolently tall, as if he had just drawn himself up a few extra inches in a kind of full-body sneer. Richard had never quite known what the word "weedy" meant, applied to a person, but Paul Wysocki had helped him to understand. A weedy person was a tall dry stalk you wanted to pull up and throw away. Richard was surprised the marriage had lasted five years. "Wonderfully," Joan said, with defensive emphasis. "Very tender with Judy, and very confident. He didn't miss a single birthing class, you know, and is all set to breathe with her. He brought her favorite book of poems, E. E. Cummings, to read to her as a distraction if she needs it."

"How do you read E. E. Cummings aloud? All those staggered letters and open spaces."

"We heard him himself do it, don't you remember? The year he gave the Norton Lectures."

Cummings had been a small, quite bald man in a tuxedo, very precise in man-

ner, reading everything—Wordsworth, Dante, his own prose and poetry—in a fluting voice that never faltered or slipped, up there on the cavernous stage of Sanders Theatre. Richard and Joan had stood together in line in the Cambridge winter to get into the theatre, whose great Neo-Gothic space was murmurous and steaming with student excitement. For an instant it seemed that now he and this plump elderly woman beside him were like a pair of worn binoculars focussed on that animated bright-headed homunculus lodged deep in the transparent mass of lost time. He was jointly and privately theirs, fluting Wordsworth's "Immortality" Ode, stanza after stanza, while the student audience around them grew restless, wadded in place with hundreds of overcoats.

JOAN went away, promising she'd be back. She did not invite Richard to join the crowd around Judith, nor did he want to. He took the elevator down to the cafeteria, to have a cup of coffee and a lemon Danish. Something about hospital cafeterias freed him from all dietary restraints; if it was bad for you, they wouldn't be selling it. He called Ruth, collect. "Well, I'm here, honey. Nothing much is happening yet."

He liked calling his wife, because her

voice over the phone had a throaty, shapely quality he didn't easily hear when they were face to face; it was a young voice, the voice of their old courtship—secretive, urgent, humid. Yet what she said was typically crisp: "Well, of course not. Whoever said anything *would* happen? You could be stuck there for days. Where are you staying?"

Richard smiled; she always asked that, as if his staying in any hotel or motel without her were a kind of infidelity. "At a Best Inn just off the highway. I thought I should grab a room before I came here. It's going to be record cold tonight. Is it zero yet in Boston?"

"How would I know? I was watching '60 Minutes.' Some fascinating exposé of the pharmaceutical companies, and now I've missed the conclusion. Mike Wallace was being absolutely relentless with some wishy-washy Southern C.E.O."

"I don't think, once they induce, it takes days."

"Well, I never thought I'd wind up a grass widow while my husband runs around watching his children have children. How is Joan? As darling as ever?"

"I only saw her a minute. They're all in some other room, timing Judy's contractions, and I'm outside in the waiting room reading old *Smithsonians*."

"How unfair," Ruth said, and it sounded



"You'll have to proceed without Mr. Larson. He looked back at the Reagan years and turned into a pillar of salt."

as though she were, at last, touched.

"No, Joan understands. I don't need to be in the same room with that willowy Pole."

"But you love Judith so."

"All the more reason not to get her distracted."

After hanging up, he went back into the cafeteria and bought a Hershey bar. He had returned for less than a minute to his perusal of outdated magazines when Joan came back. "Where *were* you? Judy's pace has picked up and she's gone into the labor room." His former wife's cheeks bore a hectic, spotty flush; with her wiggly gray hair and waistless figure she was looking like one of those art-loving Cambridge ladies Cummings had written about and who had showed up at his reading, decades ago, among the hot-bodied undergraduates. She said, "The doctor says Paul and I can stay with her, but not Andy. Andy hates waiting rooms—he thinks they're full of germs—and the nurses said, Why not wait in Judy's room? It has a television set. We thought maybe you'd like to go in there, too." Joan looked slightly alarmed at the idea, as if her two husbands hadn't known each other for years, through thick and thin. "Judy's worried about you sitting out here alone."

"Well, we don't want to worry Judy," Richard said. "Sure, why not?" and he let her lead him down the corridor. Her hair looked less gray from behind, and bounced a bit, as it used to when she would wheel her bicycle ahead of him along the diagonal walks of Harvard Yard.

Andy was sitting in the room's one leather chair, reading a prim little book from the Oxford University Press, with a sewn-in bookmark. He was wearing gold half-glasses and looked up like a skeptical schoolmaster. Richard told him, "Keep reading, Andy. I'll just cower over here in the corner." Joan hovered uneasily, her arms held away from her sides as if she were in a chain dance with invisible partners.

"Dick," she said, pointing, "there's a chair that looks at least half comfortable."

Andy looked up over his glasses again. "Would you like the chair I'm sitting in, Richard? It's all one to me."

"Absolutely not, Andy. Survival of the fittest. To the victor belong the spoils, or something. What's that cute little book you're reading? The Book of Common Prayer?"

It amused him that Joan, a clergyman's daughter to whom the concept of God was not only dim but oppressive, had married such a keen churchman. Andy was an Episcopalian the way a Chinese mandarin was a Confucian, to keep his ancestors happy. Andy showed Richard the little anthology's jacket: "West African Explorers." "But astonishing," he said, "the faith some of these poor devils had. They were all walking straight into malaria."

"You two will be all right, then?" Joan asked.

Her husband didn't respond, so Richard assured her, "Happy as clams. Let us know when the baby comes or dinner is served, whichever comes first."

After listening to Andy turn pages and sniff for a while, and looking out the window at a paved, snow-dusted space crossed now and then by a human shadow hunched against the cold, Richard asked the other man, "Mind if I turn on the TV? We're missing some great commercials."

"That football game? You watch such things?"

"The Super Bowl, I generally do. Andy, how can you call yourself an American and not watch the Super Bowl?"

"I don't call myself an American," Andy said, sniffing, "very often."

Richard laughed. This was fun, he decided. If he were home, he would be watching "Nature" on PBS. One team wore white helmets and the other helmets bronze in color. One quarterback threw passes like darts, neat and diagrammatic, and the other kept scrambling out of his crumbling pocket of protection to toss high, wobbling balls, butterflies up for grabs. "What a catch!" Richard cried out. "Did you see that, Andy? One-handed, six inches off the grass!"

"No, I didn't see it."

"It was a miracle," Richard informed him. "A once-in-a-lifetime miracle. There—you can see it on replay!"

Joan kept checking on them every half hour or so. On one trip, she brought them doughnuts and on another, chicken noodle soup in two plastic-foam bowls on a tray of nubbly recycled cardboard. "The cafeteria is closing," she explained.

"Crackers, did you remember crackers for me?" Richard asked.

"Salt and starch, Dicky boy," Andy said. "You still eat that crap?"

Joan blushed. "As a matter of fact, I did," she said to her former husband, and

produced two packets of saltines from a pocket of her shapeless dress with its little yellow flowers. "I wasn't going to give them to you unless you asked."

Andy explained to him, "Already there's enough sodium in this canned soup to add five points to your blood pressure."

"Go! Go!" Richard yelled at the screen, where a running back, his bronze helmet lowered, his brown calves pumping, was driving three tacklers backward to gain the yard needed for a first down.

Andy eventually stopped trying to read his book, and put on his distance glasses, the better to follow his ad-hoc roommate's football commentary. Richard found himself wildly partisan for the bronze helmets—the more eastern of the two teams and the one with the scrambling quarterback and some butterfingered ends. They were down by ten points at the half. The halftime show seemed very long and overpopulated and was based on nostalgia for a brand of rock that both men had been too old to appreciate the first time around. Richard went out and found a vending machine and brought back four dollars' worth of candy bars and snacks in little waxed-paper bags. Andy ate a few cheese curls, wiping his fingers on his handkerchief afterward. Joan came in, her eyes the electric blue they used to be after a bath, and told them, "They're coming faster now." The contractions.

"How many points is that?" Andy asked when the bronze-helmeted quarterback was sacked behind his own goal line.

"Just two. Last chance at the cheese curls."

"No thanks. All yours."

"Strawberry Twizzler?"

"God, no."

Richard wondered if Andy was this fastidious in bed. Perhaps that was what Joan had needed—a man to draw her out, to make her feel relatively liberated. "No matter where I go," she had once complained to Richard, not only of their sex, "you're there ahead of me."

"Wow," Andy said, of a long, fluttering pass that found the receiver's fingertips, and stayed in his grip despite a lethal blind-side hit.

"That seems to be the name of the game now," Richard told him. "Stripping the ball. It's amazing, what passes for legal with the pros. Watch what happens *after* the tackle." For how long, he wondered, had Joan and Andy been sleeping

together before he had known? Saying she needed interests outside the home, she joined the Episcopal choir, and would come back from Thursday-night rehearsal later and later, creeping into bed with a stealthy rustle as loud as a thunderclap. Even if he was asleep, her sudden warm body, with its cold toes and beery breath, would waken him. Andy sang bass, though you would have taken him for a tenor.

"Survival of the fittest," Andy said now, smiling to himself.

A quick slant, another fluttering pass completed, a brilliant cutback through a hole opened for a nanosecond by an all-pro offensive tackle, and then that big running back tucking his head down and writhing over the goal line: the bronze helmets were back in the game. An interception early in the fourth quarter, by a lineman who almost lumbered off in the wrong direction, and the score was tied. Andy, who was well into it by now, cheered, and Richard offered him a palm-up hand for a slapped five. "My goodness," Joan said, entering the room once more. "Sorry to interrupt the fun, guys, but I have news."

"No!" Richard said, suddenly terrified, as when sometimes in the movie theatre a vast pit of reality and eventual death opened underneath him, showing the flickering adventure on the screen to be a mere idle distraction, a waste of minutes while his final minute was rapidly approaching.

"Yes," Joan said, complacently.

"What sex?"

"Paul wants to give you the particulars himself."

"What a tease she is, huh, Andy? Tell me at least the weight."

"Big. The whole process was big—amazing, seeing it from that side. The afterbirth!" Her eyes rolled up, picturing it; then she gave her nervous clergyman's-daughter laugh, to recall herself from so intimate a sharing, and said sharply to her present husband, "Andy, you must be starving."

Paul came in a minute later, looking so tall he seemed stretched by a transcendent pull from the ceiling. His pale face and lank woman's-length hair were damp with the exertions of vicarious labor. He stabbed at Richard's chest with a recklessly extended hand, and, when Richard took it, said in his soulful troubadour manner, "Your dear brave daughter has



given birth to Richard Leo Wysocki."

It was one of those prepared sentences, like Armstrong's when setting foot on the moon, that come out stilted and hard to understand. They had named his grandson after him. Paul and Judith must have planned this ahead of time, in the event that it was a boy. "My God. You didn't have to do that," Richard said, he feared ungraciously.

PAUL would stay a little longer, to see his wife settled into her room, but he gave the grandparent figures permission to go. "The Super Bowl is still tied!" Richard protested.

Andy said curtly, "It'll be in all the papers tomorrow. Joan and I are leaving." Richard had to admire how carefully Andy wrapped his gray wool scarf around his neck, holding it in place with his chin while he inch by inch shrugged his overcoat up to his shoulders. In the corner of his eye Richard saw Joan reach out as if to help her husband, and then, sensing Richard's watching, suppress the wifely gesture. "Don't forget your book," she told Andy, instead. "And your *Wall Street Journal*."

Paul said, "Mr. Maple, we'll be moving Jude"—he called Judith Jude, as in "Hey Jude," rather than "Jude the Obscure"—"in here, but if you wanted to finish watching the Super Bowl I bet it's on in the waiting room downstairs, or at one of the nurses' stations." Already, he

seemed more mature, and slightly stooped.

"No, no, Paul—the party's over. I'll go with the other old folks. Tell Judith I'll try to swing by tomorrow morning before I head back to Boston. Think that would be O.K.?"

"Visiting hours don't begin until one, but I would think, sure," Paul answered—rather grudgingly, Richard felt. He tailed the Vanderhavens out through the hospital corridors. Joan had acquired a mink coat since her marriage to him; its glinting collar set off becomingly her lightly bouncing hair, with its elusive texture, between frizzy and wavy. Her hair was tightly curly elsewhere, and in the sixties she had managed a pretty good Afro, for a white woman. On the other side of the glass hospital doors, the dark civic vacancy of Hartford brimmed with sheer cold. No one else moved on the streets; Richard's eyes and nostrils stung, and within a minute the tips of his thumbs were aching in their thin leather gloves. Across the street, the hospital parking garage glowed with an aquarium dimness, and the booth where the man took the tickets was empty. To the striped crossbar was attached a sign that in large red letters stated that the garage closed at nine-thirty.

"Oh, damn!" Andy cried, and stamped his foot on the snow-muffled asphalt. Both Richard and Joan laughed aloud, the gesture was so petulant and ineffective. Their laughter rang in the brittle

cold as if off the rafters of a deserted church. Andy asked, "Why didn't anybody *tell* us?"

"I bet they thought you could read," Richard said. "It's probably printed right on the ticket."

Joan said, "I'm sorry, darling. It's my fault. I was just so excited about becoming a grandmother I wasn't noticing anything."

"And I don't see any taxis anywhere," Andy said. "Damn, *damn!*" He wore an Astrakhan hat that made him look like a toy soldier, and every word from his mouth was a streaming white flag.

"Where are you?" Richard asked Joan.

"I think it's called the Morgan. It's the only decent hotel downtown."

That sounded more like Andy than the Joan he had known. He said, "Don't despair. I'll take you in my car, and you can take a taxi back here in the morning."

"That'd be lovely," Joan said, swinging her body to keep warm, so her fur coat shimmered in the faint streetlight. "Where are you?"

"Good question. I parked on the

street, but *I* was so excited I didn't really think where. I remember I had to walk slightly uphill." He headed down the nearest slant of sidewalk, beside Joan in her mink, while Andy tailed behind them. The street came quickly to a dead end, next to what seemed to be a boiler plant, a windowless brick building housing a muffled roaring of heat, and again Richard had to laugh. Joan joined him.

Andy whined, "Let me go back to the hospital and have them phone for a cab."

"Don't be such a sissy, Andy. Think of yourself as a West African explorer," Richard said. His face was blazing in the cold and his thumbs in his thin gloves were quite numb. "It has to be around here somewhere. A gray Taurus, with three bridge stickers on the windshield. I remember noticing a row of boarded-up shops and wondering if kids looking for drugs were going to smash my windows."

"Great," Andy said. "Come on, Joan, let's head back. This is a mugger's paradise."

"Nonsense," Joan pronounced. "Every-

body's too cold to mug." She was still a liberal at heart. She turned to him and said, "Richard, *think*. What kind of shops? Did you cross any big streets? From what angle did you approach the hospital?"

Her hopeful voice, which he had first heard in a seminar on the English Romantics—a dozen callow male faces around an oaken conference table, and hers, shining—summoned up in him a younger, student self. Ruth was so much clearer-headed and more decisive than he that he rarely had to think. A grid began to build in his mind. "One street over," he said, pointing, "and then, I think, left." Joan led the way, he and Andy numbly following; she was the friskiest of the three, perhaps because she had the warmest coat. They had not walked ten minutes before he recognized his car—its three stickers, its pattern of road-salt stains. It had not been broken into. The shops he vaguely remembered were on the *other* side of the street, oddly. He was pleased to hear the locks click; he had known them to freeze in weather warmer than this.

Joan got into the back, letting Andy have the seat by the heater. The engine started, and as the car rolled along the silent, glazed streets, she put her face up between the two men's shoulders, talking to Richard. "The baby. When they come out—I've never seen this described—they have an expression on their faces, a funny little bunchy look of distaste. He looked just like Judith when we'd try to give her prunes. Then there's a gush of water, and the rest of the baby slips out like nothing, trailing this enormous spiralled umbilical cord, all purple and yellow."

"Joanie, please," Andy said, readjusting his muffler.

She went on, inspired, to Richard, "I mean, the *apparatus*. You think of the womb as a kind of place for transients, but it's a whole other life in there. It's a lot to give up." He understood what she meant; as always, she was groping for the big picture, searching for the hidden secret, in keeping with all those sermons she had had to sit through as a child. Life is a lesson, a story with a moral.

Whereas Andy listened to her as one does to second wives, in confidence that the search is over. Or that there is no search. He patted her hand, where it rested in its mink sleeve next to his



"Sandro! What a relief to see you up and smoldering again."

shoulder. "I shouldn't have let you watch," he said. "It's going to give you bad dreams."

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," she said, a bit stiffly, to Richard's ear.

"Tell me one more thing," Richard begged her. "Who the hell is Leo?"

"His father—didn't you know? They're not like we were—this may be their only child, or male child at least, and they had to load him up."

Andy told Richard, "Go right up there, and then you have to go left—it's a one-way street. You can let us off at the corner and we'll walk up to the entrance."

"I wouldn't *dream* of it. I'll circle the block and let you off right under the marquee. We'll make the damned doorman salute."

Joan's hand touched his shoulder. "When you see Judith tomorrow give her my love. We're going to hurry right back in the morning—Andy has a meeting at ten."

Richard thought of kissing her good night, but their faces were probably still icy, and his neck didn't turn as easily as it used to.

HIS room at the Best Inn was on the ground floor, its wall-to-wall shag carpeting laid over concrete poured right on grade. The walls seemed subterranean, breathing out a deep freeze, their surface cold to the touch. The baseboard heating was ticking but not equal to its task. Richard hadn't thought to throw pajamas in with tomorrow's fresh shirt; he shivered in his underwear between the clammy sheets, got up, robbed the other twin bed of its skimpy blanket and bedspread, and finally draped his overcoat on top of himself. Still, the cold pressed in upon him from the walls like a force that wanted to compress his existence to nothing, that wanted to erase this temporary blot of heated, pumping blood. *It's a lot to give up*, Joan had said of the womb, and indeed the cosmic volume of lightless, warmthless space hostile to us is overwhelming. He felt, huddled up, like a homunculus frigidly burning at the far end of God's indifferently held telescope. He was a newly hatched grandfather, and the universe wanted to crush him, to make room. He did fall asleep, a little, and his dreams, usually so rich in suppressed longing and forgotten knowl-

edge, were wispy, as if starved by his body's effort to heat itself.

When, checking out, groggy and still chilled, at the front desk, Richard complained of the lack of heat, the youthful clerk shrugged in scant apology and said, "We don't get a night like last night very often."

The hospital looked different by daylight: more bustling, yet more shabby and temporary, a factory of healing staffed by weary people working half in the dark. A newspaper Richard bought with his tea—no more coffee, he vowed; keep that blood pressure down—said that his team of bronze-helmeted heroes had lost in the last thirty seconds, to a forty-seven-yard field goal. Miracles are cheap.

When, at last, against the strict rules, they let him in to see his daughter, Judith looked unexpectedly neutral after her ordeal—neither drained nor jubilant, sick nor well, older nor younger than her age of thirty-one. She was wearing a hospital johnny under Joan's old powder-blue bathrobe, and sitting on the edge of the bed. She had been feeding the baby, and the nurses had taken him back to the nursery. "I don't know, Dad," she said. "It was a little weird. They put this thing in my arms this morning and it's like I had no idea what to do with it. I hardly even knew which end was up. I was afraid I'd drop it and felt very, you know, awkward."

He sat down in the big leather chair Andy had taken last night and smiled paternally. "You'll get over that very quickly."

"Yeah, that's what Paul says." Paul, the know-it-all. From just the way in which Judith pronounced his name, he had won an undeserved promotion. Richard found himself more jealous and resentful of Paul and the baby than of Andy. Judith said, "He's a great father already."

"Maybe it's an easier role. There isn't all that—that apparatus. Maybe you're still feeling the baby is part of yourself, like a foot. I mean, how much feeling can you work up right off the bat toward a foot? How did the actual—what's the word?—birthing go?"

Judith from infancy on had been a sturdy, independent sort, a little opaque in her feelings, with something of her mother's detached honesty. "Good," she said. "It was good. Paul was great, with

the breathing. At one point he began to sing, and got all the nurses laughing. But they were wrong about the Lamaze method. It hurt. They kept saying it was just pressure, but it *hurt*, Dad."

Warmth swarmed to his eyes, at the thought of his daughter in pain. He blinked and stood and kissed her lightly on her forehead, that wide, pale brow that from the start, love her as much as he could, had held behind it her secrets, her sensations, her identity. "I should go. The nurses want to do something to you."

"Look at him around the corner. See who you think he looks like. Mom thinks he looks like Grandpa, the way his mouth has a little pinch in the middle, and turns down at the ends."

"Sounds like Andy's mouth to me. You don't suppose he's the real grandfather, do you?"

It took Judith a moment to put it together and to realize that her father was being ironical. She was as groggy as he was; he had been compressed in the night, and she had been split in two. He told her, "Your mother by the way said to give you her love. Andy was rushing her back to Boston bright and early, as soon as they could spring their car from the garage where it got trapped last night."

"She told me all about it. She was in, she and Andy, right after breakfast. She talked him into it, I guess."

Richard laughed. "It's going to be hard to keep up with your mother, in the grandparenting business."

"Yeah. You should see *her* hold the baby. *She* knew which end was up."

To him, too, it seemed clear, when a nurse brought his grandson to the window, that this reddish grapefruit, with its frowning, closed eyes and its few licks of silky hair, pale like its father's, was a human head, and that the tiny lavender appendages on the other, unswaddled end were toes. "Want to hold him?" the nurse, who was young and black, asked him through the glass.

"Do I dare?"

"You're the grandpap, aren't you? Grandpaps are special people around here."

And the child's miniature body did adhere to his chest and arms, though more weakly than the infants he had presumed to call his own. Nobody belongs to us, except in memory. ♦



LETTER FROM LONDON

STAYING ALIVE

In February, 1989, the Ayatollah Khomeini issued a death sentence on Salman Rushdie. Five years later, he's still writing—though the protection provided by the British government has been grudging. Now, at last, Westminster and Washington seem to be facing up to what's really at stake.

BY JULIAN BARNES

LAST month, I took part in a fundraiser for a cash-strapped Oxford college: two poets, two prose writers, and two musicians were the evening's entertainment. The six of us filed into the hall and sat unidentifiably in the front row. The organizer began by apologizing for the fact that my advertised fellow-novelist was at the last minute unavoidably unable to make it (he had unavoidably gone skiing, but the fictioneers' freemasonry does not permit me to finger him). Instead, she announced, his place had been taken at short notice by Salman Rushdie. There was, at that point, an example of speaking applause. It wasn't cheerleader stuff (this was England), or even the standing ovation he frequently receives (this was Oxford). It was considered, thoughtful applause, extensive but not self-congratulatory. It simply said: Yes, good, and we are on your side; keep going.

Rushdie has kept going. On February 14th, he celebrates the fifth anniversary of the Ayatollah Khomeini's *fatwa*. The verb in that sentence may seem uneasy, but it fits. It is a matter for celebration that he has survived five years with a million-dollar price on his head; equally, he has survived vilification, demonization, burning in effigy, attacks from a vengeful clerisy abroad, and shameful denunciations from fellow-Britons at home. Better, he has continued to exist as a writer, and has been able to inject sporadic normality into his life. He has lost a little hair, put on a little weight, started to suffer from asthma, but is impressively much the same character who, five years ago, was setting off for the memorial service of his friend Bruce Chatwin when news came through from Teheran of his own planned funeral. The fortitude, intelligence, imagination, and humor that took him into trouble in the first place have

helped sustain him so far. And at the political level there are now, perhaps for the first time, mild grounds for optimism: the inactivity and glacial indifference of the Bush and Thatcher Administrations have been replaced by the comparatively more sympathetic presences of Clinton and Major.

On November 24, 1993, Rushdie met President Clinton at the White House for a few minutes. It was a rare historical moment: Presidents on the whole tend not to entertain foreign nationals condemned to death by the ecclesiastical authorities of yet a third country. Clinton's brief political blessing (which came in the context of Rushdie's hour-long meeting with Secretary of State Warren Christopher and others) was the culminating point of a two-year profile-raising campaign organized by the London-based International Rushdie Defence Committee. It also emblematically returned the case to the widest political arena, which is where it had begun. For this was never just a story of an elderly cleric's venture into literary criticism, or one in which America might intervene at some late stage as untainted peace-broker. It has been universal business from the start, and Americans, in case they have forgotten, are World Devourers. Here are a few extracts from the Ayatollah Khomeini's follow-up speech of 3rd Esfand 1367, or February 22, 1989:

The issue of the book *The Satanic Verses* is that it is a calculated move aimed at rooting out religion and religiousness, aimed above all at Islam and its clergy. Certainly, if the World Devourers could, they would have burnt out the roots and the title of the clergy. But God has always been the guardian of this sacred torch and, God willing, he will continue to be so—on condition that we recognize the tricks, ploys and deceptions of the World Devourers. . . .

The issue for them [the Western powers] is not that of defending an individual, the issue for them is to support an anti-Islamic current, masterminded by those institu-

tions—belonging to Zionism, Britain and the USA—which, through their ignorance and haste, have placed themselves against the Islamic world. . . .

God wanted this blasphemous book, *The Satanic Verses*, to be published now, so that the world of conceit, of arrogance and of barbarism, would bare its true face in its long-held enmity to Islam; to bring us out of our simplicity and to prevent us from attributing everything just to blunder, bad management and lack of experience; to realize fully that this issue is not our mistake, but part of the effort of the World Devourers to annihilate Islam and Muslims. Otherwise, the issue of Salman Rushdie would not be so important to them as to put the whole of Zionism and arrogance behind it.

IF the Rushdie case were a fiction, how would we judge it? Dark, melodramatic, remorseless, and distinctly lacking in jokes—though Vice-President Quayle's venture into the world of Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling was a fine conceit. We should vote the story unputdownable; but we should also, if we prefer traditional narrative, complain about all the postmodern loops and digressions we have had to put up with. British readers have been particularly thrown by this, and over the past five years have often seemed to lose concentration on the central story. Elsewhere in the West, the main themes have always been clear: freedom of expression, and religious (or state) terrorism. In Britain, there have been too many subplots for the local taste: minority communities, their rights, vulnerability, and leadership; electoral votes, and M.P.s' fear of losing their seats; trade, and the potential loss of overseas customers; racism and antiracism; the intelligentsia's lack of political muscle; victim-blaming (disguised as the academic thesis "Hero or Anti-Hero?"); plus, finally, the eternal national quest for a quiet time. Every so often over the last five years, as the story has swirled and shimmied like a

dust storm, the British reader has been obliged to give the head a good shake and say: Hang on—do you mind if we go back to the beginning? Can we go back to the single vicious plot-hook: the idea that a man, a British subject, may publish a novel here in full freedom, committing no vestige of offense under British law, and yet be obliged to go into hiding, protected round the clock by the Special Branch, as the result of an extraterritorial decree of assassination from a far country? Can we get back to that, please?

And when we do, when we now flip to the start of the story, what seems astounding is the lack of outrage in government circles at this historically unparalleled event. When the *fatwa* was announced, the Foreign Office summoned the Iranian chargé d'affaires, had him pointedly received by "only an under-secretary," and told him that the death sentence was "totally unacceptable." As Simon Jenkins, subsequently editor of the *Times* and no parlor pinko, wrote at the time, "I gather this is fairly strong stuff, well up on the Richter scale from 'regret' and leaving 'concern' far behind. Concern, you may recall, was what the Foreign Office said we felt about the Iraqis gassing the Kurds." Outrage was conceded to the Iranians from the beginning; so was principle.

The official British attitude was almost entirely reactive; and that reaction one of conciliatory passivity. Here, for instance, is the sheepish Foreign Secretary of the time, Geoffrey Howe, grovelling on the BBC World Service: "I do emphasize that we are not upholding the right of freedom to speak because we like the book, because we agree with the book. The British Government, the British people, don't have any affection for the book. The book is extremely critical, rude about us. It compares Britain with Hitler's Germany." It doesn't, of course, do any such thing, and when I talked to Rushdie after the Oxford reading he reckoned he might have a nice day out in the libel courts over that last remark, if he didn't have troubles enough already. Still, what sticks in the throat more is those words "the British Government, the British people." I can remember no referendum or even opinion poll on the literary merits of "The Satanic Verses" in early 1989, though it had by this time won the Whitbread Prize for the best novel of the year and been short-listed for the Booker Prize.

Geoffrey Howe went to Brussels shortly after the *fatwa* was issued, for a meeting with his European colleagues, and was surprised to find himself briefly kicked into a semi-non-spineless stance. Britain, "diplomatic sources" admitted afterward, was unprepared for the zeal of France and West Germany in the matter, and Howe found himself carried along by a "spontaneous upsurge of feeling that something tough had to be agreed." This "something tough" was the recall of E.C. ambassadors from Teheran and the expulsion of the Iranian chargé d'affaires in London. Thereafter, for the next four years, official Britain lay like a sleeping hog in the sun, heedless of the potatoes regularly being thrown at it. There was the death sentence and the bounty; the frequent endorsing of the sentence; the raising of the bounty; the grotesque addition of expenses to go with the bounty (imagine the finance-department quibbles back in Esfahān: "Five nights at the Dorchester? Three rocket-launchers?"); the sight and sound of domestic Muslim leaders inciting Rushdie's murder; the own-goal of a terrorist who sat on his bomb in a Paddington hotel; the deportation of Iranian students suspected of plotting murder; the expulsion of Iranian Embassy employees on the same ground; the diplomatic halting of the trial of an Iranian for arson and firebombing despite evidence the judge called "formidable"; and finally, almost comically, the thirty-six-hundred-per-cent increase in the cost of a visa for a British citizen to enter Iran. In the last five years, diplomatic relations between the two countries have been officially broken off and officially restored—broken off by the Iranians, restored by the British.

Britain is a medium-ranked trading nation with memories of great wealth and a fear of future poverty: the latest European Commission survey placed us eighth among the twelve members of the Union in terms of average gross domestic product per capita (ahead of only Spain, Ireland, Portugal, and Greece). We also used to have a reputation as a libertarian haven: Voltaire and Zola each took refuge here when things were hotting up for them in France. But perhaps principles go best with either being rich or being poor. It would, of course, be extremely embarrassing to the British Government if Rushdie were assassinated; and he was awarded immediate Special Branch protection.

But, beyond this, for the first four of the last five years the Government snoozed. They did initially have one very good excuse, or at least something that could be played as an excuse: the fact that there were British hostages in Lebanon. The Iranians themselves never made any official linkage between the two cases (and, had they wanted to, it wouldn't have been difficult to think one up: hand over Rushdie or we'll have the hostage topped). But this didn't affect the argument: it was nod-and-wink time, and if-you-knew-what-we-knew. Rushdie was told to pipe down: don't rock the boat or you might kill Terry Waite. This blackmail, or wise diplomatic inducement, worked: for instance, a planned mass vigil at Westminster's Central Hall on the thousandth day of the *fatwa* was deemed potentially provocative by the Foreign Office and forcibly dwindled into a bookshop reading. As Rushdie himself put it: "Until the day Terry Waite was released, I was a sort of hostage to the hostages." Then, one fine day, the last of the captives was free. So, presumably, I asked Rushdie, it was at this point that the Foreign Office approached you with thanks and fresh plans? "No, we approached them." "But did you," I pressed pedantically, "give them time to approach you?" "Well, yes," he replied, with a still disbelieving chuckle. "I mean, they knew where I was."

And so it has continued. There has been one major and continuing success to the story, and it is one that Rushdie, not surprisingly, appreciates: "What the British have had to do is the bottom line—which is keep me alive. The security forces around the world are really impressed by what the British security forces have done. The Americans said, 'We couldn't have done it.'" But more often the latest plot wrinkle has tended to be dismaying. Last September, for instance, it emerged that British Airways had banned Rushdie from all its flights. One argument he remembers being put to him was that staff would walk off any plane he walked onto. Unfortunately for the airline, on one occasion Rushdie managed to evade the ban and flew B.A. from Paris to London: the staff, far from walking off, asked him for his autograph. British Airways happily—indeed, proudly—flies politicians and royals with a similarly high level of threat against them. And what is the Government's position in all this? According to Rushdie, the Government has on three

occasions asked its national carrier to fly this particular endangered citizen, and on three occasions B.A. has refused. A government that can't even get tough with its own airline is hardly likely to make Teheran break into a sweat.

NOVELS often torment us with if-onlies, and the Rushdie affair constantly invites us to consider alternative narratives. It might seem, at first assessment, one of Rushdie's extra misfortunes that his five years of internal exile have been spent with a Conservative government in charge. And, in a sense, vice versa: for what could be less appealing to the average Thatcherite M.P. as a test of your principles than a brown-skinned left-wing novelist who in an essay at the time of the 1983 election had described the beloved leader as "unusually cruel, incompetent, unscrupulous and violent," and the nation as "nanny-Britain, straight-laced Victoria-reborn Britain, class-ridden know-your-place Britain, thin-lipped, jingoist Britain"? What's more, didn't he in the very damn book that was causing such a hoo-ha down among the natives refer to the P.M. as "Mrs. Torture"? (He didn't, actually: he had a satirized Thatcherite briefly and affectionately so refer to her; but that, of course, is being literary.) Pity the poor Tory M.P. faced with such a hard case—though pity Rushdie more for having to plead his cause before Tory torpor.

Yet the hypothesis, the alternative narrative, that suggests he might have done better with the Labour Party in power is unconvincing. Though historically more libertarian and arts-favoring than the Tories, Labour hardly fell over itself to support one of its well-known supporters. The Party's former leader Michael Foot (one of the Booker Prize judges who had short-listed "The Satanic Verses") was a staunch public advocate, but his two successors, Neil Kinnock and John Smith, have been more than ultra-cautious. Kinnock was hindered by the fact that his chief home and foreign-affairs spokesmen, Roy Hattersley and Gerald Kaufman, were, as Rushdie puts it, "virulently against me . . . vitriolic and personal." Hattersley, then Deputy Leader, is a sort of novelist himself (he writes chubby sagas full of characters called Hattersley), and took the twin line that Rushdie had the right to publish his novel but ought to suppress the paperback: some might spot

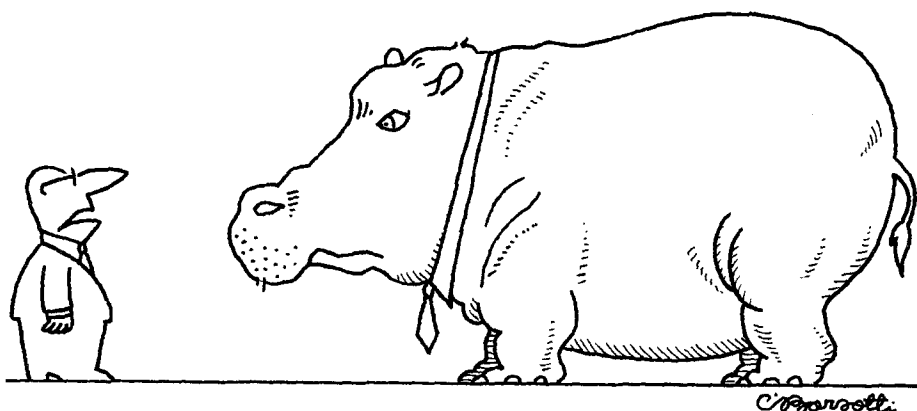
a plump contradiction slopping around in there. Two Labour M.P.s called for withdrawal of the book, arguing that Labour "ambivalence" on the matter (i.e., pro-Rushdie squeaks) might cost the Party as many as ten seats at the next election. The Shadow Arts Minister, Mark Fisher, was openly supportive of Rushdie, and Labour M.P.s might be sympathetic in private, but in the House of Commons the Party mainly didn't want to know.

Politicians can be very crude and noisy when they sniff votes; the truth in the Rushdie case—or, at least, the truth as most British politicians saw it—was that there was little to gain and much to lose by openly supporting him. The ignoble reasoning presumably was that, while pro-Rushdieites would tend to vote on wider issues, anti-Rushdieites in the Muslim community were likely to be single-issue voters. Between Labour and Conservative there was therefore cross-party support in favor of apathy. Rushdie got more reliable aid from Paddy Ashdown, the leader of the Liberal Democrats, whose seats tend to be in the whiter extremities of the country.

A second alternative narrative is to imagine the affair taking place in another country. When I put this hypothesis to Rushdie, he replied that in another country he might very well be dead by now. Still, it's revealing to compare British and French attitudes. There is no close parallel to the Rushdie case, but we could remember the time when de Gaulle got Régis Debray out of a South American jail. Despite a profound political antipathy between the two men, the Presidential view was that their shared Frenchness remained the overriding consideration. The French tend, on the one hand, to refer to basic humanitarian principles and,

on the other, to be practically effective in obtaining the release of hostages and pseudo-hostages. (French nationals were the first to be released from Baghdad during the Gulf War, with Paris characteristically claiming that no sort of deal had been done.) The British stiffly view this as hypocrisy; but it came as a bracing relief when an Air France spokesman, asked about the British Airways ban, simply replied, "We respect the French custom regarding the rights of man, which means that we transport passengers without discrimination. If Mr. Rushdie wished to travel with Air France, he would not be refused."

Similarly, in early 1989, when British and French Muslims were demonstrating on the streets of London and Paris, the French Prime Minister, Michel Rocard, put a straightforward limit on the nature of protest: "Any further calls for violence or murder will lead to immediate criminal prosecution." In Britain, the police, the Director of Public Prosecutions, and the Cabinet apparently didn't notice that there was open incitement to murder in several major cities. This meant ignoring tape of Muslim leaders, footage and stills of street demonstrators. Here, for instance, are two British Muslims in Derby holding a banner saying "Rushdie Must Die"; here is a protester in Slough with an unconvincing effigy garnished with the words "Dog Must Lose Life"; here is a cheerful fellow in collar and tie, beneath Churchill's statue in Parliament Square, with a "Death to Rushdie" placard. (An extra tinkle of irony here lies in the fact that Churchill was awarded the Nobel Prize—for literature.) Imagine if one of these slogans had said "Death to Thatcher" and had been waved by an Irishman: some slight action might have



"The bunny did not get the job because the bunny is cute. The bunny got the job because the bunny knows WordPerfect."

been taken. So what was going on? Torpid pragmatism laced with a little upside-down racism: Let Britons of sub-continental origin have a burn of street democracy, let "them" run around in "their" excitable way and get it off their chests. Anyway, we shouldn't provoke them at home—we've seen how touchy they can get abroad.

White Britons' attitudes to nonwhite Britons are, at best, fluid (fine if you're an Olympic champion, less good if you're stopped by police and aren't carrying your gold medal). This inconstancy has certainly applied to Rushdie in some quarters. When an issue is complicated and seemingly insoluble, the urge to simplify is alluring. What could be more simplifying, therefore, than to return Rushdie to "his people"? The story beneath the story can be made to run like this: clever Indian boy, English public school (hated it, but so do we all; character-building anyway), Cambridge, advertising, scribbling, Booker Prize, fame, money: one of us. Then, public figure with opinions (hostile, God damn it) about the Government, ungrateful for the privileges we gave him, stirrer not just with us but with his own people, went too far this time, should have known better, can't understand the book anyway: one of them. Got to protect him from hotheads, murderers, and fuzzy-wuzzies generally, but Islam, after all, that's not really our bag, is it? Anyway, didn't he prove our point for us, first by converting to Islam and then by calling the whole affair "a family quarrel"? In this line of "thinking," Rushdie, already condemned in the East as a racist colonialist C.I.A. provocateur corrupted by Western values, is flung back by the West in a game of pass-the-parcel. He has been, in two senses, blackened.

One way of making this point in a slimily indirect manner has been to complain about the cost of protecting the writer. Sir Philip Goodhart, M.P., of the Tory right, has the dishonorable distinction of raising this matter less than a month after the *fatwa*, though right-wing commentators such as Auberon Waugh had anticipated him. Not: a million a year (or whatever), that's a pretty cheap price to pay for showing the country's proud belief in individual liberty and freedom of expression. But: this chappie must have a few quid squirrelled away, why not make him stump up—after all, he started the rumpus, didn't he? In fact, Rushdie does

help foot the bill, having paid out an estimated five hundred thousand pounds so far. The same question—how much money is his life worth?—is not, it must be said, asked about minor royals and dud ex-Northern Ireland ministers, let alone more illustrious protectees. Last October, for instance, Lady Thatcher did a signing session in Chester to promote her memoirs. There was the usual protection from the Cheshire police, backed up by officers from North Wales and Manchester, plus a helicopter overhead. A tenacious Labour M.P. winkled out the information that this hour or so of promo, which hardly constituted state business, cost the taxpayers £26,398, not a pfennig of which was being paid by author or publisher. If such expenditure was typical, then the price to the nation of her twelve-day book tour was around three hundred thousand pounds. Right-wing columnists have not made much noise about this so far.

TORPOR, active indifference; but there has also been worse. "Quite often," Rushdie told me, "the place where there has been the most hostility has been in my own country." Of course, since freedom of expression is the central issue in the Rushdie case, it might seem artless to complain about people saying and writing what they believe. Even so, you might think there would, or should, be a level of decorum when sounding off about someone who is incarcerated under threat of death. You might think so for the very good reason that in a parallel case there was. Terry Waite, routinely described as "the Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy," though later evidence suggests that the Archbishop may have had doubts about letting this loose cannon roll around the eastern Mediterranean, was held captive in Beirut for five years. While he was away, awkward questions about what exactly he was doing there, about how closely he was involved with Oliver North, whose patsy he might be, about whether vanity, self-delusion, and a love of headlines were part of his makeup, and whether all these factors made him partly complicit in his own fate, were, quite rightly, avoided. When he came out, they were, cautiously, addressed.

No such decorum has applied with Rushdie, whose motives were questioned and whose supposed character was imaginatively trashed even before the *fatwa* had

been analyzed. Here are some of the ranker items: Roald Dahl called his fellow-writer a "dangerous opportunist." Former Tory Party chairman Norman Tebbit dubbed him "an outstanding villain" before musing on the inadequacy of that description: "Is villain a strong enough word for one who has insulted the country that protects him and betrayed and reviled those to whom he owes his wealth, his culture, his religion and now his very life? Happily, villains such as Rushdie are rare. What a pity it is our country in which he chose to live." Germaine Greer oddly denounced him as "a megalomaniac, an Englishman with dark skin" (are these two conditions related, or did she mean melanomic?) before observing, "Jail is a good place for writers; they write." (But what about execution? They don't write much after that.) The plain-man tendency was exemplified by the tabloid thinker Richard Littlejohn: "I couldn't care less if the Iranians top Salmoon Rushdie tomorrow. . . . But I'd rather they didn't do it here." The posh, windy, high-table version of this same line came from the historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, who asserted, after giving the matter four months' academic reflection, that Rushdie's "offence is one of manners, not a crime, and the law cannot notice it. That being so, I would not shed a tear if some British Muslims, deploring his manners, should waylay him in a dark street and seek to improve them. If that should cause him thereafter to control his pen, society would benefit and literature would not suffer. If caught, his correctors might, of course, be found guilty of assault; but they could then plead gross provocation and might merely, if juvenile, be bound over. Our prisons are, after all, overcrowded."

Still, the most distasteful item in this local *trahison des clercs* came from Marianne Wiggins, Rushdie's second wife, who had initially gone into hiding with him. She talked expansively to the *Sunday Times* about his character flaws, and explained how wrong we would be to consider him any sort of hero. Even allowing for the bitterness of a soon-to-be-ex-spouse, this seemed especially repugnant. It also had its ironic side for those who had come across Ms. Wiggins in pre-*fatwa* days. I remember, for instance, how she once winsomely declared to me that she wanted, as a writer, to be no more than a mere foothill

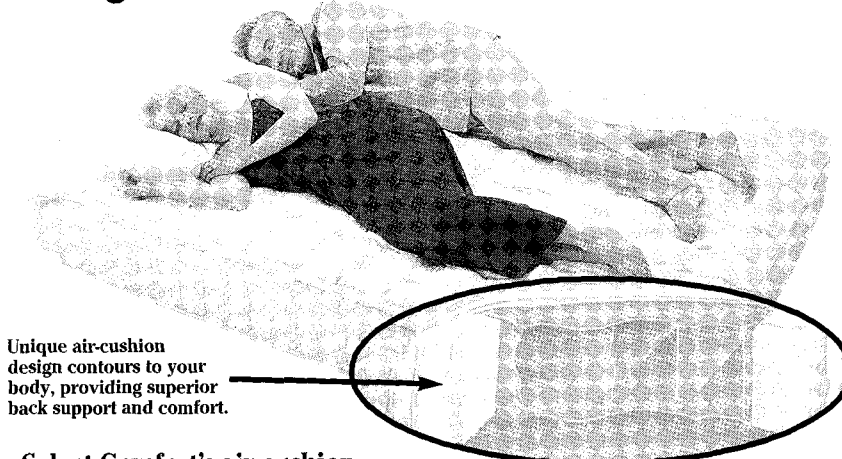
beside the mighty mountain that was Salman. Alas, when Muhammad came to the mountain the foothill hightailed it over the horizon.

TWO years ago, faced with "the absence of any real political enthusiasm here," Rushdie and his Defence Committee decided to go on the road. Despite the aloofness of British Airways, he travelled to Europe and North America, usually finding access to government ministers easier than in his own country. "Basically, in those two years we did rather better than I'd hoped," he told me. Germany, being not just the most powerful country in Europe but also the largest trader with Iran, was a key target, and in December, 1992, the Bundestag passed an all-party resolution holding the Iranian government legally responsible for Rushdie's safety. (Whether such a motion would get through the House of Commons as currently constituted is doubtful.) The Nordic countries, traditionally strong on human rights, offered active support; and in January, 1993, the Irish President, Mary Robinson, became the first head of state to meet Rushdie and his committee.

All this high-profile activity shifted the pack ice at home a little. The Foreign Office, being reactive, reacted. Their change of heart after four years wasn't so much a belated recognition of principle as a pragmatic admission that being supine and smarmy wasn't getting anywhere with the Iranians. Statements became stronger: Douglas Hogg, No. 2 in the Foreign Office, addressing the United Nations Commission for Human Rights in February, 1993, called the *fatwa* "infamous and outrageous," a visible upping of the adjectives. The Foreign Secretary himself, Douglas Hurd, told the Council of Europe, in Strasbourg, that he remained "greatly concerned at the continuing failure of the Iranian authorities to repudiate the incitement to murder." This may not sound especially severe, but it made a change from Hurd's ritual pronouncements of "deep respect" for Islam; and it should not be forgotten that earlier in the affair Hurd, when asked by a journalist what his most unpleasant experience in politics had been, jauntily replied, "Reading 'The Satanic Verses.'" When Hogg met Rushdie, on February 4, 1993, it was the first time since the affair began that the writer had been publicly received at the Foreign Office. In a Commons expla-

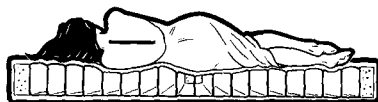
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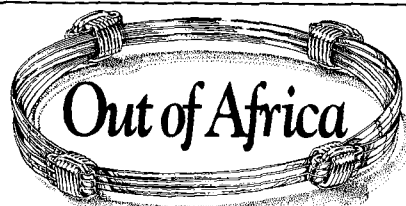


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THE DARK MUSIC OF THE RUE DU CHERCHE-MIDI

If you should ask me, is there a street of Europe,
and where, and what, is that ultimate street?
I would answer: the onetime Roman road
in Paris, on the left bank of the river,
the long, long Rue du Cherche-Midi,
street of my thoughts and afterthoughts
and curiosity never to be satisfied entirely, and
premonitions, inconceivably shaped, and memories.

Suppose that I looked for the street of my life,
where I always
could find an analogy. There in the
shop-front windows and in the courtyards,
the alleys, the great doorways, old convents, baronial
properties:
those of the past. And new
hotels of the present, junk shops, bead shops.
Pastry cooks, subtle chocolate-makers, florists of intricate
wonder, and merchants of exceptional fabrics.
Suppose that I looked, I would choose to
find that long, long Rue, of Paris, du Cherche-
Midi, its buildings,
they say, so tall they block out the
sun. I have always thought it worth
the chase and the search to find some sort of meridian.

From 1662 to the Revolution:
No. 7, owned in 1661 by
Jérémie Derval, financier, counsellor,
and master of the king's household.

All along the street:
Marquises, dukes, duchesses,
financiers, mathematicians, magistrates,
philosophers, bibliophiles, prioresses,
abbesses, princes and, after them,
their widows, generals, ambassadors,
politicians. Some
were beheaded and others took over. In essence
none has departed. No. 38:
there was the military prison where Dreyfus
first stood trial, in December, 1894.
At No. 40 resided the Comte de Rochambeau until
he was sent to help George Washington;
he forced the English to surrender at Yorktown
and took

twenty-two flags from them. What a street, the
Rue du Cherche-Midi!

Here, Nos. 23-31, was a convent where a famous
abbess reigned,
disgusted in girlhood by her father, a lecher,
she imposed a puritan rule and was admired,
especially when, great lady that she was,
she humbled herself to wash the dishes.

Beads and jewels of long ago look out
from their dark shopwindows
like blackberries in a wayside bramble bush
holding out their arms:
Take me, pick me, I am dark and sweet,
ripe and moist with life.
The haggard young girl in charge of the boutique
reaches for the beads, she fondles them, sad, sad,
to part with such a small but
undeniable treasure. Rose quartz:
she sells it with eager reluctance.
Listen to my music. Hear it.
Raindrops, each dark note.
She has not slept well. Her little
black dress was hastily donned, and the half-
circles are drooping under her eyes.

They say the Rue du Cherche-Midi,
with its tall houses set at shadowy angles,
never catches the sun.

Still, in the shop, that
raddled, dignified young girl—
frugal, stylish,
experienced—will, with bony fingers,
pick out a pile of necklaces:
the very one that you want, those
opals, those moonstones.

Dark boutiques, concerns; their shadow falls
over the bright appointments of the day.
It is a long, long past that haunts the street of Europe,
a spirit of vast endurance,
a certain music, Rue du Cherche-Midi.

—MURIEL SPARK

nation, Hogg stated, "It was right to demonstrate our support," while A. Spokesman, that reliable anonymity, pronounced as follows: "You have a policy and you pursue it until you reach a solution. Salman Rushdie is now being more visible and if you ask, 'Are you angry about that?,' the answer is no. He enjoys the same rights to free speech and travel as everyone else." This may seem a tortuous, al-

most Carrollian piece of bureaucratese, but it's good to have it on record. The Foreign Office is not angry that Mr. Rushdie is more visible. And he has the same travel rights as everyone else. As long as he doesn't try booking on the nation's flagship airline.

And then, at last, in May, 1993, Rushdie was allowed to meet John Major, who promised him twenty minutes and

gave him forty-five. The *Daily Mail*, which tends to articulate the middle area of the Conservative brain, thought the encounter "astoundingly ill-advised." Former Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath objected on the ground that Britain was losing "masses of trade" because of "that wretched book"; while Peter Temple-Morris, the Tory chairman of the all-party Britain-Iran Parliamentary

Group, said, "I think whoever is advising the Prime Minister needs their heads reading." (Strange that he said "reading" rather than the normal "examining," but a pertinent lapsus in the present case.) None of these objectors thought it odd, or scandalous, or humiliating, that a law-abiding British citizen, in order to meet a peacetime Prime Minister at the desire of both parties, should have to be smuggled into the House of Commons.

There is no photographic record of Rushdie meeting Major (or meeting Hogg, Hurd, or Clinton). The Defence Committee, aware that the encounter was more symbolic than productive, pushed for one, but without success. The rare shrinkingness of British politicians before the camera is a minor yet interesting aspect of the Rushdie affair. The novelist has in his two years of shuttle diplomacy been photographed with Václav Havel, Klaus Kinkel, Mário Soares, Jack Lang, Jean Chrétien, and most leading Scandinavian politicians. In Britain, only the Labour leader John Smith has so far agreed not to treat Rushdie as an infectious case.

Still, the statements from Hogg and Hurd, plus the meeting with Major—whom Rushdie found "well briefed, sympathetic, and engaged with the issues"—have left Britain in a comparatively less inactive position; indeed, we have practically hauled ourselves into line with the rest of Europe. Whether, as Rushdie suggested after meeting the Prime Minister, the British government is now "leading from the front" remains very much to be seen; one rather imagines the British government preferring to lead from somewhere in the middle on this issue. One other side benefit of John Major's public gesture of support might be the tacit reinclusion of Rushdie, a handing-back of his symbolic passport: one of us, not one of them.

When I asked Rushdie what hopes he has for Year Six, he replied, "That the promises made in Year Five will be fulfilled." He himself is giving up his travelling campaign—"It can't go on with me being this endless ambassador for myself"—and applying himself to fiction. The Defence Committee (and its half-dozen associate bodies in Europe and the States) will keep up the pressure on national governments. The problem, of course, is turning the fine words into effective deeds. As Rushdie observes,

strong verbal stances are a good beginning, but "in terms of economic muscle nobody wants to take any action, and unless they do Iran isn't going to mind. . . . The United States talks most emphatically about economic pressure, but they are the country which has most increased their trade with Iran over the last twelve months, despite the embargo." A nation spouting high principle looks over its shoulder to see its neighbor taking low economic gain. Can the Western alliance afford to apply serious economic pressure? On the other hand, can it afford not to? The Belgian Foreign Minister, Willy Claes, told Rushdie that any continuing desire among Western governments to placate Iran would be "a great historical mistake."

Over the last five years, we have learned new things about the speed and communicability of international outrage. When the House of Chanel recently apologized to Muslims for the Koran-embroidered bustier worn by Claudia Schiffer in its latest summer collection, the protest had come not from some street march in the Rue de Rivoli but from the Muslim community in Jakarta. The affair of the Satanic Breasts, as it became known in France, could be seen as a comic analogue of the Rushdie case were it not for the chilling presence of fire, as promised by Chanel's chief executive: "The three dresses and the texts will be destroyed by incineration." We have also learned that "The Satanic Verses" is not a one-off blasphemy but, rather, one among various categories of thought which fundamentalists seek to eradicate. The English newspapers may not have got a shot of the Rushdie-Major encounter, but there were pictures enough of the five thousand or so Muslim fundamentalists who met in Dacca last December to demand the death of the thirty-one-year-old poet and feminist Taslima Nasreen. Two months previously, a group of clerics had pronounced a *fatwa* on her and offered the paltry fee of eight hundred and fifty pounds. Nasreen had, inter alia, denounced Bangladeshi men for keeping women "veiled, illiterate, and in the kitchen"; and the women certainly don't seem to have enough status to take part in this heavily bearded protest. Then there is the recent misfortune of the Muslim actress from Bombay, Shabana Azmi: she was threatened with a campaign of "severe action" for the "un-Islamic and un-Indian

act" of kissing Nelson Mandela on the cheek while presenting him with the Newsmaker of the Year award in South Africa.

Rushdie argues strongly that his own case, while the most publicized, is not egregious; it exists in a specific intellectual and political context. In the West, we tend to be picky about individual cases, and unwilling to countenance the idea of a general punitive movement. Most journalists were not interested, for example, in the deaths of seventeen writers and journalists in Algeria between March and December of last year. Rushdie points out that when the Western nations have pooled their intelligence about Iran, every expert agrees that Iran now has an extensive terrorist network in place across Europe. And the assassins-in-waiting are not, we can be sure, all there in case Rushdie does a signing session in the nearest town. This generality of threat is, apart from anything else, one answer to the sneery little charge against Rushdie that he "knew what he was doing." Did the others—the Algerian writers, for example? What is it that suddenly, worldwide, makes Iranian dissidents, antifundamentalists, novelists, and journalists of various ideological stripes decide that they simply must throw themselves upon the enemy's sword? Or could it be the sword that is moving?

TOWARD the end of the Oxford fund-raiser, Rushdie read the scene from "Midnight's Children" in which the ten-year-old Saleem, pursued by school bullies, loses the top third of his middle finger by having it shut in a door. Then the evening closed with a Brahms violin sonata, and we all trooped back to the greenroom. The *littérateurs* offered congratulations to the musicians, but they weren't having any. "The Brahms was *not* good," said the pianist self-reproachingly. "I've *never* before failed to play two whole notes of the opening chord." The violinist admitted that she had also had problems. They did not like to imply blame, but one minute they were listening to Rushdie read a line about "the top third of my middle finger lying there like a lump of well-chewed bubble-gum," and the next they were applying digits to ivory and gut while trying to ignore the whistling afterlife of the novelist's image. It seemed a local but appropriate reminder of the basic truth: words count. ♦



THE CRITICS

THE THEATRE

LAUGHING IT OFF

BY JOHN LAHR

IN May, 1967, Joe Orton sat with friends at a café in Tangier. He had every reason to feel free and full of fun. He was thirty-four, rich, newly famous after the award-winning success of "Loot" (1966), which he had turned, by his account, from "a failed farce into a successful farce," and with his new farce masterpiece, "What the Butler Saw"—now at the American Repertory Theatre, in Cambridge—completed and in the manuscript drawer under his bed in the tiny North London flat he shared with his mentor and eventual murderer, Kenneth Halliwell. Orton had already made a mental note to hot up the new play. "Much more fucking," he wrote in his diary, "and they'll be screaming hysterics in next to no time."

Orton wanted laughter to set off a panic—a combination of terror and elation that would create "a sort of seismic disturbance." Laughter was an exercise in freedom and a furious defense against the stereotyping and the received bourgeois notions that so oppressed him. Although Orton liked to brag about his sexual prowess both to friends and to his diary, his showy brilliance and his sexual athletics were displays of mastery that belied a deep-seated sense of inferiority. On that afternoon in Tangier, as Orton wrote in his diary, a "stuffy American tourist and his disapproving wife" sat at the table next to Orton's. The threat of judgment sent Orton into a comic attack that displayed the same psychic jujitsu that he practiced on the theatre audience, using the thrust of the public's prejudice to throw it off balance:

They listened to our conversation, and I, realizing this, began to exaggerate the content. "He took it up the arse," I said. "And afterwards he thanked me for giving him such a good fucking." The American and his wife hardly moved a muscle. "We've got a leopard skin rug in the flat and he wanted me to fuck him on that," I said in an undertone which was perfectly audible to the next table, "only I'm afraid of the spunk, you see, it might adversely affect the spots on the leopard."

"It isn't a joke," Orton told his friends after the Americans "frigidly" moved away. "There's no such thing as a joke." He never said a truer word about his craft. Jokes were a method of disenchanting the credulous and of laughing the suffocating stereotypes off the stage. "Marriage excuses no one the freak's roll-call," says the arresting officer in "What the Butler Saw," which begins like a conventional boulevard farce, with a psychiatrist trying to seduce a would-be secretary, and ends as a tale of nymphomania, incest, transvestism, and attempted murder. Orton's combative, epigrammatic style demands capitulation, not discussion. When the lecherous psychiatrist, Dr. Prentice, protests to the government inspector, "I'm a heterosexual," the inspector, Dr. Rance, counters, "I wish you wouldn't use those Chaucerian words." The strut of Orton's dialogue—which honored and updated the discoveries of both Oscar Wilde and Ronald Firbank—was an irresistible amalgam of the highfalutin and the low comic. "My uterine contractions have been bogus for some time," Dr. Prentice's nymphomaniac wife says to her sexually inadequate husband. All Orton's characters speak in the same idiom. Their syntax is a model of propriety; their lives are

models of impropriety. The very act of speaking demonstrates the thin line between reason and rapacity, which is the mischievous paradox that all Orton's comedies explore.

The other great stylists of modern English comedy—G. B. Shaw, Noel Coward, Harold Pinter—lived long enough to cajole actors and directors into realizing their vision. Orton, who was murdered in August, 1967, has had to endure a period of trial and error before graduating into the modern canon. In England, this elevation has been achieved by Lindsay Anderson's 1975 Royal Court revival of "What the Butler Saw," and by Jonathan Lynn's groundbreaking 1984 production of "Loot," with Leonard Rossiter. These examples of comic mayhem showed a generation how to stage and to play Orton for keeps and not just for laughs. In America—despite John Tillinger's first-rate productions of "Entertaining Mr. Sloane" and "Loot"—Orton's finest play, "What the Butler Saw," has not fared so well, both because of its verbal requirements, which defeat the diction of most American actors, and because of the nature of farce itself, which usually confounds an audience that likes stories where the self is inflated, not disintegrated. So David Wheeler's mostly sold-out Cambridge production comes as both a surprise and an improbable delight.

The ungainly fifty-foot-long proscenium of the Loeb Drama Centre, which serves as the American Repertory Theatre's main stage, poses an almost insoluble problem for any farce. Its length means that a sense of boundaries—that illusion of trapped, claustrophobic life which fuels farce's sense of chaos and collapse—is almost impossible to create. "What the Butler Saw"—a reference to British peep-show pier entertainments—parodies French farce and at the same time reinvents the farce form for more lethal dramatic purposes. Wheeler makes

life harder for himself by eliminating Orton's French windows as well as the skylight, which figures large in Orton's brilliant finale. Derek McLane's set is also full of anomalies, which the production somehow succeeds in overcoming: a pea-green-and-chrome interior that looks more like a public swimming pool than like a private consulting room; and seven doors, five arc lamps, a utility desk, and scaffolding. The set announces the unconventional nature of the evening, whereas Orton's intention is to lull an audience into expecting the ordinary and then to sock them with the extraordinary. In French farce, stage life returns to the status quo ante, but in Orton's kind of farce, life and comic stereotypes are not just turned upside down but changed. In "Loot," the thieves escape, and the innocent father is framed by his son and hauled off to prison. ("I'm innocent, I'm innocent," Mr. McLeavy bleats, in one of postwar comedy's greatest exit lines. "What a terrible thing to happen to a man who's been kissed by the Pope.") In "What the Butler Saw," promiscuity leads to redemption when the put-upon secretary, Geraldine, and the blackmailing page boy, Nick, turn out to be the abandoned children of Mrs. Prentice, fathered by her husband's anonymous rape of her in a hotel linen cupboard—a revelation that heals the Prentices' sexual standoff.

Orton was a voluptuary of fiasco, and in acting him the challenge is to keep the argument and the action operating at full tilt. Fluidity and reality are hard to deliver for all but the most experienced of players. Here, Nick, played by the excellent Benjamin Evett, gets closest to the true note of earnestness and agitation in Orton's demented characters. He hits the stage at high energy—a page boy who just wants his blackmail money but ends up in a dress, bleeding from a gunshot wound, and with his sanity in serious doubt. "If the pain is real, I must be real," he says to Dr. Rance, who replies, "I'd rather not get involved in

metaphysical speculation." Margaret Gibson may occasionally tip the wink to the audience, but she brings to Mrs. Prentice (a wife Prentice claims "they'll send . . . to the grave in a Y-shaped coffin") the crucial requirement of robust comic acting and the added feature of a great pair of legs. Ms. Gibson makes up in comic invention what she lacks in comic gravity. When the frazzled and furious Prentice (played by Thomas Derrah, who is also slow to kindle but finally burns) rips off his wife's dress, the violence turns her on. "Oh, my darling!" says Mrs. Prentice, writhing on



"What the Butler Saw," the late Joe Orton's finest play, is in revival at the American Repertory Theatre.

the floor in sexual ecstasy while Prentice dives for her abandoned garment. "This is the way to sexual adjustment in marriage." The moment is Ms. Gibson's invention, and it's terrific.

At a certain momentum, all things disintegrate; and "What the Butler Saw" acts out the notion of gender-collapsing. The credulous Geraldine (well played by Elizabeth Marvel) is so dizzy from the plot's complications that she gets confused about her sex. "I must be a boy," she says, wearing a page-boy outfit and trying to pass as Nick to the police. "I like boys."

But not all the actors feed the crazy brilliance of Orton's farce logic. Alvin Epstein, sporting a homegrown white mustache, plays Dr. Rance at a stately pace—a wrong choice, which keeps this excellent actor from maximizing the full comic menace of Rance's ranting psychiatric explanations and from raising the comic stakes for the other characters. "As a transvestite, fetishist, bisexual murderer Dr. Prentice displays considerable deviation overlap," says Rance, in a frenzy of psychoanalytic labelling. "We may get necrophilia, too. As a sort of bonus." But

on the night I saw the play Epstein, who lost his way in the speech, also seemed to have lost his bead on the character. William Young's Sergeant Match is serviceable, but his unfortunate accent leaves whole areas of Match's hilarious stupidity unexplored. Still, with the complications of Orton's plot kicking in, the audience hardly notices or cares.

If Wheeler's production can't deliver the antic, it at least serves up intelligence and clarity. Wheeler has pruned Orton's jokes effectively, and in the end even his alteration of Orton's deus ex machina seems to work. Sergeant Match enters to a fanfare and on an automated trestle to demand the return of the missing part of a statue of Winston Churchill. The part, which was blown off when a gas main exploded, turns out to be not the great man's cigar but his penis. "Weary, bleeding, drugged and drunk, [they] climb the

rope ladder into the blazing light": Orton's final stage direction is a vision of bruised transcendence. In Cambridge, there is no glaring light, no rope ladder, no "Hallelujah Chorus." But there is a comic victory. The actors' final tableau fades out with a pinwheeling of psychedelic light and with the sound of the Beatles, which is what passed for hope and for Heaven in those bumptious, buoyant times.

MICHAEL JOHN LACHUSA'S "Hello Again," suggested by Arthur Schnitzler's "La Ronde," has all the pre-



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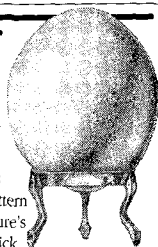


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sending symptoms of the postmodern musical: a sour antiromantic pose, in which love never finds a way; a sexual explicitness that makes more of fellating than of celebrating; and an insistence on making song tell the entire story, which robs song of the power to elevate emotion out of the ordinary. "Hello Again" is superbly produced, and it is a distinct improvement on Mr. LaChiusa's execrable "First Lady Suite" (which I saw at a preview and left after an act). LaChiusa is lucky in his director and choreographer, Graciela Daniele: her streamlined and sexy stage pictures make the music seem better than it is. Time-travelling through various American decades to tell a bittersweet story of hetero- and homosexual seductions and betrayals, "Hello Again" perks up whenever LaChiusa finds a melody for his wandering songs—the opening "Hello Again," and an excellent duet between a gay would-be screenwriter looking for a sounding board and a Young Thing looking for safe harbor. Usually, how-

ever, if LaChiusa falls into melody it's derivative: this score includes pastiches of Irving Berlin and "Bei Mir Bist Du Schon." LaChiusa's method is to take a small motif and extend it to underpin the through-sung scenes, some of which—a tango between two male lovers on a sinking ship, oral sex in a movie house between a college boy and a married woman—are funnier and more unpredictable than the score. Of the excellent cast of ten, Donna Murphy as the whore, Judy Blazer as the rapacious nurse, and John Cameron Mitchell as the Young Thing are especially effective. LaChiusa, at thirty-one, is being billed as the Young Turk of the American musical, but in taking the musical down the through-written road he's headed for a dead end. "Hello Again" doesn't engage. The staging is elegant, but the songs aren't. Neither the melodies nor the characters are memorable. Where the old guard worked hard to make songs look easy, LaChiusa, typical of the new breed, works to make the songs look hard. ♦

THE MALE ANIMAL

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

"HELLO, my name is Eric, and I'm a recovering male" is how Eric Bogosian begins one of the twelve monologues in his new one-man show, "Pounding Nails in the Floor with My Forehead," at the Minetta Lane. His portrait of this sap, who feels guilty because he can't stop having sexual thoughts about women ("I'm just a man with a penis. And for that I'm sorry," he writes to one of the objects of his fantasies), is one of the evening's more low-key moments, but the hangdog delivery doesn't conceal the character's rage and confusion—the two main elements that fuel Bogosian's explosively funny work. Bogosian has no intention of recovering from what's ailing him: four years after his last major show, "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll," he still can't shake the voices in his head—the voices of the crazy, hostile, importuning, and pathetic characters who confront most New Yorkers every day (sometimes in the mirror). Anyone who has ever seen Bogosian perform will tell you that he has a great ear, but he's more than a mimic with perfect pitch. His characters have got

under his skin and made him ask himself "Who does this guy think he is?" and then "Who do I think I am?" Bogosian has said that he recognizes some part of himself in all his characters, and as he charges around the stage you can see him trying to work out where he ends and where other people begin, whether it's a drug dealer with disturbingly high self-esteem or a lumpish guy whose hard-won feeling that his glass is finally half full is threatened by what he sees on the evening news ("Starving Africans—they spoil everything!"). Bogosian's sheer virtuosity puts the audience in a quandary, and he knows it: when they clap after his portrayal of a threatening man on the subway, he says, somewhat ruefully, "Polite applause for the disgusting homeless man." The more you enjoy Bogosian's performance, the more you're forced to wonder whether you're letting him do your dirty work for you.

At the start of Timberlake Wertenbaker's latest play, "Three Birds Alighting on a Field," at the

Manhattan Theatre Club, a London auctioneer stands facing the audience and begins the bidding on a painting at his left. Within seconds, the price zooms up to a ridiculously inflated figure, and there's no doubt that we're meant to think it's preposterous: the painting, a contemporary work by one Theodore Quick, is—nudge, nudge, wink, wink—a blank white canvas. From that moment on, the play never stops telling us what to think. It is set in the late eighties, and concerns a London art gallery run by a smoothie with no moral compass; a woman who takes up art collecting in an attempt to meet her rich Greek husband's demand that she become "interesting"; and an artist who was dropped by the gallery ten years earlier because his paintings were no longer in fashion. At one point, when the dealer is trying to interest the budding collector in a work that consists of an empty white frame, his assistant tells her, "It's about America." There's a kind of snobbery at work in this satire (attributable, perhaps, to the fact that Wertenbaker is an American who has lived in England for many years; there's no Yankophobia like an expatriate). The play seems to want to argue that the financial free-for-all of the eighties destroyed a cherished system of values, but all it ends up saying is that the wrong sort of people profited from the gold rush—those dreadful *foreigners*, those awful *Americans*. It's one thing to decry the infiltration of American hype into England, but it's hard to buy the premise that the eighties supplanted a golden age when "quality" counted for everything.

"Three Birds Alighting on a Field" originated at London's Royal Court in 1991, under the direction of Max Stafford-Clark, who also directs here. Harriet Walter is the one holdover from the London production, and she gives a winning performance as the eager-to-please wife who comes into her own. All the other actors play at least two parts, and Daniel Gerroll is especially good as the art dealer (he also plays an upper-class twit and a priest). When he is onstage, you don't want to take your eyes off him; he has the body language of weaselly ingratiation—the tics, the gestures, the dips of the head—down pat. ♦

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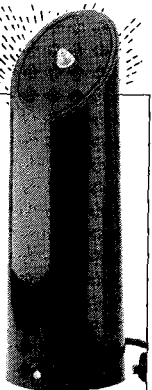


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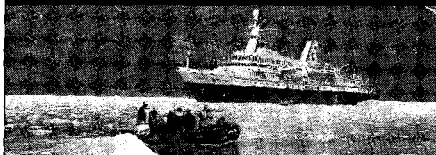
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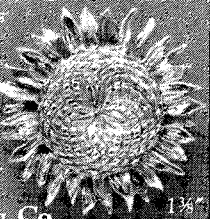


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THE CURRENT CINEMA

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN

BY TERENCE RAFFERTY

THE slickest, crassest movie Sam Peckinpah ever made was a 1972 Steve McQueen vehicle called "The Getaway," and it was the biggest hit of his career. The picture dismayed the filmmaker's admirers, because it seemed so resolutely impersonal, but our standards were different then. "The Getaway" has now been remade, by Roger Donaldson, in a style so calculated that it makes Peckinpah's cynical genre-movie engineering look touchingly primitive. The original "Getaway" isn't, by any rational measure, a good movie, but the smooth efficiency of the new version gives it a sort of retrospective glow. Peckinpah's film still shows some evidence of the human hands that guided the product along the assembly line. Donaldson's



"Getaway" is like a digitally remastered CD of a Top Forty hit that you never much cared for: remembering the pops and clicks and muddy sound of the old record, you can start to feel nostalgic for the less pristine crumminess of bygone trash.

The most infuriating thing about the new "Getaway" is that the filmmakers don't make the slightest effort to find a fresh perspective on the material. The story is now a showcase for Alec Baldwin, but Donaldson and the screenwriters, Walter Hill and Amy Jones, seem not to have thought very hard about how to bring out the unique qualities of their star. The screenplay is barely distinguishable from that of the 1972 film (credited to Hill alone), which was obviously tailored to McQueen's screen image. The Jim Thompson novel on which both movies are based tells the story of

Doc McCoy, a hard-bitten career criminal who goes on the lam with his wife (and accomplice), Carol, after a bloody bank robbery. The novel works best as a black-comic portrait of an extremely tense marriage. The heist has been set up by a wealthy businessman who, persuaded by Carol, has helped get Doc released from prison; after the robbery, Doc discovers that Carol's methods of persuasion included sleeping with the businessman, and from

that point on he's suspicious of everything she does. She insists that she did it all for him, but he's not so sure, and neither is the reader; what Thompson does make clear is that Doc and Carol are perfectly matched for ruthlessness, and the novel leaves them, even after their successful getaway to Mexico, locked

in a hellishly funny cycle of mistrust, eying each other for signs of betrayal and intentions of murder. In Peckinpah's movie, Doc and Carol (played by Ali MacGraw) have been softened considerably: they're not cold-blooded killers, and in the end love triumphs over suspicion and they ride off, with the stolen money, into a happy future in Mexico. McQueen's Doc is a romanticized outlaw, cool but sensitive; like most of McQueen's characters, he's a resourceful, taciturn professional who effortlessly outclasses everyone around him.

With Alec Baldwin in the role, Donaldson has the chance to inject a little more of Thompson's bleak, nasty wit into this simple thriller plot. Baldwin is terrific at playing mean lowlifes (as he showed in "Miami Blues," a 1990 adaptation of a novel by Charles Willeford, whose pulp sen-

sibility isn't so different from Thompson's). When he's angry, his eyes go dead and his mouth gets tight and he's very, very scary. In this picture, he's at his best in the moments just before Doc springs into violent action: he shows you, in an instant, the process by which the character's relaxed self-assurance turns into a kind of animal alertness—a willingness to kill in order to survive. But "The Getaway" keeps requiring Baldwin to pull back from his most striking effects and attend to the romantic side of the story, and he's just no match for McQueen in the vulnerable-machismo department; he doesn't have the eyes for it. Baldwin is one of those intense (and skillful) actors who always seem rather remote and self-contained, even when they're playing passionate scenes; like De Niro, he's more convincing as a psycho than as a lover. As good as he is here, the filmmakers' refusal to reimagine Doc as an Alec Baldwin character gives the performance a slightly surreal quality. The new "Getaway" is so unmistakably *still* a Steve McQueen picture that Baldwin looks at times as if he had been superimposed on the film by some computer trickery in the editing room.

Kim Basinger, in the Ali MacGraw role, doesn't have to compete with the memory of a magnetic star performance, but she, too, is hampered by the filmmakers' rigid fidelity to the original movie. The part was underwritten then, and it still is, and, again, you can't help feeling that Donaldson has blown an opportunity to push "The Getaway" past the commercially imposed limits of the first movie and into the wilder territory of the novel. Basinger looks just right for a treacherous pulp-fiction femme fatale: bruised, sullen, and cheap. She looks ready to drag the whole story down to the tawdriest, most basic level—to take it across the border that separates romantic fantasy from sexual nightmare—but the script won't let her get away with it.

The only reason for remaking a picture as empty and as mediocre as "The Getaway" is, of course, that the original raked in piles of money. The new movie doesn't take any chances; it's not about to mess with a proven commodity. Caution, though, isn't the quality

you look for in a movie that means to celebrate the joys of hitting the road with a dangerous lover and a bag full of stolen loot. In Peckinpah's version, there were occasional indications of a genuine outlaw spirit—a few grace notes that managed to make themselves heard over the mechanical hum of the plotting. What was interesting about his "Getaway" was a constant tension between the artificiality of the script and the naturalness of the movie's sense of landscape: Doc and Carol moved mythically across a Texas in which everything looked flat, grungy, and forlorn, and if the settings didn't quite succeed in giving the lie to the inanity of the story, they at least served to remind us of a world beyond the movie's romantic illusions.

In the new "Getaway," which takes place mostly in an impossibly clean Arizona, even that mild tension is missing: the landscape feels as unreal as the story. And the old "Getaway" ended with a silly, out-of-nowhere scene in which Doc and Carol hijack a decrepit truck driven by a grizzled rogue (Slim Pickens at his most uninhibited), who treats them to a sweetly lunatic discourse on the pleasures of marriage and is rewarded with a tidy share of the haul. Pickens' character, who can't disguise his delight at his unexpected windfall, seems like a stand-in for Peckinpah. He's in the money and he doesn't give a hoot where it came from: for once in his life, he has put one over on the world. The new "Getaway" faithfully reprises this scene (with the more dignified and vastly less entertaining Richard Farnsworth as the driver), but the tone is entirely different. The disreputable cackle of glee that Peckinpah leaves us with at the end of his "Getaway" seems to reflect his awareness that he's a mighty lucky filmmaker: he has turned a piece of junk into serious money. In the new "Getaway," the scene unfolds serenely, as if this dénouement were a model of classical inevitability—the fulfillment of some divine plan. These nineties-style filmmakers have plotted every detail of this job, and they're obviously confident that they've brought it off. They identify not with the old man but with Doc and Carol: they drive off with the booty and tell themselves the beautiful lie that they've earned it. ♦



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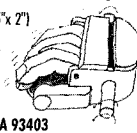
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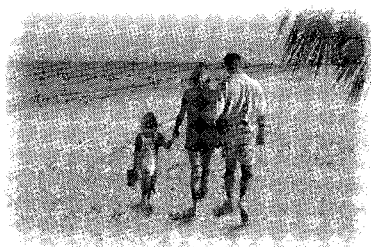
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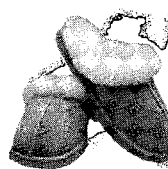
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MUSICAL EVENTS

LISTENING TO MEXICO

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

IT might be interesting to draw a map of the world based on what goes on in our concert halls. Europe, of course, would be by far the biggest continent: the city of Vienna alone would have to cover a quarter of the planet. China and Japan might be dots squeezed up against the ample form of Russia. There would be no Africa. And just visible below a fair-sized United States would be a tiny, tiny tail representing Latin America.

In this last respect, the American Composers Orchestra is seeking to redraw our musical cartography by presenting each season, under the running title *Sonidos de las Américas*, a festival devoted to one of the overlooked countries. The project began late last month with music from Mexico—a fitting choice, not only for reasons of proximity but also because Mexico boasts the longest history of European-rooted music in the New World.

Choirs of converted Aztecs were singing polyphony in the cathedral of Mexico City within a decade or so of the murder of Moctezuma, and by the end of the century several volumes of plain-song had been printed. One of New Spain's choirmasters, Hernando Franco (1532-85), is probably the earliest American composer whose music is featured on a compact disk.

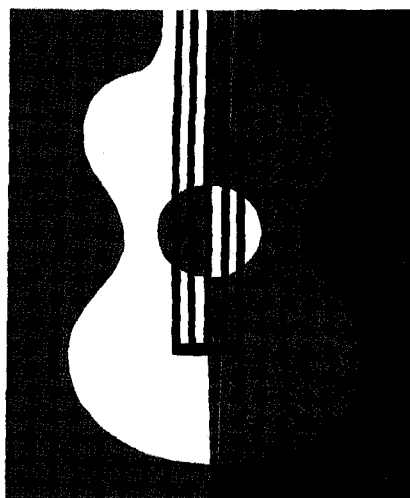
Later, the story becomes less glorious, but after the 1910 revolution Mexican music flourished again. It also got noticed here for a while. Manuel Ponce gave a recital of his works at Aeolian Hall in 1916. Ten years subsequently, the quarter-tone pioneer Julián Carrillo wrote a septet, "Sonata Casi-Fantasia," for a League of Composers concert at Town Hall, as a result of which Leopold

Stokowski took up his music, and afterward that of Ponce and Carlos Chávez. In 1937, Chávez himself conducted the Philharmonic in a concert including his motor-rhythm ballet score "H.P." And the traffic wasn't only one-way. Aaron Copland wrote "El Salón México" in 1936 for Chávez's Mexican Symphony Orchestra, and Stravinsky conducted and recorded with the same orchestra during the forties.

There are no doubt a host of reasons, political as much as cultural, that the promising relationship faltered—just as there are many reasons, again political as much as cultural, that it is now being revived. Orchestras and opera companies are feeling (or being made to feel) a need to broaden

repertory and personnel in order to engage with more than a minority audience, and from President Clinton, writing in the *Sonidos de las Américas* program, we learn that the passage of NAFTA "promises an expansion not only of trade and economic activity, but also of cultural exchanges." Happy news. Still, one shouldn't be too cynical, or let the noise of bandwagons being jumped on drown out the music.

The A.C.O.'s weeklong festival was filled mostly with works by living composers, but it went back as far as Carrillo to offer two string-quartet pieces in quarter tones, his "Dos Balbuceos," of 1926. Like other microtonal music of the period—Alois Hába's, Ivan Vishnegradsky's, John Foulds's—Carrillo's has suffered because the hoped-for renovation of harmony failed to happen, or failed to happen that way. Perhaps this is how Schoenberg's music might sound now if nobody much had bothered about atonality: not invigorating but



wan, even stale. Or perhaps the use of quarter tones (and even subtler tunings: Carrillo went as far as sixteenth tones) to pep up an otherwise traditional discourse was always going to be a hopeless endeavor, a dry canal among the rushing watercourses of early-twentieth-century musical upheaval, and a home for either disappointment or, at best—as in the case of Vishnegradsky—total eccentricity. We can't yet know if Carrillo was that weird. He lived and composed to the age of ninety, and most of his colossal output remains unpublished and unrecorded.

Composers of the next generation—led by Chávez and Silvestre Revueltas, both born in 1899—took their bearings much less from Carrillo than from Ponce, with his interest in Mexican folklore, and it's here that the modern history of Mexican music effectively begins. Chávez was a busy and international figure; he had the further advantage of a long life. But Revueltas, who died when he was forty, was maybe the more gifted composer. He also seems to have been—and this doesn't always go along with musical distinction—an amiable fellow. According to an autobiographical sketch he wrote, his mother had dreamed of having an artist son who could express everything she admired and loved in nature and life: "This probably explains why I was born with a regrettable inclination towards music and loafing and an unquenchable nostalgia for new horizons."

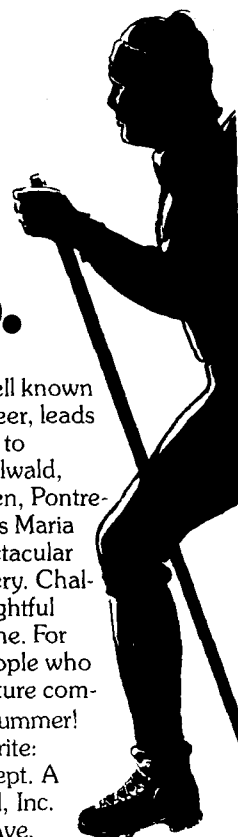
His self-deprecating irony comes out in his description of one of his tone poems, depicting Lake Pátzcuaro, as a contribution to national tourism, and it comes out, too, in his music. His "La Noche de los Mayas"—written for a film in 1939, and played by Dennis Russell Davies and the A.C.O. magnificently as the grand finale to these concerts—shows how he could beat Chávez at his own game of pre-Columbian evocation, with massive ostinatos, a conch shell blaring against the orchestral intonation, and enough percussion to make the floor of Carnegie Hall shudder under one's feet. But where Chávez appears to have cherished hopes of reinvoking the spirit of Aztec ritual (though not in all particulars: at royal accessions in Tenochtitlán, the blood of sacrificial victims would be poured into the *teponaztli*, a drum revered as a god),

Revueltas gives an impression of some amusement at the power he can brandish. In the fourth and last movement of "La Noche," he weaves his mighty processional forward and backward, fades it in and out. The barbaric power is there, but it's also being played with.

Revueltas was altogether a more versatile, intelligent, and cultivated musician than the "Indianist" style required: the third movement of "La Noche" suddenly comes up with the image of Mahler; and the four string quartets, from a little earlier in his short career, exhibit rhythmic trickery and a Ravelian harmonic sophistication, in addition to a cheerful way with folk materials that has parallels in Stravinsky, Bartók, and Janáček, though the feel is sunnier. The Cuarteto Latinoamericano, which opened this festival with a concert including the Carrillo pieces and Revueltas's First Quartet, has recently made a recording of the complete Revueltas cycle (New Albion NA 062), which quickly conveys the composer's good humor and magic. All four works are short—the longest lasts just thirteen minutes—and their brevity, along with their delightfulness, ought to recommend them to performers. The Second Quartet is curious in that its second movement is a digest of its first; the Third has more of the mystery with which Revueltas balances gaiety. But any listener to this recording, performer or not, is likely to be hooked by the overriding geniality.

Perhaps Revueltas would be one of the very few composers to dint the claim made by Joel Sachs for Conlon Nancarrow's music as "the 'happiest' since Haydn's"—a claim that starts off sounding absurd but becomes ever less so the more one considers it. Of course, there have been, in the last two centuries, composers whose music is comic, or joyous, or optimistic, but happiness suggests a pleasure that the music not only conveys but feels, feels in itself, and such pleasure is rare. In Nancarrow it may have its source, a little paradoxically, in the composer's objectivity—more there, at least, than in his low-life materials, since the happiness goes on even when the music doesn't sound like a nightclub piano playing all alone after hours. It's the happiness of notes that are having fun as they skid up and down the keyboard of the player piano, for which

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most of Nancarrow's music is composed, and they're having fun because they're guided only by rules of canonic writing that they themselves generate, not by any evident constraint of the composer's to make them express something.

Nancarrow is a rather exotic feature of the landscape of Mexican music (as he is of any generality into which one might want to put him)—not because he came from outside the country but because his music is wholly his own and inimitable. (Eccentrics don't have to be halfway mad and mystic, like Vishnegradsky; they can be funny.) This music is also hard to program, except for the few early and late chamber pieces. Though it's possible to present player-piano music in concert, the effect has a silliness that Nancarrow surely never intended: he's made his pieces, I suspect, principally for himself, because they were there waiting to be made. And the best way for the rest of us to hear them, other than in his studio, is by way of recordings available on the Wergo label. The transcriptions that well-meaning friends have made for performance by instrumental ensembles (these concerts included one by Yvar Mikhashoff and Charles Schwobel of Study No. 7) elimi-

nate what is most essential in the music, because they take away the notes' autonomy. Instead of ideas cavorting in freedom, we hear figures from human hands and mouths. In terms of rhythm and sound quality (and the fluorescent scoring doesn't help), there's all the difference in the world between a crazy machine and a bunch of people trying to be a crazy machine. Nancarrow's music isn't about virtuoso performance but about virtuoso composition. Nevertheless, this A.C.O. Chamber Ensemble performance, under Paul Lustig Dunkel, certainly was a virtuoso one, and if the music was inevitably turned from happiness toward buffoonery, at least we were reminded to go back and put on the recording.

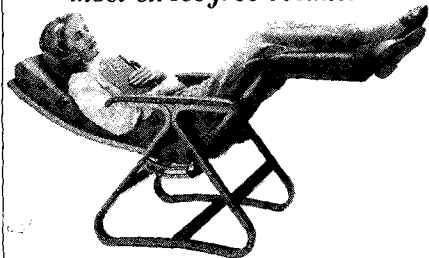
Among Nancarrow's junior compatriots, there are clearly composers as various as anywhere else: traditional serialists and writers of Romantic song cycles, minimalists and dreamers, concentrated listeners and jokers. It's probably no longer as important as it was for Chávez to be a specifically Mexican composer—not so much because Mexico has caught up with the rest of the world as because the rest of the world has, in a sense, caught up with

Mexico, in that the *ostinatos* of Chávez's early symphonies or of "La Noche de los Mayas" have become common practice. (Mr. Davies, with his long experience of performing Philip Glass, must have felt right at home.) So it's hard to know whether the more rampant features of, say, Federico Ibarra's Second Symphony—heard with Revueletas's obliging monster on the final program, and starting off with momentous thunderings in the deep bass—are particularly Mexican or just part of musical life in the late twentieth century. Nor does it really matter. Indeed, it matters that it doesn't matter, since one could argue that the New York appreciation of Carrillo and Chávez in the twenties, thirties, and forties was an appreciation of what was felt to be native and primitive: Chávez wasn't so well liked when he turned neoclassical and Stravinskyish.

The present variety of Mexican music should be some safeguard against stereotyping, and this festival—which included, besides the public concerts, master classes and meetings between Mexican and United States composers—rightly pointed us away from regarding Mexico as a colorful somewhere else. As *Sonidos de las Américas* moves on toward Venezuela in December, the presence of Mexican music here must remain. We'll surely hear more of the recorder player Horacio Franco, who gave a *solo recital* and reappeared in Gypsy guise at the closing concert to give a zippy account of Marcela Rodríguez's concerto, requiring him to play five different instruments in four movements (two at once in the last). We must also hear more of Ana Lara, whose "Vitales" had a trio of low strings (viola, cello, and double bass) bodying forth sounds of awesome presence. And we must hear more of three composers represented in an extra concert, given by the Quintet of the Americas: Mario Lavista, author of a haunting interpretation of the Marsyas legend, for oboe and musical glasses; Carlos Sanchez-Gutierrez, whose "Cinco, Cinco" and "Seis" were a pair of smooth, agile monologues for flute, swinging from idea to idea, and were beautifully played by Marco Granados; and Arturo Salinas, whose two-minute "Kintetito" for foot-tapping wind quintet is a natural encore piece. Encore to them all. ♦

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STRANGLEHOLD

BY GEORGE STEINER

The Future Lasts Forever

by Louis Althusser;

translated from the French

by Richard Veasey

(New Press; \$25)

THERE are moments when bad taste is the last refuge of common sense. Let me be in bad taste. Perhaps philosophers *should* strangle their wives. The name of Socrates' wife has passed into the language as that of an ignorant shrew. Philosophy is an unworldly, abstruse, often egomaniacal obsession. The body is an enemy to absolute logic or metaphysical speculation. The thinker inhabits fictions of purity, of reasoned propositions as sharp as white light. Marriage is about roughage, bills, garbage disposal, and noise. There is something vulgar, almost absurd, in the notion of a Mrs. Plato or a Mme. Descartes, or of Wittgenstein on a honeymoon. Perhaps Louis Althusser was enacting a necessary axiom or logical proof when, on the morning of November 16, 1980, he throttled his wife.

But the master ironist, the joker, is life itself. It is likely that Althusser's writings on Hegel and Marx are already fading into cold dust. Paradoxically, what has vitality in his work is only his collapse into murder and derangement. It is this hideous coda which continues to fascinate, to inspire biography, and to motivate the publication—and now, the translation into English—of Althusser's apologetic memoir. In French, the title is "*L'Avenir Dure Longtemps*." The English title is a gross mistranslation, *longtemps* being, very precisely,

not "forever." Either way, the title is more than a touch pretentious and vacuous, as is so much of Althusser's philosophic prose. The haunting marvel, and what will endure *longtemps*, is the initial two and a half pages. I know of no document like them. Ideally, they ought to be cited in full.

"I shall describe what happened—between two zones of darkness, the unknown one from which I was emerging and the one I was about to enter. Here is the scene of the murder just as I experienced it," they begin, and Althusser sets down his recollection with uncanny detail. Often he would massage the neck of his wife, Hélène, he explains. This time, he was massaging the front of her neck:



A cry of questioning despair rings through Althusser's memoirs: Why did I kill Hélène?

I pressed my thumbs into the hollow at the top of her breastbone and then, still pressing, slowly moved them both, one to the left, the other to the right, up towards her ears where the flesh was hard. I continued massaging her in a V-shape. The muscles in my forearms began to feel very tired; I was aware that they always did when I was massaging.

Hélène's face was calm and motionless; her eyes were open and staring at the ceiling.

Never before had Louis Althusser "looked into the face of someone who had been strangled." Utter terror seized him. He screamed "I've strangled Hélène!" and rushed into the empty courtyard (it was a Sunday) of the École Normale, France's hothouse of intellect, in which he made his almost legendary home. He roused the school doctor: "I kept on screaming that I had strangled Hélène and pulled him by the collar of his dressing-gown insisting he come and see her, otherwise I

JONATHAN ROSEN



"Yes, they are rich. Well, Wisconsin rich."

would burn the École down. Étienne did not believe me, saying 'It's impossible.' Alone for a moment back in his apartment, Althusser took a strip from the tattered window curtains—the couple cultivated deprivation—and "placed it diagonally across Hélène's chest, from her right shoulder to her left breast." A curious gesture: part academic decoration—the hood of an honorary degree—and part pathetic valediction. The doctor came, and gave Althusser an injection. In Althusser's study "someone (I do not know who) was removing books I had borrowed from the École library." This is a Shakespearean touch, unendurably exact in its intimations of academic priorities. What

is mere homicide compared with unreturned library books?

The assassin sank into darkness. He came to in Sainte-Anne's, the hospital for the mentally diseased, "I am not sure when." The French mandarin had swung into action. *Normaliens* are the freemasonry of cultural politics. The Minister of Justice was, of course, an alumnus. By the time the police arrived, Althusser had been spirited to bleak safety. No warrant could be served on a man in a state of total mental collapse. Two months after the murder, legal proceedings were dropped. The philosopher stayed in mental hospitals until 1983. He was then allowed to live alone in the north of Paris, seeing a very few

faithful friends and acolytes. Rumor has it that he would now and again stroll the gray streets and call out to passersby, "I am the great Althusser!" He died, of cardiac failure, in a clinic outside Paris on October 22, 1990; he was seventy-two. During the years of isolation and twilight, he composed voluminous autobiographical texts, this book among them. They qualify, correct, and embellish one another. But the same cry of questioning despair rings through them: "Why did I kill Hélène? I cannot find any coherent answer. Nor can the psychiatrists who are now my familiars and contact with reality. Reader, can you?" And it is that cry and the overwhelming truth of the narrative of the deed which compel attention.

WHO was *le grand Althusser*, and what formed him? A conventional bourgeois background; fervent Catholicism during adolescence and early manhood; the characteristic Gallic reflex of seeking out confessors and "masters of thought" among his teachers. Captured in June of 1940, at the age of twenty-one, Althusser spent more than four and a half years as a prisoner of war in a *Lager* in Schleswig-Holstein. Material on this period is still to be published, but it may well have been during this long captivity that the first shadows fell. So far as is known, Althusser strove for neither repatriation nor escape. His attitude appears to have been one of resignation and inertia. The truth or the strategic legend of an enduring fatigue—a melancholy and miasma of the soul—caused by these years of impotence attached itself to the rest of Althusser's career. At the École Normale, which he entered after the war, Althusser found a cadre and a climate of sensibility uniquely fitted to his gifts. After completing his studies, he rapidly established himself as a tutor in philosophy and a master in residence. In each successive class, or *promotion*, many of the most brilliant students clustered around the young guru. His tutorials and seminars acquired an almost mystical aura. Some students, however, were repelled. In a recently published memoir by one of them, an incisive French metaphysician, we read, "It was obvious to me from the start that Louis Althusser was mad."

In a twofold motion emblematic of

the later nineteen-forties and the nineteen-fifties in the Paris intelligentsia, Althusser joined the Communist Party and went into analysis. As a student at the École, he had undergone bouts of electroshock therapy. Black depressions alternated with periods of formidable, charismatic literary and pedagogic activity. A public debate in which Althusser pulverized Sartre (the detested father figure) established his celebrity at large. With the publication, in 1965, of "Pour Marx" and "Lire 'Le Capital,'" two tracts put together with members of his seminars, Althusser's influence was at its greatest. It declined rapidly, owing both to the derisive hostility of official French Communism and to Althusser's ambiguous—indeed, inert—role during the 1968 student uprising.

In 1946, during one of his periods of weariness and enervation, Althusser had met Hélène Rytman, who in the Resistance had taken the name Légotien. The facts of this crucial relationship remain opaque despite—or, rather, because of—the volume of narrative and conjecture it has generated. Poignantly, Althusser tells of their shared *misère*, of the bruising needs that bound them. If one reads his recollections closely, it appears that she initiated him sexually and represented the only substantive eros in a life otherwise cloistered. Yann Moulier Boutang, the first volume of whose devoted but scrupulously penetrating biography of Althusser has already appeared, says otherwise. There were other and contrastively radiant women in Althusser's life, Moulier Boutang writes, but Hélène's insane suffering when she sensed or stumbled on these episodes only served to augment her devouring grip. Ugly, neurotic, obsessional in every way, Hélène was also fascinating in her asceticism, in her courage, in her uncompromising intellectuality. (Imagine trying to live with Simone Weil.) Althusser's dependence on her was that of an addict. She ruled his life. Around 1970, she simply moved into his quarters at the École. In what Althusser calls his "hypomaniac states," he would turn fiercely on his guardian demon, only to come back to her in penitential despair. A long inferno out of Strindberg, but manifestly indispensable to both parties.

To make matters worse, Hélène had been excluded from the Party. The cir-

cumstances are murky in the extreme. (Moulier Boutang hints at fresh light in his second volume.) In any event, this anathema paralyzed Hélène. She demanded of Althusser that he sacrifice whatever time, energies, political pressures he could to her reinstatement. Did he himself know the facts? Gossip—and outside the Vatican there is none more venomous than that in the Communist Party labyrinths—hinted at some unauthorized, possibly sadistic vendetta in which Comrade Légotien had been critically implicated just before or just after the Liberation in Lyons. Whatever the facts, Althusser failed to obtain reparation or Party amnesty for her. This, in turn, aggravated his own sense of isolation and the hysterical litigations between them. Yet his worship remained unshaken. According to him, Hélène's language was more inventive than that of James Joyce. "The softness of her laugh was irresistible." (Others recall an acid cackle.) "Through her ability to listen, her understanding of the human heart, and her genius for understanding she was indeed the equal of the greatest who lived." A classic tale of the unreason of love sings through these pages:

But what moved me more than anything were her hands, which never changed. They had been fashioned by work and bore the marks of hard physical labour, yet her touch had a wonderful tenderness which betrayed her heartbreak and helplessness. They were the hands of a poor, wretched old woman who had nothing and no one to turn to yet who found it in her heart to go on giving. I was filled with such sorrow at the suffering engraved on them. I have often wept into these hands and they have often made me weep, though I never told her why. I feared it would cause her pain.

Hélène, my Hélène . . .

Here is an historical but genuine descendant of Augustine and Rousseau. If anything of Althusser persists, it will be passages such as this.

In his professional life, Althusser set out to prove that Marxism had been misread not only by the bureaucrats of Stalinism and by the French Communist Party but by philosophers everywhere. It was not an ideology at all, he maintained, but a rigorous scientific theory (in the sense in which econometrics may be held to be the rigorous scientific theory of our social structure and conduct): Marxism yielded laws of

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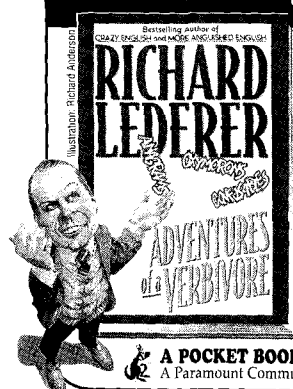
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material and social evolution as predictive as those being discovered by Lévi-Strauss in structural anthropology, by Chomsky in generative grammar, by Lacan in psychoanalysis. What mattered more was that such laws entailed political actions—they underwrote a revolutionary praxis as systematic as that of thermodynamic reactions. Political adventurism, "spontaneism," libertarian rhetoric, and the hot air of "humanism" were the enemy. Althusser's disciples thrilled to the promise of a true science of revolution. Cannily, Althusser's style of exposition melds that spice of obscurity essential to recent French doctrines with a contemptuous harshness. His works are "little red books" on a magisterial, canonic level. The very fact that the Party poured derision on these "ivory tower vaporings" only increased their spell.

The misreading is, largely, Althusser's. Marxism is not, and has never been, a rigorous science. Its predictions and theoretical dogma have in the main turned out to be false. Marxism is, rather, a messianic dream of immanent justice. Its source is twofold: the Judaic prophetic vision of human redemption, and the millenarian promise of the French Revolution and European Romanticism. Marx's peers are not the exact scientists but the panoptic dreamers of historical progress and fulfillment, such as Hugo, Michelet, and Wagner. *Pace* Althusser, it is Marx's incensed humanism that has inspired millions of men and women even unto sacrificial death, and it is the recent collapse of that humanistic impulse that has left a black hole in the history of hope.

Did Althusser himself come to realize this? There is substantial testimony that during his late years of dishevelment he tried for some kind of arrangement with the Roman Catholicism of his youth. In 1979, he sought an audience with John Paul II. There is method in the madness. In their doctrinal absolutism, their organization, and their altruistic ideals, Catholicism and utopian Marxism are akin. But then there is hardly an issue on which Althusser did not exhibit divided, possibly schizophrenic sentiments. Various modes of psychoanalysis and psychotherapy punctuated his wretched state. He published a collection of turgid meditations on psychoanalysis, accompanied by letters

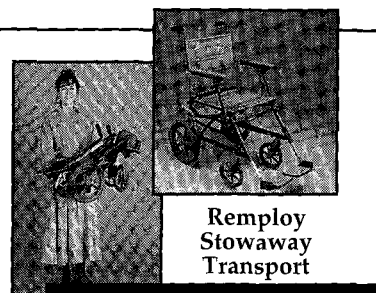
exchanged with Lacan, and for a long time Lacan was a key presence. Yet in 1980 Althusser turned on the magus with public ferocity.

That Louis Althusser possessed intellectual and pedagogic powers of an unusual order is obvious. So is the role that he played, albeit briefly, in the life of the mind of a certain French élite during the nineteen-sixties. His writings on Montesquieu, on the continuities between the early and the mature Marx, on the perennial dilemma of the relations between Marxist theories of history and current political practice, especially in regard to the industrial working class, exercise a certain authority, even where they are arbitrary and wrong-headed. The claim that he was among the most influential of Western thinkers on Marxism was for a decade certainly arguable. Today, it has all but faded. And what subsists, as the mere fact of this translation for readers who will never have glanced at the theoretical works of Althusser makes plain, is the piteous scandal of the life.

Why did Althusser kill Hélène?

There can be, as he says over and over in wild desolation, no coherent, summarizing answer. Douglas Johnson, an old friend, reports in the book's informative introduction that Althusser was a sleepwalker, and may have acted wholly unaware, repeating, this time fatally, the massage he frequently used to relieve Hélène's nervous tension. Others whisper that Hélène had decided to end their hermetic coexistence, and Althusser felt he could never endure the break. Romantic conjecture has it that Althusser's love for Hélène had reached pathological excess—that, apprehensive of his own darkening condition, he made certain that they would be together, and singular to one another, always. A few disenchanted observers have hinted that Althusser could no longer stand his companion's crazed possessiveness and the incessant blame she heaped on him for his failure to obtain her reintegration into the Party. She clawed at him until he snapped.

I have no knowledge of the matter. Perhaps each of these hypotheses is partly right. Or could it be that a man inebriate with abstraction, with the elixir of naked thought, will come to perceive that for him the only viable marriage is that with solitude? ♦



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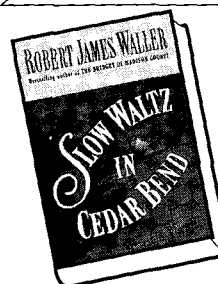
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FICTION

Hula
by Lisa Shea
(Norton; \$15)

A PROMISING first novel, which takes place in Virginia over two summers in the sixties. The unnamed narrator and her older sister spend whole days unattended, playing in the yard with their dog—the creature that loves them most actively—and trying to avoid the rage and the belt of their father, a disturbed Vietnam veteran. In a series of compact, exquisite scenes, Shea conveys the surreal sense that the girls' outdoor adventures—down at the creek, up in the mimosa tree, and behind the hydrangea bushes, where the two sometimes tangle with boys—are more tangible, more emotionally rich, than anything that goes on inside their house. In the poetic world of their games, the fear of violence that dominates their lives is recapitulated. Their fragile mother, an ex-dancer, hovers at the edge of the family, and the story hinges on whether she'll be able to keep her daughters safe. "Hula" is short, but you need to put the book down between chapters; the tenacity of the narrator and the imaginative resources she brings to bear on her day-to-day survival literally make you ache.

The Fermata
by Nicholson Baker
(Random House; \$21)

ARNO STRINE is a classic Bakerian narrator—a temp who does jobs at big corporations, a mechanical wizard, and, like his creator, an ardent wordsmith. He occasionally writes pornographic fiction, but his most unusual talent is his ability to stop time: to freeze everything and everyone around him as though he were pushing the pause button on a VCR. In the *Fermata*—which is what Arno calls the period of silence and stillness—only he can move about freely, and he often uses this opportunity to undress unsuspecting women he has impulsively fallen in love with. Baker has anticipated the feminist (or simply humanist) objections to Arno's near-necrophiliac behavior: several female characters voice their indignation at the idea of being felt up when they don't know about it, and Arno is tender with



BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

women almost to excess. Despite all the sexual hoopla, Baker's deeper subject is consciousness; the concept of the *Fermata* is actually the natural culmination of his style. His deliciously attenuated prose has always been a time-retarding vehicle—a slow-motion camera panning across every nano-nuance of perception—and if you can put aside your squeamishness all the pleasures of reading him are available here. Even Arno gets more jollies from watching women read than he does from undressing them. (He sometimes stops time in order to whip up a dirty story and place it in female hands.) Arno is more complex and lovable than the anonymous phone-callers in "Vox" were, and he does, finally, achieve intimacy with a woman in real time—but Baker fans may find themselves wishing that he would leave the dildos and "vadges" behind and return to nonsexual brain terrain.

The Temptations of
St. Ed & Brother S
by Frank Bergon
(University of Nevada; \$18.95)

ST. ED is the crusty, foulmouthed founder of a Trappist hermitage in the Nevada desert; Brother S (for Simeon) is the one

monk in fifteen years who has stuck it out. He has found the monastic peace he sought, keeping bees, irrigating the vegetable garden, and studying church texts. Brother S is disturbed when Ed more or less advertises the hermitage by appearing on a Vegas talk show; he is disturbed in a different way when he rescues a stranded female ranger from the Bureau of Land Management. But everyone—the ranger, Ed, Brother S, local desert rats, and the nearby Shoshone Indians—is more than disturbed when the United States Department of Energy swoops down upon the desert, intending to run its inhabitants off and install a nuclear-waste repository. The author beautifully captures the self-congratulatory hypocrisy of government officials who call themselves "environmentalists" while plotting the destruction of the environment, and worse. And he dwells upon the attractions of the contemplative life so seductively that, for once, you hope the guy will *not* get the girl.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Red Azalea
by Anchee Min
(Pantheon; \$22)

WHAT happens when you cross starlet autobiography with Cultural Revolution memoir? You get a book that—like its author—cries out to be filmed, and that has the makings of a great camp classic. Here's a lesbian seduction scene: "We lay in silence. In fever. One of her legs was between mine. . . . I said that I would like to recite a paragraph from the Little Red Book." You get a delirious parade of cinematic clichés: bits of "All About Eve," "The Women," "Stage Door," "A Star Is Born," and "Caged" flash by, reenacted in Mao suits and People's Liberation Army uniforms. As if that weren't bliss enough, Anchee Min has elected to translate personal names—some changed to protect lives, we're told—so characters are called Cheering Spear, Soviet Wong, Space Conqueror, Little Green. Anyone who enjoyed Patrick Dennis's star-bio parody, "Little Me," will be delighted to discover that the spirit of its heroine, Belle Poitrine, transcends cultural and geographical boundaries (not to mention serious subjects) with such aplomb. ♦



LA FORZA DEL ALPO

BY ROGER ANGELL

(An opera in four acts, conceived prior to successive evenings at the Westminster Kennel Club Show and the Metropolitan Opera)

CAST

GUGLIELMO—A dashing fox terrier (*tenor*)

MIMI (Ch. Anthracite Sweet-Stuff of Armonk)—A poodle (*soprano*)

DON CANINO (her father)—Another poodle (*baritone*)

BRUTTO—Companion poodle to Don Canino and suitor for the hand of Mimi (*basso*)

FIDOLETTA—A Lhasa Apso. Nurse to Mimi but secretly enamored of Guglielmo. A real bitch (*mezzo*)

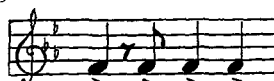
SPIQUE—A comical bulldog (*basso hundo*)

DR. FAUSTUS—A veterinary (*tenor*)

CHORUS: Non-sporting, herding, and terrier contestants; judges, handlers, reporters

(There will be three walks around the block)

AFTER the disastrous failure of his misbegotten early "Arfeo" at La Scala in the winter of 1843, few expected that Verdi would soon return to the themes of canine anticlericalism and the proliferation of Labradors (*labbrazzazione*), but his discovery of the traditional Sicilian grooming cavatina—as recapitulated in the touching barkarole "Dov'è il mio guinzaglio?" ("I have lost my leash") that closes Act III—appears to have sent him back to work. Verdi's implacable opposition to the Venetian muzzling ordinance of 1850 is to be heard in the rousing "Again a full moon" chorus that resonates so insistently during Brutto's musings before and after the cabaletta:

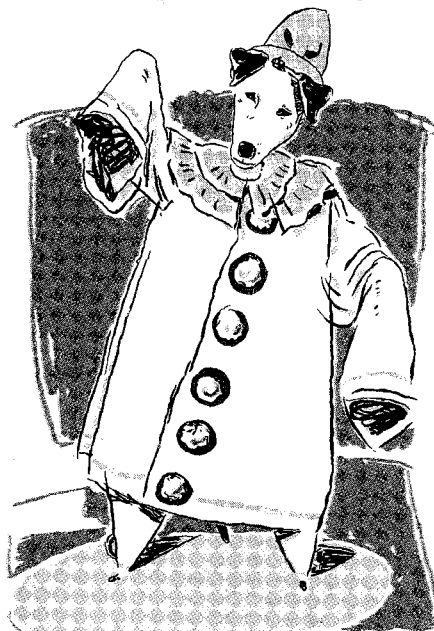


fff Bhou-wou-wou-wou

At the opening curtain, Guglielmo and Mimi, in adjoining benching stalls, plan their elopement, despite the opposition of Don Canino, who has arranged

her forthcoming marriage to Brutto despite rumors about the larger male's parentage. After the lovers' tender duet "A cuccia, a cuccia, amore mio" ("Sit! Sit, my love!"), recalling their first meeting at an obedience class, they part reluctantly, with Guglielmo distressed at her anxiety over the nuptials: "Che gelida manina" ("Your icy paw"). Don Canino, enlisting the support of the perfidious Fidoletta, plots to dispatch Guglielmo into the K-9 Corps, and, joined by Brutto, the trio, in "Sotto il nostro albero" ("Under the family tree"), jovially celebrates the value of pedigree.

As the judging begins, Guglielmo, alerted to Don Canino's plot by the faithful Spique, disguises himself as a miniature apricot poodle, but the lovers fail to detect the lurking presence of Don Canino, who has hidden himself among a large entry of Rottweilers in Ring 6. A pitched battle between hostile bands of Lakeland and Bedlington terriers requires the attention of Spique, and in his absence Fidoletta entraps the innocent Guglielmo,



who discloses his identity to her. She breaks off their amusing impromptu duet "Non so chi sei" ("I don't know who you are, but I sure like your gait") to fetch the police, but Guglielmo makes good his escape through the loges during the taping of a Kal Kan commercial—an octet severely criticized in its day, but to which Mascagni makes clear obeisance in his later sestina, "Mangia, Pucci."

Guglielmo, not realizing in the darkness that he has found his way back to his natal kennel in Chappaqua, delivers the dirgelike "Osso Bucco" while digging in the yard, but is elated by news from Spique that he has uncovered certain documents in the back-door garbage compactor. Fidoletta, puzzled, trails the valiant pair as they hasten back to the Garden.

In our turbulent final act, the wedding of Mimi and Brutto is interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Faustus, bearing the purloined A.K.C. documents unearthed by Spique. The good vet declares that the nuptials must halt, because Brutto is in fact not only Mimi's father but (through a separate whelping) her uncle as well. Don Canino, horrified at his own depravity, vows to enter holy orders, and, in a confession, reveals that Brutto is no purebred—"Mira l'occhio azzurro" ("O! Blue Eyes")—thanks to a Pomeranian on his dam's side. Dr. Faustus removes Brutto to his laboratory for neutering. Guglielmo, still in disguise, unexpectedly wins a Best of Opposite Sex award in his breed as the lovers are at last united. Guglielmo serenades his Mimi with the "Sono maschio" ("I am a young intact male") as the happy couple, renouncing show biz, envision their future as a breeding pair with a cut-rate puppy mill in the Garden State Mall. Spique, exhausted by so much unlikelihood, falls asleep on the emptied stage, where his sonorous snores ("Zzzzz") are joined by those of the audience. ♦

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